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JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1820–1872

VOL. IV

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson

JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WITH ANNOTATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WALDO EMERSON FORBES

1836–1838

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JOURNAL

NATURE

CHARLES'S DEATH

NEW FRIENDS

BIRTH OF WALDO

This Book may be
retained TWO WEEKS.

JOURNAL XXVII

1836

(From Journal B)

[Mr. and Mrs. Emerson were now settled in their new home, his younger brother Charles being an inmate there, beloved and reverenced by both. Each week, the stage which passed their house brought friends or visitors, for Mr. Emerson's door was always open to high-minded persons, known or unknown. He preached every Sunday at East Lexington, where he was much esteemed, or elsewhere by exchange, and his lectures were increasingly in demand.

The Journal opens, January 16, with one of the passages in *Nature* (here omitted because already printed), about the titular owners of Concord's fields, while the poet has property in the horizon.]

January 16, 1836.

What can be more clownish than this foolish charging of Miss Martineau with ingratitude for differing in opinion from her Southern friends? I take the law of hospitality to be this: — I con-

fer on the friend whom I visit the highest compliment, in giving him my time. He gives me shelter and bread. Does he therewith buy my suffrage to his opinions henceforward? No more than by giving him my time, I have bought his. We stand just where we did before. The fact is, before we met he was bound to "speak the truth (of me) in love"; and he is bound to the same now.

On Truth. — The story of Captain Ross's company is good example of the policy of honesty. "What do the guns speak?" asked the Esquimaux, when they saw the English levelling them. The English replied that they told what Esquimaux stole files and iron. "Where shall I find seals and musk oxen?" said the Esquimaux. The English ventured to point where, and the hunter was lucky. Presently the Esquimaux boy was killed by an accident, and the tribe ascribed it to English magic and had almost exterminated the English crew.

Then the saying of George Fox's father: "Truly I see that if a man will but stand by the truth it will carry him out."

Then the sublimity of keeping one's word across years and years.

317 B. C., Attica had seven hundred and twenty square miles with a population of five hundred and twenty-seven thousand souls, and nearly four fifths of that number were slaves.

January 21.

The Spartan is respectable and strong who speaks what must be spoken; but these gay Athenians that go up and down the world making all talk a Recitation, talking for display, disgust.

January 22.

I think profanity to be as real a violation of nature as any other crime. I have as sensible intimations from within of any profanation as I should have if I stole.

Upham[1] thinks it fatal to the happiness of a young man to set out with ultra-conservative notions in this country. He must settle it in his mind that the human race have got possession, and, though they will make many blunders and do some great wrongs, yet on the whole will consult the interest of the whole.

1 Charles Wentworth Upham, Emerson's classmate and friend, a distinguished citizen of Salem, and author of a work on Salem Witchcraft, and other books.

Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
Be snapped up in the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
Or swallowed by the cat of misconstruction.

Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*,
Act iv, Scene 4.

Wherein Minerva had been vanquishèd
Had she by it her sacred looms advanced
And thro' thy subject woven her graphick thread.

George Chapman, on Sejanus.

Swedenborg said, "Man, in proportion as he is more nearly conjoined to the Lord, in the same proportion appeareth to himself more distinctly to be his own, and perceiveth more evidently that he is the Lord's. . . ."

[Here follow several quotations from Swedenborg's *Apocalypse Revealed*, some of them now in *Representative Men*.]

The scholar works with invisible tools to invisible ends, so passes for an idler, or worse, brain-sick, defenceless to idle carpenters, masons, and merchants, that, having done nothing most laboriously all day, pounce on him fresh for spoil at night.

Character founded on natural gifts as specific

and as rare as military genius; the power to stand *beside* his thoughts, or to hold off his thoughts at arm's length and give them perspective; to form *il piu nell' uno;* he studies the art of solitude; he is gravelled in every discourse with common people; he shows thought to be infinite which you had thought exhausted. There is a real object in nature to which the grocer turns, the intellectual man

> *præstantia norat*
> *Plurima, mentis opes amplas sub pectore servans,*
> *Omnia vestigans sapientum docta reperta.*
> EMPEDOCLES, ON PYTHAGORAS,
> Cudworth, vol. ii.

So Bacon's globe of crystal and globe of matter. The thinker, like Glauber, keeps what others throw away. He is aware of God's way of hiding things, i. e., in light; also he knows all by one. Set men upon thinking, and you have been to them a god. All history is poetry; the globe of facts whereon they trample is bullion to the scientific eye. Meanest life a thread of empyrean light. Scholar converts for them the dishonored facts which they know, into trees of life; their daily routine into a garden of God, by suggesting the principle which classifies the

facts.[1] We build the sepulchres of our fathers: can we never behold the universe as new, and feel that we have a stake as much as our predecessors?

January 24.

Cudworth is an armory for a poet to furnish himself withal. He should look at every writer in that light and read no poor book. Why should the poet bereave himself of the sweetest as well as grandest thoughts by yielding deference to the miserly, indigent unbelief of this age, and leaving God and moral nature out of his catalogue of beings? I know my soul is immortal if it were only by the sublime emotion I taste in reading these lines of Swedenborg: "The organical body with which the soul clothes itself is here compared to a garment, because a garment invests the body, and the soul also puts off the body and casts it away as old clothes (*exuviæ*), when it emigrates by means of death from the natural world into its own spiritual world." — *Influx*, p. 26.

February 8.

"The sinner is the savage who hews down the whole tree in order to come at the fruit."

1 Compare passage in "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 132, Centenary Ed.) about dull, despised facts being gems and gold.

Pückler-Muskau[1] describes the English dandy. "His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation; nay, to contrive even his civilities so that they may appear as near as may be to affronts. Instead of a noble, high-bred ease —to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum: to invert the relation in which our sex stands to women so that they appear the attacking and he the passive or defensive party," etc.

Women have less accurate measure of time than men. There is a clock in Adam: none in Eve.

The philosopher, the priest, hesitates to receive money for his instructions,—the author for his works. Instead of this scruple, let them make filthy lucre beautiful by its just expenditure.

It becomes the young American to learn the geography of his country in these days as much

1 Count von Pückler-Muskau, later Prince, a soldier, scholar, traveller, and prolific writer (1785–1871). His *Tour in England* was translated by Mrs. Sarah Austin in 1832.

as it did our fathers to know the streets of their town; for steam and rails convert roads into streets and regions into neighborhoods.

Steam realizes the story of Æolus's bag. It carries the thirty-two winds in the boiler.

Sentences of Confucius

(From Marshman's *Confucius*)

"Have no friend unlike yourself."

"Chee says, Grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you are ignorant of men."

"How can a man remain concealed? How can a man remain concealed?"

"Chee entered the great temple. Frequently inquiring about things, one said, 'Who says that the son of the Chou man understands propriety? In the great temple he is constantly asking questions.' Chee heard and replied, 'This is propriety.'"

"Koong Chee is a man who, through his earnestness in seeking knowledge, forgets his food, and in his joy for having found it, loses all sense of his toil; who, thus occupied, is unconscious that he has almost arrived at old age."

"Chee was in the Chhi country for three months hearing Sun's music, and knew not the

taste of his meat. He said, 'I had no idea of music arriving at this degree of perfection.'"

February.

"Nothing is complete until it is enacted. A fact is spirit having completed its mission, attained its end, fully revealed itself." *Alcott Manuscripts.*

"Her dreams are so vivid and impressive that they are taken for realities of sense, and she refers to them afterwards as facts in her experience. So strong is her faith in them, that no reasoning, not even the faith she places in the assurance of her parents, makes her relinquish the conviction.[1]

"Thus unconsciously, even to us perchance, doth our waking and sleeping life coalesce and lose their separate forms in one predominating sentiment or idea, and take a common unity in the spirit from whence they sprung into life and shaping." ALCOTT.

February 24.

We are idealists whenever we prefer an idea to a sensation, as when we make personal sacrifices for the sake of freedom or religion.[2] . . .

1 Mr. Alcott was probably writing of one of his little daughters.

2 Here follows the passage about the eye of Reason (*Nature*, "Idealism," pp. 49, 50, Centenary Ed.).

As character is more to us, our fellow men cease to exist to us in space and time, and we hold them by real ties.

The idealist regards matter scientifically; the sensualist exclusively. The physical sciences are only well studied when they are explored for ideas. The moment the law is attained, i. e., the Idea, the memory disburthens herself of her centuries of observation.

The book is always dear which has made us for moments idealists. That which can dissipate this block of earth into shining ether is genius. I have no hatred to the round earth and its gray mountains. I see well enough the sand-hill opposite my window. I see with as much pleasure as another a field of corn or a rich pasture, whilst I dispute their absolute being. Their phenomenal being I no more dispute than I do my own. I do not dispute, but point out the just way of viewing them.

Religion makes us idealists. Any strong passion does. The best, the happiest moments of life are these delicious awakenings of the higher powers and the reverential withdrawing of nature before its god.

It is remarkable that the greater the material apparatus, the more the material disappears,

as in Alps and Niagara, in St. Peter's and Naples.

We are all aiming to be idealists, and covet the society of those who make us so, as the sweet singer, the orator, the ideal painter. What nimbleness and buoyancy the conversation of the spiritualist produces in us. We tread on air; the world begins to dislimn.

For the education of the Understanding the earth and world serve.[1] . . .

Nature, from an immoveable god, on which, as reptiles, we creep, and to which we must conform our being, becomes an instrument, and serves us with all her kingdoms: then becomes a spectacle.

To the rude it seems as if matter had absolute existence, existed from an intrinsic necessity. The first effect of thought is to make us sensible that spirit exists from an intrinsic necessity, that matter has a merely phenomenal or accidental being, being created from spirit, or being the manifestation of spirit. The moment our higher faculties are called into activity we are domesticated, and our awkwardness or torpor or discom-

1 Here follows the passage on Science teaching that Nature's dice are always loaded, etc. (*Nature*, "Discipline," pp. 38, 39, Centenary Ed.).

fort gives place to natural and agreeable movements.

The first lesson of Religion is, The things that are seen are temporal; the unseen, eternal.

It is easy to solve the problem of individual existence. Why Milton, Shakspear, or Canova should be, there is reason enough. But why the million should exist, drunk with the opium of Time and Custom, does not appear. If their existence is phenomenal, they serve so valuable a purpose to the education of Milton, that, grant us the Ideal theory, and the universe is solved. Otherwise, the moment a man discovers that he has aims which his faculties cannot answer, the world becomes a riddle. Yet Piety restores him to Health.

February 28.

Cold, bright Sunday morn, white with deep snow. Charles thinks if a superior being should look into families, he would find natural relations existing, and man a worthy being, but if he followed them into shops, senates, churches, and societies, they would appear wholly artificial and worthless. Society seems noxious. I believe that against these baleful influences Nature is the antidote. The man comes out of the wrangle of

the shop and office, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. He not only quits the cabal, but he finds himself. But how few men see the sky and the woods!

Good talk to-day with Charles of motives that may be addressed by a wise man to a wise man. First, Self-improvement; and secondly, it were equipollent could he announce that elsewhere companions, or a companion, were being nourished and disciplined whose virtues and talents might tax all the pupil's faculties in honorable and sweet emulation. Charles thinks it a motive also to leave the world richer by some such bequest as the Iliad or Paradise Lost, a splendid munificence which must give the man an affection to the race he had benefitted wherever he goes. Another is the power that virtue and wisdom acquire. The man takes up the world into his proper being. The two-oared boat may be swamped in a squall. The vessels of Rothschild every wind blows to port. He insures himself.

The Revival that comes next must be preached to man's moral nature, and from a height of principle that subordinates all persons. It must forget historical Christianity and preach

God who is, not God who was. *Eripitur persona, manet res.* It must preach the Eternity of God as a practical doctrine.

God manifest in the flesh of every man is a perfect rule of social life. Justify yourself to an infinite Being in the ostler and dandy and stranger, and you shall never repent.

The same view might hinder me from signing a pledge. There is such an immense background to my nature that I must treat my fellow as Empire treats Empire, and God, God. My whole being is to be my pledge and declaration, and not a signature of ink.

That life alone is beautiful which is conformed to an Idea. Let us not live from hand to mouth *now*, that we may not *ever*.

I would not have a man dainty in his conduct. Let him not be afraid of being besmirched by being advertised in the newspapers, or by going into Athenæums and town meetings, or by making speeches in public. Let his chapel of private thoughts be so holy that it shall perfume and separate him unto the Lord, though he lay in a kennel.

Let not a man guard his dignity, but let his dignity guard him.

This passing Hour is an edifice
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild.

Goethe writes to his friend, September 22, 1787, from Rome, "It is really cheering that these four pretty volumes, the result of half a life, should seek me out in Rome. I can truly say, there is no word therein which has not been lived, felt, enjoyed, suffered, thought, and they speak to me now all the livelier."

The vessel that carried him from Palermo to Naples was in danger, and the ship's company roared at the master. "The master was silent, and seemed ever to think only of the chance of saving the ship; but for me, to whom from youth anarchy was more dreadful than death itself, it was impossible longer to be silent."

"For the narrowed mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher an art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all: or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all which is done rightly." (Volume xxi, p. 51.)[1] . . .

1 Here follow many pages of translations, made by Mr. Emerson, from Goethe's letters, observations on travel, Italy, ancient art, the beautiful, the human form, anatomy. He had the *Nachgelassene Werke* in fifty-five leather-bound duodecimo volumes, printed at Stuttgart and Tübingen in 1832. Then

March 5.

A man should stand among his fellow men as one coal lies in the fire it has kindled, radiating heat, but lost in the general flame.

Task work is good for idlers, and man is an idler. Its greatest disadvantage is that when you accept mechanical measures instead of spiritual ones, you are prone to fill up the chasms of your prophecy with prose.

The moment we enter into the higher thoughts, fame is no more affecting to the ear than the faint tinkle of the passing sleigh bell.

Gradation: that is one of the lessons which human life is appointed to learn.[1] . . .

Charles thinks that Homer is the first Poet, Shakspear the second, and that the third will be greatest of all, the reflective.

follow some remarks and criticisms on Goethe which were later published in the *Dial*, under the title "Modern Literature," and are reprinted in the volume *Natural History of Intellect*, Centenary and Riverside Editions.

1 Here follows the passage on the uses of space and time (*Nature*, "Discipline," p. 38, Centenary Ed.).

Nature has that congruity that all its parts make a similar impression on one mind; of the beautiful on the poet; of the lucrative on the merchant; etc. In the talk this afternoon I was instructed that every man has certain questions which always he proposes to the Eternal, and that his life and fortune, his ascetic, are so moulded as to constitute the answers, if only he will read his consciousness aright. I ask one question with eagerness; my friend, another. I have no curiosity respecting historical Christianity; respecting persons and miracles: I take the phenomenon as I find it, and let it have its effect on me, careless whether it is a poem or a chronicle. Charles would know whether it covers the dimensions of what is in man; whether the Cross is an idea in the divine mind? I am the practical Idealist in the view mentioned above. The comfort is great of looking out of the straw and rags of our fortune steadfastly to the First Cause, and saying, Whilst I hold my faith, I have the virtue that can turn these cobwebs into majesty, whilst I remain a watcher for what thought, what Revelation, Thou canst yet impart. . . .

All cultivation tends steadily to degrade

nature into an organ, a spectacle, an expedient. Man's enchanted dust.[1]

Strange is it to me how man is holden on a curb-rein and hindered from knowing, and drop by drop or shade by shade thoughts trickle and loiter upon him, and no reason under heaven can he give, or get a glimpse of why he should not grow wiser faster, moving about in worlds not realized.

All things work together for good unto them that love God. No man is the Idealist's enemy. He accepts all.

Last week I went to Salem. At the Lafayette Hotel where I lodged, every five or ten minutes the barkeepers came into the sitting-room to arrange their hair and collars at the looking-glass. So many joys has the kind God provided for us dear creatures.

March 9.

How important is the education of the understanding may be inferred from the extreme care

1 On Nature's wheels there is no rust,
Nor less on man's enchanted dust
Beauty and force alight.

Poems, "The Poet," p. 320, Centenary Ed.

bestowed upon it, the care pretermitted in no single case.[1] . . .

Godliness. How strange that such a word exists applied to men! It was a masterpiece of wisdom to inoculate every biped crawling round after his bread with this sublime maggot.

March 11.

All is in Each. Xenophanes complained in his old age that all things hastened back to unity, Identity.[2]

Hence I might have said above the value of Proverbs, or the significance of every trivial speech, as of a blacksmith or teamster concerning his tools or his beasts, [this] namely, that the same thing is found to hold true throughout nature. Thus, this morning I read in a Treatise on Perspective that "the end of a picture was to give exclusive prominence to the object represented and to keep out of sight the means whereby it was done." Change the terms, and of what art is this not true? It is an attribute of

1 See *Nature*, "Discipline," p. 37, Centenary Ed.

2 Here follows a long passage (printed in *Nature*, pp. 43, 44, Centenary Ed.); and on the fable of Proteus, the microcosm, comparative anatomy, architecture, etc., in the *Essays*.

the Supreme Being so to do, and therefore will be met throughout creation. Every primal truth is alone an expression of all nature. It is the absolute Ens seen from one side, and any other truths shall only seem altered expressions of this. A leaf is a compend of nature, and nature a colossal leaf. An animal is a compend of the world, and the world is an enlargement of an animal. There is more family likeness than individuality. Hence Goethe's striving to find the Arch-plant.

The problem which life has to solve is, how to exist in harmonious relation to a certain number of perceptions, such as hunger, thirst, cold, society, self, God; — it is the problem of three bodies.

(Writ *June*, 1835.) It is luxury to live in this beautiful month. One never dares expect a happy day, but the hardest ascetic may inhale delighted this breath of June. It is Devil's-needle's Day, — I judge from the millions of sheeny fliers with green body and crape wing that overhang the grass and water. Then the inertia of my blue river down there in the grass, is even sublime. Does not this fine season help to edify your body and spirit?

March 14.

Misery is superficial, and the remedy, when it can be attained, of presenting to the mind Universal Truths, is a perfect one. The wise may, that is, the healthy mind learns . . . that every event, every pain, every misfortune, seen in the perspective of the past, is beautiful; that we are embosomed in beauty; and if, in long retrospect, things are yet ugly, it is because the mind is diseased, and the rays are dislocated and not suffered to fall in a focus and so present a just perspective to the Reason. Of course the aim of the wise physician will then be to repair the general health.[1]

It is a rule of Rhetoric, always to have an eye to the primary sense of the words we use.

I cultivate ever my humanity. This I would always propitiate, and judge of a book as a peasant does, not as a book by pedantic and individual measures, but by number and weight, counting the things that are in it. My debt to Plato is a certain number of sentences: the like to Aristotle. A larger number, yet still a finite

1 Compare with opening passage of "Spiritual Laws," *Essays I*, p. 131, Centenary Ed.

number, make the worth of Milton and Shakspear to me. I would . . . run over what I have written, save the good sentences, and destroy the rest. Charles asks, if I were condemned to solitude and one book, which I would choose. We agreed that Milton would have no claims, and that the Bible must be preferred to Shakspear, because the last, one could better supply himself. The first has a higher strain.

A miracle is a patch. It is an after-thought. The history of man must be an Idea, a self-existent perfect circle, and admit of no miracle that does not cease to be such, and melt into nature, when the wise eye is turned upon it.

All things are moral, and thereto is nature thus superfluously magnificent.

For Lecture I. *mem.* "Shearing the wolf," and *Matutina* and *Vespertina cognitio.*[1]

1 Mr. Emerson was planning his course given the following winter at the Tremont Temple in Boston. The first was on "The Philosophy of History." "Shear the wolf" was Burke's exclamation when it was proposed to tax the American colonies. "The difference between the actual and the ideal force of man is happily figured by the schoolmen in saying that the knowledge of man is an evening knowledge,

March 17.

I pitied —— for his ill speaking, until I found him not at all disheartened, not at all curious concerning the effect of his speech, but eager to speak again, and speak better on a new matter. Then I see him destined to move society.

The Germans as a nation have no taste.
The English are the tyrants of taste.

Fine thought was this Chorus of the Greek Drama. It is like the invention of the cipher in Arithmetic, so perfect an aid and so little obvious. An elegant outer conscience to the interlocutors; Charles says it was the Not-Me.

Idealism,
Ideas domesticate us.
Friends become ideas.
Virtue is, subordinating things to thoughts.
In his sensations and perceptions, i. e., in nature, is a perfect order not violable by him. In himself as much Disorder as Vice. Nature is therefore an everlasting Hint.

vespertina cognitio, but that of God is a morning knowledge, *matutina cognitio*." *Nature*, "Prospects," p. 73, Centenary Ed.

Magnanimity consists in scorning circumstance.

"Our Country is where we can live as we ought."

Utterance is place enough.

Ἓν καὶ πᾶν. A Day is a miniature Eternity; an hour, a moment, is the same. A child's game hints to an intelligent beholder all the attributes of the Supreme Being.

An intelligent painter, for example, cannot give rules for his art, or suggest hints for the correction or direction of his scholar, without saying what is pertinent and true to a far greater extent than the circle of painting; e. g., "No great painter is nice in pencils"; "*Nulla dies sine linea.*"

How eagerly men seize on the classification of phrenology, which gives them, as they think, an Idea; whereby the most familiar and important facts are arranged.[1] Much more heartily do they open themselves to a true and divine Idea, as that of Freedom or Right.

1 Dr. Spurzheim had aroused great interest in this subject by his lectures in Boston in 1832.

"All which we call invention, discovery, in the higher sense, is the important practice or setting at work of an original perception of truth, which, long formed in silence, unexpectedly, as with lightning speed, leads to a useful cognition. It is an opening that is made from the Inner to the Outward which lets man anticipate his resemblance to God. It is a synthesis of the World and the Spirit which gives the most blessed assurance of the eternal harmony of Being." GOETHE, vol. xxii, p. 248.

"Literature is the fragment of fragments. The least of what was done or said was written. Of what was written the least part has remained." Ibid., p. 235.

"The question Whence had the poet this? refers to the *What* not the *How*." Ibid.

EDWARD BLISS EMERSON

Charles writes to Aunt Mary (*January* 26, 1833); — "Edward *has* a soul in him, — no shadow at all, — though Sarah Alden[1] say it, but a large and glowing soul, — lighted up by fits with the flame of an irregular genius, — but always odorous with the perfume of a taintless

1 Miss Emerson always called Mrs. Ripley thus, her maiden name being Sarah Alden Bradford.

generosity. He is far greater and more admirable than when he was most admired." [1]

March 21.

Only last evening I found the following sentence in Goethe, a comment and consent to my speculations on the All in Each in nature this last week: —

"Every existing thing is an analogon of all existing things. Thence appears to us Being ever at once sundered and connected. If we follow the analogy too far, all things confound themselves in identity. If we avoid it, then all things scatter into infinity. In both cases, observation is at a stand, in the one as too lively, in the other as dead." (Volume xxii, p. 245.)

Man is an analogist, and therefore no man loses any time or any means who studies that one thing that is before him, though a log or a snail. I *waste*, you say, an hour in watching one crab's motions, one butterfly's intrigues; I learn therein the whole family of crab and butterfly. I read man in his remoter symbols. Only trust yourself, and do the present duty, and God has

1 This was written when Edward, his health broken and his promising future blighted, was bravely doing routine work in a commercial house in Porto Rico.

provided for your access to infinite truths and richest opportunities.

I find an old letter to L.[1] which may stand here. Has not life woes enough to drug its children with, without their brewing and seething such themselves? Should they not forget all, renounce all but the simple purpose to extort as much wit and worth from the departing hour as they jointly can? It is strange, strangest, this omnipresent riddle of life. Nobody can state it. Speech pants after it in vain; all poetry, all philosophy, in their parts, or entire, never express it, though that is still their aim; they only approximate. Nobody can say what everybody feels, and what all would jump to hear, if it should be said, and, moreover, which all have a confused belief *might be* said. Now this open secret, as he called it, is what our wise but sensual, loved and hated Goethe loved to contemplate, and to exercise his wits in trying to embody.

I have been reading him these two or three days, and I think him far more lucky than most of his contemporaries at this game. There sits he at the centre of all visibles and knowables, blowing bubble after bubble, so transparent, so round, so coloured that he thinks, and you think,

1 Probably to his wife before their marriage.

they are pretty good miniatures of the All. Such attempts are all his minor poems, proverbs, Xenien, parables. Have you read the Weltseele? The danger of such attempts as this striving to write universal poetry is, that nothing is so shabby as to fail. You may write an ill romance or play, and 't is no great matter. Better men have done so. But when what should be greatest truths flat out into shallow truisms, then are we all sick.

But much I fear that Time, the serene judge, will not be able to make out so good a verdict for Goethe as did and doth Carlyle. I am afraid that under his faith is no-faith, that under his love is love-of-ease. However, his muse is catholic as ever any was. . . . A human soul is an awesome thing, and when this point-world, this something-nothing, is reabsorbed into the Infinite, let it be recorded of us that we have not defaced the page of Time with any voluntary blemish of folly and malignity.

How well men know in what churches and individuals the religious principle is found. Yet we think we can convince men, by talking, that we are in the right. All the reasons in the world may be piled together, all the solemn words in

the language may be repeated, yet, if only the understanding is addressed, your cause is not won. But let a graceless and ignorant man arise who is now exercised by the religious sentiment, who follows after the beauty of holiness, and he out of his heart will speak to yours. His words are loaded. They penetrate into the soul and will call up the deep and divine powers from their long sleep, and the awestruck understanding shall now be still and docile. Let the laws of thought be stated, and people learn that master rule of Rhetoric, that things go by number and weight, and pass for what they be, not by seeming.

I thought yesterday morning of the sweetness of that fragrant piety which is almost departed out of the world, which makes the genius of À-Kempis, Scougal, Herbert, Jeremy Taylor. It is a beautiful mean, equi-distant from the hard, sour, iron Puritan on one side, and the empty negation of the Unitarian on the other. It is the spirit of David and of Paul.[1] . . . David is a beauty; and read third chapter of

1 Here follows the passage about "Those odoriferous Sabbaths," and the spirit of Stoicism, printed in "Boston" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 194, 195, Centenary Ed.).

Ephesians. And yet I see not very well how the rose of Sharon could bloom so freshly in our affection but for these ancient men who, like great gardens with banks of flowers, do send out their perfumed breath across the great tracts of time. . . .

Life, Action, is perfected science. Under strong, virtuous excitement we contemn the body.

March 22.

It is now four months that we have had uninterrupted sleighing in Concord; and to-day it snows fast.

It is a small and mean thing to attempt too hardly to disprove the being of matter. I have no hostility to oxygen or hydrogen, to the sun, or the hyacinth that opened this morning its little censer in his beam. This is not for one of my complexion, who do expand like a plant in the sunshine, who do really love the warm day like an Indian or a bird. I only aim to speak for the great soul; to speak for the sovereignty of Ideas.[1]

1 The substance of the above extract may be found in *Nature*, "Idealism," p. 59, Centenary Edition, but the expression is quite different.

Science immature is arbitrary classification. Science perfect is classification through an Idea.

March 27.

Man is an analogist. He cannot help seeing everything under its relations to all other things and to himself. The most conspicuous example of this habit of his mind is his naming the Deity Father. The delight that man finds in classification is the first index of his Destiny. He is to put nature under his feet by a knowledge of Laws. . . . Ethics, again, is to live Ideas; Science to apprehend Nature in Ideas. The moment an idea is introduced among facts the God takes possession. Until then, facts conquer us. The beast rules man. Thus through nature is there a striving upward. Commodity points to a greater good. Beauty is nought until the spiritual element. Language refers to that which is to be said. Finally; Nature is a discipline, and points to the pupil and exists for the pupil. Her being is subordinate; his is superior; Man underlies Ideas. Nature receives them as her God.

He only is a good writer who keeps but one eye on his page, and with the other sweeps over

things; so that every sentence brings us a new contribution of observation.

March 28.

"All that frees Talent without increasing self-command is noxious."[1] . . .

Nature gives us no sudden advantages. By the time we have acquired great power, we have acquired therewith sufficient wisdom to use it well. Animal magnetism inspires us, the prudent and moral, with a certain terror. Men are not good enough to be trusted with such power.

See Goethe's superstition in his *Demonology* (*Nachgelassene Werke*), vol. viii, p. 178, which describes Van Buren and Jackson.

April 1.

Beautiful morn, follower of a beautiful moon. Yet lies the snow on the ground. Birds sing, mosses creep, grass grows on the edge of the snow-bank. Read yesterday Goethe's Iphigenia. A pleasing, moving, even heroic work, yet with the great deduction of being an imitation of the antique. How can a great genius endure to make paste-jewels? It must always have the effect compared with the great originals, of Franklin's or

1 Here follows the paragraph so beginning in "Demonology" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 20, 21, Centenary Ed.).

Taylor's apologue of Abraham, or Everett's *Burdens of the Nations* compared with the comforting or alarming words of David and Isaiah. Yet when in the evening we read Sophocles, the shadow of a like criticism fell broad over almost all that is called modern literature. The words of Electra and Orestes are like actions. So live the thoughts of Shakspear. They have a necessary being. They live like men. To such productions it is obviously necessary that they should take that form which is then alive before the poet. The playhouse must have been the daily resort of Shakspear and that profession on which his circumstances had concentrated his attention. That is essential to the production of his plays. It is quite otherwise with Taylor and his *Van Artevelde*. His playhouse and muse is the reading of Shakspear. Sermons were thus a living form to Taylor, Barrow, South and Donne; novels and parliamentary speeches since Fielding and Burke. The *Instauratio* was a natural effect of the revival of ancient learning. But thus it always must happen that the true work of genius should proceed out of the wants and deeds of the age as well as the writer, and so be the first form with which his genius combines, as sculpture was perfect in Phidias's age,

because the marble was the first form with which the creative genius combined. Homer is the only true epic. Milton is to him what Michel Angelo is to Phidias. But Shakspear is like Homer or Phidias himself. Do that which lies next you, O Man!

April 2.

In these Uses of Nature which I explore, the common sense of man requires that, at last, nature be referred to the Deity, be viewed in God. This, which looks so prosaic on paper, is the highest flight of genius, the last conclusion of philosophy, the inspiration of all grand character. Shall I say then that a several use of nature is worship?[1]

In the ascetic of the man of letters, I see not well how he can avoid a persistent and somewhat rigorous temperance. Saved from so many hurts and griefs, he must impose a discipline on himself. He must, out of sympathetic humanity, wound his own bosom, bear some part of the load of wo, and the most convenient and graceful to him is a quiet but unrelaxing self-command. If he accept this and manfully stablish it, it shall stablish him. Then without a

1 Compare with the chapter "Spirit" in *Nature*.

blush he shall meet and console the much-enduring sons of toil and narrow [life].

[On April 8, Mr. Emerson wrote to Carlyle of the republication in America, through the zeal of Dr. Le Baron Russell, of the *Sartor Resartus*, to which he, Emerson, had furnished the preface.]

SALEM, *April* 19.

The philosopher should explain to us the laws of redeeming the time. The universal fact, says Goethe, is that which takes place once. . . . Many are the paths that lead to wisdom and honor: nay, every man hath a private lane thereto from his own door. Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakspear writes it, Washington enacts it, Columbus sails it, Wren builds it, Watt mechanizes it, Luther preaches it. Let us take Duty, this serving angel, for a god in disguise. Without telling us why, he bids us ever do this and that irksomeness. What if it should prove that these very injunctions, so galling and unflattering, are precisely the redemptions of time for us? these books thrust into our hands are books selected for us, and the persons who take up our time are picked out to accompany us? I, at least, fully believe that God is in every place, and that, if the mind

is excited, it may see him, and in him an infinite wisdom in every object that passes before us.

April 22.

I left Boston with Charles for New York, where we arrived April 26. I arrived in Salem again, May 2.

[Mr. Emerson was giving a course of lectures in Salem. He accompanied Charles, who was in rapid consumption, to his brother William's home in New York. Madam Emerson went with him. No one realized how near Charles was to the end of his life.]

Salem, *May* 4.

The Marine Railway, the United States Bank, the Bunker Hill Monument, are perfectly genuine works of the times. So is a speech in Congress, so is a historical discourse, a novel, Channing's work on Slavery, and the volume of Revised Statutes. But Taylor's *Van Arteveldе*, Byron's *Sardanapalus*, and Joanna Bailey's dramas are futile endeavors to revive a dead form and cannot succeed, nor, I think, can Greenough's sculpture. You must exercise your genius in some form that has essential life now; do something which is proper to the hour, and cannot

but be done. But what is once well done, lasts forever, as the Gladiator, the Apollo, the Parthenon, the Iliad.

CONCORD, *May* 16.

And here I am again at home, but I have come alone. My brother, my friend, my ornament, my joy and pride, has fallen by the wayside,—or rather has risen out of this dust. Charles died at New York, Monday afternoon, 9 May. His prayer that he might not be sick was granted him. He was never confined to a bed. He rode out on Monday afternoon with Mother, promised himself to begin his journey with me on my arrival, the next day; on reaching home, he stepped out of the carriage alone, walked up the steps and into the house without assistance, sat down on the stairs, fainted and never recovered. Beautiful without any parallel in my experience of young men, was his life, happiest his death. Miserable is my own prospect from whom my friend is taken. Clean and sweet was his life, untempted almost, and his action on others all-healing, uplifting and fragrant. I read now his pages, I remember all his words and motions without any pang, so healthy and human a life it was, and not like Edward's, a tragedy of poverty and sickness tearing genius.

His virtues were like the victories of Timoleon, and Homer's verses, they were so easy and natural. I cannot understand why his manuscript journal should have so bitter a strain of penitence and deprecation. I mourn that in losing him I have lost his all, for he was born an orator, not a writer. His written pages do him no justice, and as he felt the immense disparity between his power of conversation and his blotted paper, it was easy for him to speak with scorn of written composition.

Now commences a new and gloomy epoch of my life. I have used his society so fondly and solidly. It was pleasant to unfold my thought to so wise a hearer. It opened itself genially to his warm and bright light, and borrowed color and sometimes form from him. Besides my direct debt to him of how many valued thoughts, through what orbits of speculation have we not travelled together, so that it would not be possible for either of us to say, This is my thought, that is yours. I have felt in him the inestimable advantage, when God allows it, of finding a brother and a friend in one. The mutual understanding is then perfect, because Nature has settled the constitution of the amity on solidest foundations; and so it admits of mercenary

CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

usefulness and of unsparing censure; there exists the greatest convenience, inasmuch as the same persons and facts are known to each, and an occult, hereditary sympathy underlies all our intercourse and extends farther than we know.

Who can ever supply his place to me? None. I may live long. I may (though 'tis improbable) see many cultivated persons, but his elegance, his wit, his sense, his worship of principles, I shall not find united — I shall not find them separate. The eye is closed that was to see nature for me, and give me leave to see; the taste and soul which Shakspear satisfied; the soul that loved St. John, St. Paul, Isaiah, and David; the acute discernment that divided the good from the evil in all objects around him, in society, in politics, in church, in books, in persons. The hilarity of thought which awakened good humor wherever it came, and laughter without shame; and the endless endeavor after a life of ideal beauty, — these are all gone from my actual world and will here be no more seen. . . .

His senses were those of a Greek. I owe to them a thousand observations. To live with him was like living with a great painter. I used to say that I had no leave to see things till he

pointed them out, and afterwards I never ceased to see them.

The fine humor of his conversation seemed to make the world he saw. His power of illustration and the facility of his association embroidered his sentences with all his reading and all his seeing. He could not speak but in cheerful figures. When something was said of maritime people, the pilots and fishermen, he said, "they were the fringes of the human race." When Miss Martineau was commended for the energy with which she had clung to society, despite her infirmity, he said, "She had *brushed* pretty well through that drift of deafness."

"The nap," he said, "is worn off the world." He said of the unfortunate Mr. ——: "As fast as Mrs. —— rows, Mr. —— backs water." He said, The South wind made everybody handsome.

There were two ways of living in the world, he said, viz., either to postpone your own ascetic entirely, and live among people as among aliens; or, to lead a life of endless warfare by forcing your Ideal into act. In either of these ways the wise man may be blameless.

No speculation interested him that could not

help him in action, and so become his daily bread. Nothing disgusted him more than aimless activity. Truth of character he worshipped, — truth to one's self, — and proportionally despised the excessive craving for sympathy and praise, the parasitic life. He could not bear to think that he should degenerate into a householder and lead the base life. He held at a very low rate the praise of fashionable people. He held at a very high rate the praise or gratitude of plain men, whose habits of life precluded compliment, and made their verdict unquestionable. A man is sure of nothing, he said, but what he got himself. Let him count everything else mere good fortune, and expect to lose it any moment.

He thought that Jeremy Taylor's sermons might be preached in an obscure country village with greatest advantage to the hearers; that they would be a sort of University; in themselves an education to those who had no other. The religious sentiment, he thought, was the right of the poor at church; that any speculations merely ingenious, or literary merits of a discourse, did not excuse the defect of this, but defrauded the poor of his Christianity.

He thought Christianity the philosophy of

suffering; the religion of pain: that its motto was, "Thy will be done"; and that the print of the bended head of Christ with hands folded on the breast should be the altar-piece and symbol in churches; and not the crucifixion.

A measure of any man's ability, he thought, [was] the value he set upon his time. He sympathized wonderfully with all objects and natures, and, as by a spiritual ventriloquism, threw his mind into them, which appeared in the warm and genial traits by which he again pictured them to the eye. I find him saying to E. H., April 3, 1834, "I do not know but one of the ancient metamorphoses will some day happen to me, and I shall shoot into a tree, or flow into a stream, I do so lose my human nature and join myself to that which is without. To-day, even Goethe would have been satisfied with the temper in which I became identified with what I saw, a part of what was around me."

EXTRACTS FROM C. C. E.'S LETTERS TO E. H.

"The spirit of Stoicism saith, 'Be high-minded and fear not.' Christianity says, 'Be not high-minded but fear.'"

(He writes in 1834:) "Let noise and the unmeaning and undelightful society of those who

never knew what truth meant make us hug closer our 'eternal jewel.'"

"There is so little romance in sleeping in Washington Street, and day-laboring in Court Street, that except I too was of Carlyle's faith, and reverenced as part of the universe, or rather as an epitome of the universe and emanation of God, this thinking principle, this mysterious me, I could find in me a dry mirth at the idea of making a story of my Epigæan life." [1]

Each natural event, the finding of the Epigæa, of the indigo bird, the cuckow, and of the palm tree, were the epochs of his life.

"Oh, sometimes I play teacher, but it is only in the forms of things, the dress of life, words, motions, manners. Afterward, I am sorry that such outward things dwell in my thought. I am out of love, as Prince Hal says, with my greatness; as a child of God, that is, for entertaining these humble considerations."

1 The Epigæa is the mayflower, and Charles was perhaps attending the May Session of Court in Boston, or, more likely, used the derivation of the name of this creeping plant (ἔπι and γῆ) for life *on Earth*.

"*April* 24, 1834.

"Now your mother, — would she say, 'Better leave reading the silly letter'? Why then she frets against dear Nature, and would have no violets grow because of them we cannot make a broom; but there is more of God in a violet than in a broom."

The horror of the house-keeper pervades his views of marriage. "What is it we seek each in the other? To enter into a community of being, giving and receiving the freedom of each other's immortal part. If the cares and endearments of earthly marriage cause us to lose sight of this its highest end, and dull in us the perception of this, its purest happiness, let us go mourning, let us live alone on the mountains, and bewail our virginity."

"To-morrow I go to my Sunday School. That ever I should be a shepherd, — I who cry inly as a weak lamb to be folded and fed." [1]

"*May* 27, 1834.

"Something has glanced athwart my mind once or twice that I would say about manners.

1 Judge John S. Keyes said, "The hour in Charles Emerson's Sunday School class was the one bright interval in the desperate New England Sabbath of those days."

They should be *distinct*, never slurred. Whatever is said or done should be finished, waited on to its conclusion. A well-bred person shuns nothing, dodges no corners, evades no look or word, cuts short no introduction or farewell, but clearly and cheerfully upon the moment does and says what seemeth suitable and kind."

"Wednesday night, *September* 4, 1834.

"The days go and come and go. Here from my window toward the East I shall presently peruse at length large-limbed Orion, my shining chronicler of many a winter. God be thanked who set the stars in the sky! planted their bright watch along the infinite deep and ordained such fine intelligence betwixt us and them. Yea, God be thanked for all in nature that is the symbol of purity and peace."

"*October* 5, 1834.

"Do you look at men as I have become accustomed of late to consider them, stronger or feebler utterances of particular thoughts and affections? so that a shrewd Rochefoucault philosophy could calculate the phenomena they would each exhibit with pretty nearly the same precision as the eclipses of Jupiter's moons.

"I see a blood-warm, living man in the throng of his engagements, and I say to myself, What is the mission, the significancy of this creature? and when, in a few years, friendly hands shall wrap his dead body in grave clothes, what dot or line in [the] picture which is being finished in the world, will he have left engraved? Yet are they not mere 'hands,' artisans, for do I not myself feel a common nature in me, whereby I am drawn towards certain points in the boundless sphere wherein we act? And while busy about these, my back is turned upon a hemisphere, and a great portion of the centimanous Me must lie unexercised. Yet is there a recognition all the while in my soul of the whole, and the curve of the least arc of the circle tells the dimensions of radius and circumference, and keeps alive the consciousness of unseen relations in them, who seem as fast fixed to that differential point as the ephemerides to their leaf or petal."

"*February* 12, 1835.

"I shall come to Concord. For homesickness,—trust me, a rood of earth that is mine, four walls, a lamp, and a book will kill that vermin."

"It is night. Night is a leveller, a restorer, a

comforter. Good Night, I desire acquaintance with thee. Things look hard and peaked in the day. One cannot so well be an Idealist, no, nor a Stoic. You see your neighbors, and you are cowed by circumstances. But night is like the grave, and buries all distinctions. I am myself: thanks, Medea, for the word, —

"'What I have learned is mine, I have my thought
And me the Muses noble truths have taught.'

"Will you have me write more, or is the cocoon quite spun, and shall I, poor grub, go sleep? That 's no bad image. For a man's evening reveries are a sort of soft drapery, a silk night-gown, which he wraps round his more serious and intenser soul, and this last starts winged from its slumber when the hours of rest are fulfilled."

"*March* 30, 1835.

"You never blame me. I will not believe you wanting in the angel office which only great and loving spirits can fitly discharge one to another, that of rebuke, yea, of indignation, which yet is only the surge and foam upheaved from the deep sea of affection."

"Let us not veil our bonnets to circumstance.

If we 'act so, because we are so,' if we sin from strong bias of temper and constitution, at least we have in ourselves the measure and the curb of our aberration. But if they who are around us sway us, if we think ourselves incapable of resisting the drawing of the cords with which fathers and mothers and a host of unsuitable expectations and duties, falsely so-called, seek to bind us, alas! into what helpless disorder shall we not fall!"

"*March* 18, 1836.

"Waldo and I read, as we have opportunity, in the *Electra*. It is very charming to me, the severe taste of these Greeks. I am never offended, and there is an aristocratic pleasure in these lofty and removed studies. It is as if you had left the noisy fuming world of mortal men, and taken passage with

'That grim ferryman whom poets speak of,'

and the slow *Styx*, *novies interfusa*, lay between you and all earthly interests."

"*April* 3, 1836.

"Waldo and I have finished the *Electra*, and he is quite enamored of the severe beauty of the Greek tragic muse. Do you not think it sets the action before you with a more real presence

than even Shakspear's drama? Or is it because this is a new story? I was thinking the splendor of the particular passages in Shakspear withdrew you continually from the steadfast contemplation of the action."

Here end my extracts from the letters of my brother Charles.

CONCORD, *May* 19.

I find myself slowly, after this helpless mourning. I remember states of mind that perhaps I had long lost before this grief, the native mountains whose tops reappear after we have traversed many a mile of weary region from home. Them shall I ever revisit? I refer now to last evening's lively remembrance of the scattered company who have ministered to my highest wants: Edward Stubler, Peter Hunt, Sampson Reed, my peasant Tarbox, Mary Rotch, Jonathan Phillips, A. B. Alcott, — even Murat has a claim,[1] — a strange class, plain, and wise, whose

1 Stubler the Quaker has already been alluded to. Peter Hunt was a scholar in his Chelmsford school, valued through life. Tarbox was the laborer who said to him in the hay-field that men are always praying, and their prayers are always answered; which gave him the theme for his first sermon. Jonathan Phillips was an old Bostonian whose plain words he prized. Prince Murat was his friend in Florida.

charm to me is wonderful, how elevating! how far was their voice from the voice of vanity, of display, of interest, of tradition! They are to me what the Wanderer in the *Excursion* is to the poet, — and Wordsworth's total value is of this kind; — they are described in the lines at the end of the *Yarrow Revisited.* Theirs is the true light of all our day. They are the argument for the spiritual world, for their spirit is it. Nothing is impossible, since such communion has already been. Whilst we hear them speak, how frivolous are the distinctions of fortune! and the voice of fame is as unaffecting as the tinkle of the passing sleigh-bell.

Every man has his Parnassus somewhere, though in a band of music, or the theatre, or gazing at a regiment come home from the wars, or a frigate from the main. The mob draws its attraction out of high, obscure, infinital regions.

By the permanence of nature, minds are trained alike and made intelligible to each other.

The One Mind. — A great danger, or a strong desire, as a war of defence, or an enterprise of enthusiasm, or even of gain, will at any time

knit a multitude into one man and, whilst it lasts, bring every individual into his exact place; one to watch, one to deliberate, one to act, one to speak, and one to record.

The generic soul in each individual is a giant overcome with sleep which locks up almost all his senses, and only leaves him a little superficial animation. Once in an age at hearing some deeper voice, he lifts his iron lids, and his eyes straight pierce through all appearances, and his tongue tells what shall be in the latest times: then is he obeyed like a God, but quickly the lids fall, and sleep returns.

Otherism. — We overestimate the conscience of our friend.[1] . . . It is the action of the social principle "aiming above the mark that it may hit the mark." . . .

Sunday, *May* 22.

Persons. — The talk of the kitchen and the cottage is exclusively occupied with persons. It is the sickness, crimes, disasters, airs, fortunes of persons; never is the character of the action or the object abstracted. Go into the parlor and into fashionable society. The persons are more

1 Here follows the passage thus beginning in "Friendship," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 195, 196, Centenary Ed.

conspicuous, but the fact is the same. The conversation still hovers over persons, over political connexions, over events as they related to individuals. Go at last into the cultivated class; who ask, What is Beauty? How shall I be perfect? To what end exists the world? and you shall find in proportion to their cultivation a studious separation of personal history from their analysis of character and their study of things. Natural History is elegant, astronomy sublime for this reason, their impersonality. And yet, when cultivated men speak of God they demand a biography of him, as steadily as the kitchen and the bar-room demand personalities of men. Absolute goodness, absolute truth must leave their infinity and take form for us. We want fingers and sides and hair. Yet certainly it is more grand, and therefore more true, to say, "Goodness is its own reward," "Be sure your sin will find you out," than to say, "God will give long life to the upright; God will punish the sinner in hell," in any popular sense of these words. But the angels will worship virtue and truth, not gathered into a person, but inly seen in the perspective of their own progressive being. They see the dream and the interpretation of the world in the faith that God is within them.

As a spiritual truth needs no proof, but is its own reason, so the universe needs no outer cause, but exists by its own perfection, and the sum of it all is this, God is.

Theism must be, and the name of God must be, because it is a necessity of the human mind to apprehend the relative as flowing from the absolute, and we shall always give the absolute a name. But a storm of calumny will always pelt him whose view of God is highest and purest.

I heard to-day a preacher who made me think that the stern Compensations work themselves out in pulpits too, since, if a preacher treats the people as children, they too will treat him as a child.

It is strange, how simple a thing it is to be a man; so simple that almost all fail by overdoing. There is nothing vulgar in Wordsworth's idea of Man. To believe your own thought, that is Genius. To believe that a man intended to produce the emotion we feel before his work is the highest praise, so high that we ever hesitate to give it.

May 23.

After reading has become stale, and thoughts truisms, the meeting a young man who has a

lively interest in your speculations shall revive the faded colors and restore the price of thought. So thought I at Salem. This is the foundation, in Nature, of Education.

May 28.

Nothing bizarre, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with Art.[1] . . . Every violation, every suicide, every miracle, every wilfulness, however large it may show near us, melts quickly into the All and at a distance is not seen. The outline is as smooth as the curve of the moon.

Landor has too much wilfulness: he will not let his genius speak, but must make it all himself. A writer must have *l'abandon*, he must be content to stand aside and let truth and beauty speak for him, or he cannot expect to be heard far.

May 30.

In that sermon to Literary Men which I propose to make, be sure to admonish them not to be ashamed of their gospel. The mason, the carpenter hold up their trowel and saw with honest pride: the Scholar thrusts his book into

1 Here follows the passage thus beginning in *Society and Solitude*, "Art," pp. 41, 42, Centenary Ed.

his pocket, drops the nosegay he has gathered in his walk into the fields, and in conversation with the grocer and farmer affects to talk of business and farms. "Faint heart never won." Other professions thrive because they who drive them do that one thing with a single and entire mind. Feel that fair weather or foul weather, good for grass or bad for grass, scarcity or plenty, is all nothing to you: that your plough may go every day; and leave to God the care of the world.

It is a sublime illustration of the Christian doctrine of Humility, — the fact that God is the servant of the Universe. If there were any being whom he did not serve, he would not be the God of that being.

Put in the Sermon to Scholars the brave maxim of the Code of Menu: "A teacher of the Veda should rather die with his learning than sow it in sterile soil, even though he be in grievous distress for subsistence." (Approved by C. C. E.)

Please God the curse of the carpenter shall never lie on my roof.[1]

1 In the building-on of the new parlor and chamber above, there was some bad work which caused delay, and

Fine thoughts flowing from an idea perceived by the mind, and fine thoughts wilfully recollected and exhibited, differ as leaves and flowers growing from the branch, and leaves and flowers tied together by a string.

May 31.

All powerful action is by bringing the forces of nature to bear upon our objects.[1] . . .

June 1.

Once there was an urn which received water out of a fountain. But sometimes the fountain spouted so far as to fall beyond the lips of the urn, and sometimes not far enough to fill it; so that sometimes it was only sprinkled. But the urn desired to be always full, and Nature saw the urn, and made it alive, so that it could move this way and that to meet the waterfall, and even when the water did not rise out of the spring, it could change its shape, and with a long neck suck up the water from hollows with its

Mr. Emerson was urged to be severe with the carpenter and insist on a rebate; but he was unwilling that any jarring note should occur in the building of the home.

1 The rest of this paragraph is essentially the same as the passages in *Society and Solitude* to be found in "Civilization" (p. 27, Centenary Ed.) and "Art" (p. 49) as to the planet, rather than man's muscle, splitting his wood, etc.

lips. Then it began to go far from the fountain, looking in many places for wells, and sometimes when the fountain was full, the urn was gone, and did not come back until the fountain was a thread; and often, the walking urn lost its way and came into sands and was long empty. Moreover, though Nature gave it life, she did not give it more body, so that what was spent in making feet and legs was lost from the belly of the urn; and in the motion of going, much water was spilled so that now it was never full as before. So the urn came to Nature, and besought her to take away its life, and replace it at the old fountain.

June 3.

Shall I not treat all men as gods?

June 4.

The painters have driven me from my apartment. What a droll craft is theirs, generically considered! There certainly is a ridiculous air over much of our life.

Here are two or three facts respecting science. 1. The tendency to order and classification in the mind. 2. The correspondent order actually subsisting in nature. 3. Hence the humanity of

science or the naturalness of knowing; the perception that the world was made by mind like ours; the recognition of design like ours; the seeing in the brutes analogous intelligence to ours. Otherwise, —

Man puts things in a row;

Things belong in a row;

The showing of the true row is science.

History teaches 1. The presence of spirit; 2. The antecedence of spirit; 3. The humanity of spirit.

Corollary: Science must be studied humanly.

We are always learning that duration and magnitude are of no account to the soul. In the eternity of Nature centuries are lost as moments are. In the immensity of matter, there is no great and no small. The grass and foliage that cover the whole globe, from the snow that caps the north-pole to the snow that caps the south-pole, cost no more design or effort than went to the opening the bell of one lily, or to the germination of a grain of wheat. Time is nothing to laws. The ocean is a large drop; a drop is a small ocean.

There is one mind. Inspiration is larger reception of it: fanaticism is predominance of the individual. The greater genius, the more like

all other men, therefore. A man's call to do any particular work, as to go supercargo to Calcutta, or missionary to Serampore, or pioneer to the western country, is his fitness to do that thing he proposes. Any thought that he has a personal summons —

> "Signs that mark [him] extraordinary,
> . . . not in the rôle of common men," —

is dreaming, is so much insanity. It denotes deficiency of perceiving that there is one mind in all the individuals. In like manner, guessing at the modes of divine action, as Norton's about electricity, etc., betrays ignorance of the truth that all men have access to the divine counsels, for God is the Universal Mind.

June 5.

I have read with interest Mr. Alcott's Journal in MS. for 1835. He has attained at least to a perfectly simple and elegant utterance. There is no inflation and no cramp in his writing. I complained that there did not seem to be quite that facility of association which we expect in the man of genius and which is to interlace his work with all nature by its radiating upon all. But the sincerity of his speculation is a better merit. This is no theory of a month's standing; no peg

to hang fine things on; no sham enthusiasm; no cant; but his hearty faith and study by night and by day. He writes it in the book, he discourses it in the parlor, he instructs it in the school. And whatever defects as fine writers such men may have, it is because colossal foundations are not for summer-houses, but for temples and cities. But come again a hundred years hence, and compare Alcott and his little critics.

June 6.

Last Saturday evening, I had a conversation with Elizabeth Hoar which I cannot recal, but of which the theme was, that when we deal truly and lay judgment to the line and rule, we are no longer permitted to think that the presence or absence of friends is material to our highest states of mind. In those few moments which are the life of our life, when we were in the state of clear vision, we were taught that God is here no respecter of persons, that into that communion with him which is absolute life, and where names and ceremonies and traditions are no longer known, but the virtues are loved for their loveliness alone, for their conformity to God, — in that communion our dearest friends are strangers. There is no personeity in it.

Yesterday I remembered the saying of Coleridge's friend Moxon, that he would go to the Cabinet Ministers to read their faces, for Nature never lies. Also by writing is the character made known. And he who is dumb and motionless for fear of betraying his thought, does by very silence and inaction tell it. *Dum tacet, clamat.*[1] So irresistibly does human nature ever publish itself.

June 7.

Many letters from friends who loved or honored Charles. I know not why it is, but a letter is scarcely welcome to me. I expect to be lacerated by it, and if I come safe to the end of it, I feel like one escaped.

> "Wishing good and doing good
> Is laboring, Lord, with thee.
> Charity is gratitude,
> And piety, best understood,
> Is sweet humanity."

The value of so many persons is like that of an unit in decimal notation which is determined altogether by the *place* of the number.

Do not fear the multitude of books. They all have their place. Shakspear, Moses, Cicero,

1 Cicero, Oration against Catiline.

Bacon, À-Kempis, Cervantes, Bunyan, dwell together without crowding in the mind, as in nature there is room for all the succession of herbs and trees, of birds and beasts. The world is large enough, the year is long enough for all that is to be done in it.

So you have undertaken to solve the problem of the world. God speed you, fair sir, in your modest attempt. Remember this, however, that the greatest reason is always the truest.

You will always find those who think they know what is your duty far better than you know it yourself, so go to the Sunday School if they bid you; there 's a good boy.

June 10.

I gladly pay the rent of my house because I therewith get the horizon and the woods which I pay no rent for. For daybreak and evening and night, I pay no tax. I think it is a glorious bargain which I drive with the town.

The pilgrim goes into the woods, but he carries with him the beauty which he visits. For the eye is the painter and the ear the singer. Where is not man is neither color nor sound. The man is the creator of his world. I choose to pursue certain thoughts, to enter certain states of mind, and forthwith I seem to walk into woods

by known ways and to hear woodbirds and see pines and birches. I choose to pursue certain other thoughts, and lo! I seem to visit the wharves and market.

The visible sky in which the ball of earth is buried with its eternal calm and filled with lights seems to be the true type of the Eternal Reason into which we are born and the truths which revolve therein.

Shall I say, what hovers often among the whimsies of the mind, that blows are aimed at him in broad daylight, but that, protected and defended by a circle of friendly power, he passes on in safety?

June 11.

William E.[1] visited us a few hours this day. A pleasing day.

In that rare society of which I wrote above [see entry of May 19] I dilate and am wise, good, and hopeful by sympathy, but in ordinary company and what is not so (*non è nel mondo*,

1 His elder brother, a respected and able lawyer in New York all his life, after he abandoned the studying for the ministry from conscientious scruples. He was a man of high standards of life and profession, of taste and refinement, and always a scholar.

se non volgo), I shrink and palter and apologize. I know not why, but I hate to be asked to preach here in Concord.[1] I never go to the Sunday School Teachers without fear and shame. I take admonitions from every passenger with the attitude and feeling of a willow.[2] . . .

I am afraid that the brilliant writers very rarely feel the deepest interest in truth itself. Even my noble Scotchman, I fancy, feels so strongly his vocation to produce, that he would not listen with half the unfeigned joy to a simple oracle in the woods that Hosmer or Hunt[3] would find. He is certainly dedicated to his book, to the communication and the form of that he knows. Yet he ought to feel more curious to know the truth than anxious to exhibit what he knows. Yet what is any man's book compared with the undiscoverable All?

June 14.

What learned I this morning in the woods, the oracular woods? Wise are they, the ancient

1 It appears from his account-book that Mr. Emerson "supplied the pulpit" in Concord for seven Sundays during the middle of the summer.

2 Here follows the passage about the glorified opium-eaters. (See "Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 233, Cent. Ed.)

3 Concord neighbors.

nymphs; pleasing, sober, melancholy truth say those untameable savages, the pines. Under them bend and reign, each in his tiny sphere surrounded by a company of his own race and family, the violets, thesiums, cypripediums, etc. The windflower (rue leaved) is the Bride. But thus they said: —

Power is one great lesson which Nature teaches man. The secret that he can, not only reduce under his will, that is, conform to his character particular events, but classes of events, and so harmonize all the outward occurrences with the states of mind, — that must he learn; Worship must he learn.

Is the pretension of the Ideal Theory enormous? Every possible statement of the connexion between the world and you involves pretensions as enormous.

[Although part of the following extract is printed in the last paragraph of "Discipline" in *Nature*, yet because of its evident reference to the loss of Charles, and also because of its greater beauty in the original, it is kept here.]

Have you been associated with any friend whose charm over you was coextensive with your

idea, that is, was infinite; who filled your thought on that side; and so, as most certainly befals us, you were enamoured of the person? And from that person have you at last, by incessant love and study, acquired a new measure of excellence, also a confidence in the resources of God who thus sends you a real person to outgo your ideal, — you will readily see, when you are separated, as you shortly will be, the bud, flower, and fruit of the whole fact. As soon as your friend has become to you an object of thought, has revealed to you with great prominence a new nature, and has become a measure whereof you are fully possessed to gauge and test more, as his character becomes solid and sweet wisdom, it is already a sign to you that his office to you is closing: expect thenceforward the hour in which he shall be withdrawn from your sight.

To you he was manifest in flesh. He is not manifest in flesh. Has that portion of spiritual life which he represented to you any less reality? All which was is now, and ever shall be. See then whether you do not over-esteem the greatness of your labors, and instead of vaunting so loudly your mission to the world, look perhaps if the world have not a mission to you.

Truth and originality go abreast always.

June 16.

Yesterday I went to Mr. Alcott's school and heard a conversation upon the Gospel of St. John. I thought the experiment of engaging young children upon questions of taste and truth successful. A few striking things were said by them. I felt strongly as I watched the gradual dawn of a thought upon the minds of all, that to truth is no age or season. It appears, or it does not appear, and when the child perceives it, he is no more a child; age, sex, are nothing: we are all alike before the great whole. Little Josiah Quincy,[1] now six years, six months old, is a child having something wonderful and divine in him. He is a youthful prophet.

Monsters and aberrations give us glimpses of the higher law; — let us into the secret of Nature, thought Goethe. Well. We fable to conform things better to our higher law, but when, by and by, we see the true cause, the fable fades and shrivels up. We see then the true higher law. To the wise therefore a fact is true poetry and the most beautiful of fables. Hence doubtless that secret value we attach to facts that in-

1 Josiah P. Quincy, son of Mr. Emerson's classmate Hon. Josiah Quincy.

terest us much beyond their seeming importance. We think it frivolous to record them, but a wise man records them, and they agree with the experience and feelings of others. They no doubt are points in this curve of the great circle.

The ἓν καὶ πᾶν is the reason why our education can be carried on and perfected anywhere and with any bias whatever. If I study an ant-hill and neglect all business, all history, all conversation, yet shall that ant-hill, humbly and lovingly and unceasingly explored, furnish me with a parallel experience and the same conclusions to which business, history and conversation would have brought me. So the sculptor, the dragoon, the trader, the shepherd, come to the same conclusions. All is economized. When you are doing, you lose no time from your book, because you still study and still learn. Do what you will, you learn, so that you have a right mind and a right heart. But if not, I think you still learn, though all is mislearned. Pains and prayer will do anything.

Swedenborg, I am persuaded, will presently become popular. He needs only to be regarded as a poet, instead of a sectarian and low religious dogmatist, to be read and admired for his verities.

June 17.

A fact is only a fulcrum of the spirit. It is the terminus of a past thought, but only a means now to new sallies of the imagination and new progress of wisdom.[1] . . .

A fact, we said, was the terminus of spirit. A man, I, am the remote circumference, the skirt, the thin suburb, or frontier post of God, but go inward and find the ocean; I lose my individuality in its waves. God is unity, but always works in variety. I go inward until I find unity universal, that Is before the World was. I come outward to this body, a point of variety.

The drop is a small ocean, the ocean a large drop. A leaf is a simplified world, the world a compound leaf.

June 22.

Mr. Alcott has been here with his Olympian dreams. He is a world-builder. Evermore he toils to solve the problem, whence is the world? The point at which he prefers to begin is the mystery of the Birth of a child. I tell him it is

1 From this page are omitted the passages, on a farm being a sacred emblem (*Nature*, "Discipline," p. 42, Centenary Ed.), and on the economy of paying a man for "good sense applied to gardening." (*Essays*, First Series, "Compensation," p. 114.)

idle for him to affect to feel an interest in the compositions of any one else. Particulars — particular thoughts, sentences, facts even — cannot interest him, except as for a moment they take their place as a ray from his orb. The Whole, — Nature proceeding from himself, is what he studies. But he loses, like other sovereigns, great pleasures by reason of his grandeur. I go to Shakspear, Goethe, Swift, even to Tennyson, submit myself to them, become merely an organ of hearing, and yield to the law of their being. I am paid for thus being nothing by an entire new mind, and thus, a Proteus, I enjoy the universe through the powers and organs of a hundred different men. But Alcott cannot delight in Shakspear, cannot get near him. And so with all things. What is characteristic also, he cannot recal one word or part of his own conversation or of any one's, let the expression be never so happy. He made here some majestic utterances, but so inspired me that even I forgot the words often. The grass, the earth, seemed to him "the refuse of spirit."[1] . . .

1 Here follows the passage on the effect of each new doctrine, beginning with Jesus's bidding, to leave father, mother, etc. (See "Intellect," *Essays*, First Series, p. 343, Centenary Ed.)

I love the wood-god. I love the mighty PAN. Yesterday I walked in the storm. And truly in the fields I am not alone or unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them.[1] . . . We distrust and deny inwardly our own sympathy with nature. We own and disown our relation to it. We are like Nebuchadnezzar, cast down from our throne, bereft of our reason, and eating grass like an ox.[2] . . .

It is the property of the divine to be reproductive. The harvest is seed. The good sermon becomes a text in the hearer's mind. That is the good book which sets us at work. The highest science is prophecy. Jesus is but the harbinger and announcer of the Comforter to come, and his continual office is to make himself less to us by making us demand more.

The Understanding, the usurping under-

1 See *Nature* (p. 10, Centenary Ed.) as to the effect on the mind of the waving of boughs in the storm.

2 Almost the whole of the long passage attributed to "a certain poet" in the chapter "Prospects" in *Nature* here follows, with slight variations and no quotation marks. It is evidently Mr. Emerson's record of the thoughts that came from the meeting of his mind and Alcott's. Immediately after, in the journal, comes a large part of the conclusion of the chapter following the utterance of the "Orphic Poet."

standing, the lieutenant of Reason, his hired man, — the moment the Master is gone, steps into his place; this usher commands, sets himself to finish what He was doing, but instantly proceeds with his own dwarf architecture, and thoroughly cheats us, until presently for a moment Reason returns, and the slave obeys, and his work shrinks into tatters and cobwebs.

Not whilst the wise are one class and the good another, not whilst the physiologist and the psychologist are twain, can a Man exist, and Messiah come.[1] . . .

How hard to write the truth. "Let a man rejoice in the truth, and not that he has found it," said my early oracle.[2] Well, so soon as I have seen the truth I clap my hands and rejoice, and go back to see it and forward to tell men. I am so pleased therewith that presently it vanishes. Then am I submiss, and it appears "without observation." I write it down, and it is gone. Yet is the benefit of others and their love of receiving truth from me the reason of my in-

1 Followed by the passage "Man is a god in ruins," etc. (*Nature*, p. 71, Centenary Ed.)

2 Miss Mary Moody Emerson.

terest and effort to obtain it, and thus do I double and treble with God. The Reason refuses to play at couples with Understanding; to subserve the private ends of the understanding.

June 24.

I have read with great pleasure, sometimes with delight, No. 5 of Mr. Alcott's Record of Conversations on the Gospels. The internal evidence of the genuineness of the thinking on the part of the children is often very strong. Their wisdom is something the less surprising because of the simplicity of the instrument on which they play these fine airs. It is a harp of two strings, Matter and Spirit, and in whatever combination or contrast or harmony you strike them, always the effect is sublime.[1]

Insist upon seeing nature as a problem to be solved. It is a question addressed to you. What is a child? What is a woman? What is a year or a season? What do they signify and say to ME?

1 This passage is followed by those about Prayer being "a true study of truth" (*Nature*, "Prospects," p. 74, Centenary Ed.), and that about every man or boy having a trust of power, whether over a potato-field or the laws of a state. (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, "Education," p. 128.)

Nature is yet far from being exhausted.[1] Nature is the projection of God. It is the expositor of the Divine Mind. Chateaubriand called it the divine imagination. Say they that Geometry is the divine mind, and is the landscape less so? Yet see how far man is at discord with nature, for you cannot at the same time admire the prospect, and sympathize with Wyman and Tuttle digging in the field.

Beauty and Pleasure are no doubt the pilots of the mind, but it must first be healthy.

July 2.

Mrs. Ripley expressed a contempt for Boccaccio, and we agreed that, in English, his was a wholly false reputation.[2]

July 5.

It never rains but it pours. If you see pyrola you see nothing else but varieties of pyrola. To that one thing which a man had in his head all nature seems an illustration, all men martyrs: ἓν καὶ πᾶν.

1 This is preceded by the passage on "The pleasing, contrite wood-life which God allows me." (See "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, p. 58, Centenary Ed.)

2 The passage about "The race not progressive in time" follows. ("Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, p. 86.)

Human Flora. Subgenus, arid, lachrymose, apologetic, adhesive, wiry. Afternoon man, wholesale speaker, conservative.

July 9.

I have looked over the designs for Dante by Flaxman. Flaxman was a disciple of Swedenborg, and the result is accordingly a threefold cord in which each may claim his strand. As wind and sun play into one another's hands in nature, so do human minds. Several geniuses of the past generations are reproduced for us to-day in their pupils. The corn in my garden, the child of to-day, is a compound cord of which the sun, air, water, carbon, azote, and oxygen, are the plies.[1]

July 21.

Pleasant it is to see two persons acting habitually and harmoniously together of entirely different manner and voice; two strong natures, neither of which impairs the other by any direct modification. The more perfect the union, the concession at the same time of individual peculiarity being the least, makes the best society.

1 Here follow the passages upon the difficult guest, whom you must furnish ropes of sand to twist (see *Conduct of Life*), and on trusting one's instinct (*Essays*, First Series, "Intellect," p. 330, Centenary Ed.).

Make your own Bible. Select and collect all the words and sentences that in all your reading have been to you like the blast of triumph out of Shakspear, Seneca, Moses, John and Paul.

July 30.

Man is the point wherein matter and spirit meet and marry. The Idealist says, God paints the world around your soul. The spiritualist saith, Yea, but lo! God is within you. The self of self creates the world through you, and organizations like you. The Universal Central Soul comes to the surface in my body.

July 31.

The wise man has no secrets. Secrets belong to the individual, local. He strives evermore to sink the individual in the universal. The friend who can bring him into a certain mood has a right to all the privacies that belong to that mood. Moreover, he believes that no secrets can be: that the nature of the man does forever publish itself, and that all laborious concealments lose their labor.

August 6.

The grey past, the white future.

A year ago I studied Ben Jonson a good deal. You may learn much from so complete records

of one mind as his works are. There is something fearful in coming up against the walls of a mind on every side, and learning to describe their invisible circumference.

"I know not what you think of me," said my friend. Are you sure? You know all I think of you by those things I say to you. You know all which can be of any use to you. If I, if all your friends, should draw your portrait to you — faults and graces, — it would mislead you, embarrass you; you must not ask how you please me for curiosity. . . . Certainly I know what impression I made on any man, by remembering what communications he made to me.[1]

In the Scholar's Ethics, I would put down *Beharre wo Du stehst*, Stick by yourself; and Goethe's practice to publish his book without preface and let it be unexplained; and further the sentence in *West Östlichen Divan* about Freedom.

August 12.

Yesterday Margaret Fuller returned home

1 This passage seems to refer to Miss Margaret Fuller who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emerson.

after making us a visit of three weeks — a very accomplished and very intelligent person.[1]

Fathers wish to be fathers of the mind as well as of the body of their children. But in my experience they seem to be merely the occasion of new beings coming into the world [rather] than parents of their life, or seers of their own affection incarnated, as Alcott would think.

At times, as in the wood on Wednesday, it seems as if all the particular life were mere by-play and in no way of cause and effect connected with the absolute life.

I said once that if you go expressly to look at the moon, it becomes tinsel.[2] A party of view-hunters will see no divine landscape. There is, however, in moon-gazing something analogous to Newton's fits of easy transmission and reflection. You catch the charm one moment, then it is gone, then it returns to go again, and, spoken

1 Mr. Cabot (Memoir, pp. 274–279) gives a very just account of Miss Fuller's friendly but difficult relations with Mr. Emerson, who came to value her, but this friendship was never very intimate. Mrs. Emerson had a great regard for her, and Miss Fuller in her frequent visits stirred the minds of the young people of Concord, who flocked to hear her.

2 *Nature*, p. 19, Centenary Ed.

of, it becomes flat enough. Perhaps the "fits" depend on the pulsations of the heart.

August 13.

Some men have a heart, and feel the claims of others. Other men have an intellectual heart, or a perception of the claims of others. A third class have neither, and are neither desired nor approved.

How rarely can a female mind be impersonal. Sarah R[ipley] is wonderfully free from egotism of place and time and blood. Margaret F[uller] by no means so free, with all her superiority. What shall I say of Aunt Mary?

August 17.

"Our part in public occasions," says Goethe, "is, for the most part, *philisterei*." True of Commencement, and this Cambridge jubilee.

August 27.

To-day came to me the first proof-sheet of *Nature* to be corrected, like a new coat, full of vexations; with the first sentences of the chapters perched like mottoes aloft in small type! The peace of the author cannot be wounded by

such trifles, if he sees that the sentences are still good. A good sentence can never be put out of countenance by any blunder of compositors. It is good in text or note, in poetry or prose, as title or corollary. But a bad sentence shows all his flaws instantly by such dislocation. So that a certain sublime serenity is generated in the soul of the poet by the annoyances of the press. He sees that the spirit may infuse a subtle logic into the parts of the piece which shall defy all accidents to break their connexion.

The man of talents who brings his poetry and eloquence to market is like the hawk which I have seen wheeling up to heaven in the face of noon, and all to have a better view of mice and moles and chickens.

August 29.

En peu d'heure
Dieu labeure.

God works in moments.

With what satisfaction I read last night with George B[radford] some lines from Milton. In *Samson Agonistes* and elsewhere, with what dignity he felt the office of the bard, the solemn office borne by the great and grave of every age for the behoof of all men; a call which never

was heard in the frivolous brains of the Moores and Hugos and Bérangers of the day.

The "threnes" of Shakspear seem to belong to a "purer state of sensation and existence," to use Landor's word.

Humility characterises the highest class of genius, Homer, Milton, Shakspear. We expect flashes of thought, but this is highest yet; The sorrows of Adam and Eve.

There is a difference between the waiting of the prophet and the standing still of the fool.

George Bradford says of Alcott that he destroys too many illusions.

September 2.

We see much truth under the glitter and ribbons of a festival like Commencement. Each year the same faces come there, but each elongated or whitened or fallen a little. The courage too that is felt at presenting your own face before the well-known assembly, is not an extempore feeling, but is based on a long memory of studies and actions. An assembly is a sort of Judgment Day, before whose face every soul is tried. Fat and foolish faces, to be sure, there are in the forefront of the crowd, but they are

only warnings, and the imps and examples of doom. The scholar looks in at the door, but unwilling to face this ordeal to little purpose, he retreats and walks along solitary streets and lanes far from the show.

Every principle is a war-note.

September 13.

I went to the College Jubilee on the 8th instant. A noble and well-thought-of anniversary. The pathos of the occasion was extreme, and not much noted by the speakers. Cambridge at any time is full of ghosts; but on that day the anointed eye saw the crowd of spirits that mingled with the procession in the vacant spaces, year by year, as the classes proceeded; and then the far longer train of ghosts that followed the company, of the men that wore before us the college honors and the laurels of the State —the long, winding train reaching back into eternity. But among the living was more melancholy reflection, namely, the identity of all the persons with that which they were in youth, in college halls. I found my old friends the same; the same jokes pleased, the same straws tickled; the manhood and offices they brought

hither to-day seemed masks; underneath we were still boys.

"Dulness of the age." What age was not dull? When were not the majority wicked? or what progress was ever made by society? Society is always flat and foolish. The only progress ever known was of the individual. A great wit is, at any time, great solitude. A barnyard is full of chirping and cackle, but no fowl claps wings on Chimborazo.

> The rain has spoiled the farmer's day,—
> Shall sorrow put my books away?
> Thereby are two days lost.
> Nature will speed her own affairs,
> I will attend my proper cares,
> Come rain or sun or frost.[1]

September 20.

Yesterday despatched a letter to Thomas Carlyle.[2] In the afternoon attended a meeting of friends at Mr. Ripley's house; present

1 Printed in the first volume of poems under the title Suum Cuique; omitted by Mr. Emerson in *Selected Poems*, and by the editors in the later editions.

2 With this letter, written Sept. 17 (see *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*), was sent a copy of *Nature*, published anonymously a few days earlier. The edition was only five hundred, and no new edition appeared for thirteen years.

Frederic H. Hedge, Convers Francis, A. Bronson Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Orestes A. Brownson, George Ripley.[1] The conversation was earnest and hopeful. It inspired hope. George Ripley said that a man should strive to be an idea and merge all his personalities, in debate. We agreed to bury fear, even the fear of man, and if Dr. C. and Mr. J. P. or Dr. J. W.[2] should join us, no man should look at the spout, but only at the flowing water. Incidentally we had some character-drawing. I said of Mr. F.,[3] He has a French mind and should have been born at Paris in the era of brilliant conversation, with the Diderots, Grimms, Rousseaus, De Staëls. Pit him against a brilliant mate

1 For an interesting account by Dr. Frederic H. Hedge of the gathering of friends here referred to, and the formation of what has been sometimes called "The Transcendental Club," see Mr. Cabot's Memoir, vol. i, chapter vii; also the Memoir of Bronson Alcott, by William T. Harris and F. B. Sanborn, vol. i, chapter vi. Mr. Ripley was George Ripley, later the founder of the Brook Farm Community.

2 Perhaps these initials stand for Rev. Dr. Channing, Mr. Jonathan Phillips, a leading citizen of Boston, and Dr. John Ware, or Dr. John C. Warren, the eminent surgeon.

3 Mr. F. probably was Rev. Nathaniel Frothingham, a valued friend of Mr. Emerson, and successor of his father as minister of the First Church in Boston.

and he will sparkle and star away by the hour together. But he is hopeless, he has no hope for society. The rule suggested for the club was this, that no man should be admitted whose presence excluded any one topic. I said in the beginning of the afternoon, — present only G. Ripley and James F. Clarke, — that 't was pity that in this Titantic continent, where nature is so grand, genius should be so tame. Not one unchallengeable reputation. I felt towards Allston, as Landor said of his picture, "I would give fifty guineas to the artist would swear it was a Domenichino." So Allston was a beautiful draughtsman, but the soul of his picture is *imputed* by the spectator. His merit is, like that of Kean's recitation, merely outlinear, strictly emptied of all obtrusive individuality, but a vase to receive, and not a fountain to impart *character*. So of Bryant's poems, — chaste, faultless, beautiful, but uncharacterized. So of Greenough's sculpture, — picturesque, but not creative and in the severe style of old art. So of Dr. Channing's preaching. They are all *feminine* or receptive, and not masculine or creative.

A railroad, State Street, Bunker Hill Monument, are genuine productions of the age, but no art. . . . The reason is manifest. They [i. e. ob-

jects of Art] are not wanted. The statue of Jove was to be worshipped. The Virgin of Titian was to be worshipped. Jesus, Luther were reformers; Moses, David did something; the builders of Gothic cathedrals feared. Love and fear laid the stones in their own order.[1]

What interest has Greenough to make a good statue? Who cares whether it is good? a few prosperous gentlemen and ladies; but the universal Yankee nation roaring in the Capitol to approve or condemn would make his eye and hand and heart go to a new tune. Well, what shall nourish the sense of beauty now? Speech is an art of eternal riches and fitness.

It was requested that this be the subject of discussion at the next meeting, and I should open the debate.

These things now are merely ornamental. Nothing that is so can be beautiful. Whatsoever is beautiful must rest on a basis as broad as man. There can be no handsomeness that is not such of necessity, that does not proceed from the nature of the man that made it. Poetry, music, sculpture, painting, architecture, were all enlisted in the service of religion. The gayest petal serves

1 Compare the similar expression in "The Problem," *Poems*.

the flower. The finest form in woman is only perfected health.

The steady tendency, I think, of things now, is to a reduction of speculation of all sorts to science, that is, to a conformity with the nature of things (as observed). Swedenborg's reform was from dogmas to the nature of things: he had no ornament, no diction, no choice of words.

Sir Walter Raleigh's conclusion of his History of the World is sublime only because it closes a history of the world. In a sermon it would not be of much mark. The top stone of a pyramid is sublime by position; so the sentence admired by Warburton in Milton's History.

I think two causes operate against our intellectual performances: 1, Our devotion to property. The love of Liberty in the Revolution made some great men. But now the sentiment of patriotism can hardly exist in a country so vast. It can be fired in Carolina by contracting the Country to Carolina. It might be, here, by separating Massachusetts from the Union. However, I confess I see nothing in the outward condition of a native of this country which

any but a sickly, effeminate person can arraign. 2, But the influence of Europe certainly seems to me prejudicial. Genius is the enemy of genius.

September 21.

The ship, beating at sea, gains a small commission of miles for her true course on every tack. So in life, our profession, our dilettantism, gives us with much parade a little solid wisdom: the days and hours of Reason will shine with steady light as the life of life, and all the other days and weeks appear as hyphens to join these. [Mr. Emerson refers here to an entry concerning Reason in the Journal, on July 10, 1835.]

The bird of passage, what does he signify?

Nature. She keeps the market stocked with her article at the lowest price, but never sells her secret.

September 23.

"*Should*," says Goethe, "was the genius of the antique drama; *Would* of the modern, but *should* is always great and stern; *would* is weak and small."

Shall I write on the tendency of modern mind to lop off all superfluity and tradition, and fall

back on the nature of things? Science had much charlatanism, once, of magic and gowns and methods; now it is reduced to strict observation. Its very experiments are simple and cheap, and it perceives the truth, that the universal fact is what happens once. It works too with a certain praise of the mind towards simplicity, unity, in process and cause. Davy, Playfair, De Candolle, Black, Cuvier, La Place, Arago are its names.

In Literature it is not different. The Romantic ate up the Doric letters and life of the old nations. The Middle Age delighted in excessive ornament, in foreign and fabulous particulars. It was farthest from the nature of things. It did not voluntarily clothe truth with fable, but any high-colored, picturesque fiction pleased the savages. *Roman de la Rose*, Saracen giant, horse of brass, *Arabian Nights*, *Amadis*, *Morte d'Arthur*. These were true without knowing it and against their will. And, all along, the Chaucer, the Spenser, the Shakspear, who fell into this taste of the wild and wonderful, by divine instinct drew near to man, held fast to the common. Yet they too exaggerated circumstance, and thought a king as necessary as the sky to a poem. Bacon at the same time wrote of states

and kingdoms and kings and wealth, — and Sidney's *Arcadia*, how far from truth! Ben Jonson how fantastical and pedantic! — and, spite of the depth of their genius and their noble height of spirit and earnestness, they are very tedious writers, the Hookers, and Beaumont and Fletchers.

We come to Milton; learning threatened to make him giddy, but he was wise by ancient laws and clave to the piety and principle of his times. A whole new world of science and reflective thought has since opened which he knew not. Addison, Pope and Swift played with trappings and not with the awful facts of nature. There is in all the great writers, especially in Dr. Johnson and Burke, occasional perception and representation of the Necessary, the Plain, the True, the human; intimations that they saw the adamant under all the upholstery of which their age made so much. But the political changes of the time, which have unfolded every day with a rapidity sometimes terrific, the democratic element, have shown the nullity of these once highly prized circumstances and given a hollow sound to the name of king and earl and lord. Vast quantities of the stock literature of the past, the pastoral poems, the essays, the ser-

mons, the politics, the novels, turning on merely local and phenomenal questions, written from the Understanding and vital with no inspiration of Reason, is perishing.

The French period brought Rousseau and Voltaire into the field and their army of Encyclopædists, to speak for the people and protest against the corruptions and tyrannies of monarchy. Pascal uttered amidst his polemics a few thrilling words. Paine and the infidels began with good intentions, and the Cobbetts and Malthuses and Benthams have aimed at the same; foolish men, but dominated by a wisdom of humanity. Franklin popularized. In England, however, at last there arose Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, men who appreciated man and saw the nullity of circumstances. Smollett, Fielding, and Goldsmith treat only of the life of common sense; the Apparent. These writers perceive the dependence of that on the life of the Reason; or the Real. Their spirit diffuses itself into pulpits and parliaments and magazines and newspapers.

This came deepest and loudest out of Germany, where it is not the word of few, but of all the wise. The professors of Germany, a secluded race, free to think, but not invited to action,

poor and crowded, went back into the recesses of consciousness with Kant, and whilst his philosophy was popular, and by its striking nomenclature had imprinted itself on the memory, as that of phrenology does now, they analysed in its light the history of past and present times which their encyclopædiacal study had explored. All geography, all statistics, all philology was read with Reason and Understanding in view, and hence the reflective and penetrating sight of their research. Niebuhr, Humboldt, Müller, Heeren, Herder, Schiller, Fichte, Schlegel.

A portion of their poets and writers are introversive to a fault, and pick every rose to pieces, — Tieck and Richter. Wieland writes of real man, and Herder, and, above all, Goethe. He is the high priest of the age. He is the truest of all writers. His books are all records of what has been lived, and his sentences and words seem to see. What is good that is said or written now lies nearer to men's business and bosoms than of old. What is good goes now to all. What was good a century ago is written under the manifest belief that it was as safe from the eye of the common people as from the Tartars. The Universal Man is now as real an existence as the Devil was then. Prester John no more shall

be heard of. Tamerlane and the Buccaneers vanish before Texas, Oregon territory, the Reform Bill, the abolition of slavery and of capital punishment, questions of education, and the Reading of Reviews; and in these all men take part. The human race have got possession, and it is all questions that pertain to their interest, outward or inward, that are now discussed, and many words leap out alive from bar-rooms, Lyceums, Committee Rooms, that escape out of doors and fill the world with their thunder.

When I spoke or speak of the democratic element, I do not mean that ill thing, vain and loud, which writes lying newspapers, spouts at caucuses, and sells its lies for gold, but that spirit of love for the general good whose name this assumes. There is nothing of the true democratic element in what is called Democracy; it must fall, being wholly commercial. I beg I may not be understood to praise anything which the soul in you does not honor, however grateful may be names to your ear and your pocket.

September 24.

I think the same spirit of reform in the same direction, by applying itself more truly to the nature of things, may be seen in the Religion

of this Day. It repudiates the unnecessary traditions, and says, What have I to do with them? Give me truth. The unbelief of the day proceeds out of the deepest Belief. It is because men see that the personalities of Christendom and its ecclesiastical history are a pile of draff and jackstraws beside the immutable laws of moral nature, — a doctrine about Baptism, for example, compared with the obligation to veracity, and any picture or declamation about the employments and felicities of the good in heaven compared with what man doth, and therefore teacheth, by all his organs every day. All the Devils respect virtue.

There is, it has been said, — and perhaps we all have seen history enough to prove it, — a certain demoniacal force in some men which, without virtue and without eminent talents, yet makes them strong and prevailing. No equal appears in the field against them. A force goes out from them which draws all men and events into their favor. Lies and truths, crimes and mistakes seem equally to turn to their account, and only Virtue beats them. Their own vice poisons their life, defeats their victory, besmears their glory, and unmakes their being, so that in a few years their whole fame goes out in unclean

smoke. But Virtue, or the sentiment of the Right, is the immutable Victor of the universe.

And what is Virtue? It is adherence of actions to the nature of things. It remains to be taught in no words that can be evaded, but in words of fate, that what a man does, that he has; that he is his own giver of joy and pain; that with God is no paltering or double dealing, and all Hope may, in front of him, be left behind; that a man may regard no good as solid but that which is the fruit of his nature and which must grow out of him as long as he exists.[1] This is to walk in the light. Here is no Hope and no Fear, but plain sight.

There is no concealment. There is no truth in the proverb, that if you get up your name, you may safely play the rogue. Thence the balancing proverb, that in every wit is a grain of fool. You are known.[2] . . . On the other hand, can you not withhold the avowal of a just and brave act for fear it will go unwitnessed and unloved? One knows it. Who? Yourself, and

1 Part of this paragraph is in "Spiritual Laws" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 143, Centenary Ed.).

2 Here follows the passage, "His sin bedaubs him," etc. (see "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, p. 159), also the passage about unavowed fine actions helping the hero.

are pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobleness of aim, and will not that be a better proclamation of it than the relating of the incident? Look into the stage-coach and see the faces! Stand in State Street and see the heads and the gait and gesture of the men; they are doomed ghosts going under Judgment all day long.

This is the effervescence and result of all religions; this is what remains at the core of each, when all forms are taken away. That is the Law of Laws, Vedas, Zoroaster, Koran, golden verses of Pythagoras, Bible, Confucius. This is that which is carved in mythology, and the undersong of Epics, and the genius of history and birth and marriage and war and trade do only typify this, and the world as it whirls round its solar centre sings this perpetual hymn, and Nature writes it in flame characters of meteor and orb and system on every far and silent wall of the Temple of Space.

Why do I like the old sculpture? Because it is, like the works of Nature, made after a high and severe pattern made by men in whom the moral law inhered. The Jove, the Apollo and the Phidian works are related to Virtue. Gladly, gladly would I come nearer to the fact, but I

must content myself with this coarse and remote generality. (See also what is writ in my journal at Naples on this subject.)

September 26.

The young man apologizes for his smoky room and slender fire, and promises himself that after a year or two he shall have things as he wishes. But the love of display is too strong for him still. He builds a bigger house than he ought, keeps a better table, and the third or fourth year still finds him apologizing for an ill-contrived fireplace which he wants means promptly and thoroughly to remedy. Want is a growing giant, and Have could never cut a coat large enough to cover him.

Very strange and worthy of study is the pleasure we derive from a description of something we recognize in our past life; as when I read Goethe's account of the feelings of a bridegroom. The subjective is made objective. That which we had *only lived*, and not thought and not valued, is now seen to have the greatest beauty as picture; and as we value a Dutch painting of a kitchen, or a frolic of blackguards, or a beggar catching a flea, when the scene itself we should avoid, so we see worth in things we had slighted

these many years. A making it a subject of *thought*, the glance of the Intellect raises it. We look at it now as a god upraised above care or fear. It admonishes us instantly of the worth of the present moment. It apprizes us of our wealth, for if that hour and object can be so valuable, why not every hour and event in our life, if passed through the same process? I learn (such is the inherent dignity of all intellectual activity) that I am a being of more worth than I knew, and all my acts are enhanced in value. The deepest pleasure comes, I think, from the occult belief that an unknown meaning and consequence work in the common, every-day facts, and, as a panoramic or pictorial beauty can arise from it, so can a solid wisdom, when the Idea shall be seen as such which binds these gay shadows together. It is the pleasure arising from classification that makes Calvinism, Popery, Phrenology run and prosper. Calvinism organizes the best-known facts of the world's history into a convenient *mythus*, and, what is best, applied to the individual. We are always at the mercy of a better classifier than ourselves.

I read in Sir Christopher Wren:—

"Variety of uniformities makes complete

beauty." "Uniformities are best tempered, as rhymes in poetry, alternately, or sometimes with more variety, as in stanzas. . . .

"The Doric architecture, recording in its metopes all the eloquence of sculpture." — *Life of Wren*, "Library of Useful Knowledge."

All in Each. The movements and forms of all beings in nature, except man, are beautiful from their consonance to the whole. The world seems to be guarantee for every particular movement. The All finds its bloom or flowering in that act we at the moment observe. The human will is an exception. Human acts are short, shallow and awkward, proceeding out of so shallow a source as the Individuality of each. Those acts which voluntarily or involuntarily take hold on the will of the world seem great, on the contrary, as they fall into this Divine order, as when a man plants a field, or builds a house.

I like that commendation of Cato, that he seemed born for that one thing he did, be it what it might, because that is the character of every natural action, that it seems the end which all things conspire to produce.

How curious we are respecting the attain-

ments of another mind in the knowledge of Deity, is shown by our desire to know of Calvinism and Swedenborgianism. The man of another church is no nearer to God than you are, yet you feel so far from God as to be curious concerning what each bigot can say. In other words, Sectarianism is the ignorance of God. When I am sane and devout, I see well what sort of revelation a good man hath; I see my curiosity concerning revivals and devotees to be vain. I oversee them.

September 27.

Let us continue the application of our criticism to Art. What must be the principles after which it can be reformed?

Art is the creation of Beauty. But nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty.[1] . . . Why not in Architecture? The temple decorated with sculptures is better for religious worship than one unadorned. I suppose that a painting pleases somewhat as a poem does: it is an impersonated action. It is the past restored; the fear is taken out of it. It is eviscerated of care: it is offered merely for contemplation as a part of

1 Here follows the passage on fitness of coloration in the birds and creatures in the essay "Art." (See *Conduct of Life*, pp. 52, 53, Centenary Ed.)

the universe of God. What is addressed to us for contemplation does not threaten us, but makes us intellectual beings, and appeals to the Vaticinating Reason, and asks whether the object be agreeable to the preëxistent harmonies. A work of art is something which the Reason created in spite of the hands; it was the work of inspired moments, and now it is presented to the Reason again for judgment. Its charm, its wonder, is heightened by its contrast to the things around and vulgar thoughts, and by its kindred to the works of nature.

September 28.

Some kindred pleasure does Architecture give. The cobweb, the bird's-nest, the silver counterpane of the stone-spider, the cocoon, the honeycomb, the beaver-dam are the wild notes of nature: the wigwam, the tent, the mound, are the elements of it in man. Rome, Athens, the Coliseum, the Cathedral of Strasburg, the obelisk, are the poems in which he has allowed his higher thought on the foundation of the Necessary to fulfil its demands to the last hair.[1] . . .

1 Here follows the passage on Strasburg Cathedral, etc. (See *Essays*, First Series, "History," pp. 17, 18, Centenary Ed.) Also that on the origin of the obelisk, amphi-

A very good discourse on Marriage might be written by him who would preach the nature of things. Let him teach how fast the frivolous external fancying fades out of the mind. Let him teach both husband and wife to mourn for the rapid ebb of inclination not one moment, to yield it no tear. As this fancy picture, these Fata-Morgana, this cloud scenery fades forever; the solid mountain chains whereupon the sky rests in the far perspective of the soul begin to appear. The parties discover every day the deep and permanent character each of the other as a rock foundation on which they may safely build their nuptial bower. They learn slowly that all other affection than that which rests upon what they are is superstitious and evanescent; that all concealment, all pretension, is wholly vain, that to the amiable and useful and heroic qualities which inhere in the other belong a certain portion of love, of pleasure, of veneration, which is as exactly measured as the attraction of a pound of iron; that there is no luck, nor witchcraft, nor destiny, nor divinity in marriage

theatre, and many customs and ceremonies as Nature working through man. (See *Society and Solitude*, "Art," p. 54, and *Natural History of Intellect*, "Papers from the Dial," pp. 324, 325.)

that can produce affection, but only those qualities that by their nature extort it; that all love is mathematical.

He who seeks self-union is accused of injustice and inhospitality. People stretch out to him their mendicant arms, to whom he feels that he does not belong and who do not belong to him. He freezes them with his face of apathy, and they very naturally tax him with selfishness. He knows it is unjust. Send me, he says, cold, despised and naked, the man who loves what I love, the man whose soul is regulated and great, and he shall share my loaf and my cloak. But people of this class do not approach him, but the most unfit associates hasten to him with joy and confidence that they are the very ones whom his faith and philosophy invites; they mar all his days with their follies, and then with their tacit reproaches, so that his fair ideal of domestic life and serene household gods he cannot realize, but is afflicted instead with censures from the inmate, censures from the observer, and necessarily, if he be of a sympathetic character, censures from himself also.

I suppose he must betimes take notice of this fact, that the like-minded shall not be sent

him; that Apollo sojourns always with the herdsmen of Admetus; that he must not be too much a utilitarian with too exact calculation of profit and loss, but must cast his odors round broadcast to the gods, heedless if they fall upon the altar or upon the ground, for all the world is God's altar. Let his music be heard, let his flowers open, let his light shine, believing that invisible spectators and friends environ him, and honorable afar is a kindness done to the obscure. Moreover, when once he attains a spiritual elevation sufficient to understand his daily life and the ministry to him of this motley crew, this galling prose will be poetry.

For hospitality, however, the duties will clear themselves: give cake and lemons to those who come for such, and give them nothing else, and account yourself cheaply let off. And if those seek you whom you do not seek, hold them stiffly to their rightful claims. Give them your conversation; be to them a teacher, utter oracles, but admit them never into any infringement on your hours; keep state: be their priest, not their companion, for you cannot further their plans, you cannot counsel them on their affairs, and you have never pledged yourself to do so by confounding your relation to them.

Every law will, some time or other, become a fact. It is idle talking to discourse of history unless I can persuade you to think reverently of the attributes of your own mind. If you persist in calling a quadrant a crooked stick, and will not sufficiently credit its relation to the sun and the celestial sphere, to put it to your eye and so find the sun, you can never learn your latitude. But true it is that the intelligent mind is forever coming into relation with all the objects of nature and time, until from a vital point it becomes a great heart from which the blood rolls to the distant channels of things, and to which, from those distant channels, it returns.

The fine prints and pictures which the dentist hangs in his ante-room have a satirical air to the waiting patient.

Political Economy. Every cent in a dollar covers its worth; perhaps also covers its wo. If you covet the wealth of London, undoubtedly it would be a great power and convenience, but each pound and penny is a representative of so much commodity, so much corn and labor, and, of necessity, also of so much mould and pain, — of so much good certainly, but, of necessity

also, of so much evil. Could your wish transfer out of London a million pounds sterling into your chest, so would also, against your wish, just so massive an ill-will and fear concentrate its black rays upon you. It follows that whatever property you have must pay its full tax; if it come not out of the head, it comes out of the tail. Pay the state its full dividends and, if your means increase, pay society its full dividend, by new exertion of your faculty for its service, or you must pay a debt to Fate, to the Eumenides, in such doom of loss, degradation or death as they shall choose.

An able man is as rich as the world. How much water is there? you ask, when the rain begins to fall. Why, all in the planet, if wanted. And an able merchant takes up into his operations first and last all the property of the world; he bases his projects upon it.

Why is there no genius in the Fine Arts in this country?

In sculpture Greenough is picturesque; in painting, Allston; in Poetry, Bryant; in Eloquence, Channing; in Architecture, ——; in Fiction, Irving, Cooper; in all, feminine, no character.

1st reason: Influence of Europe, mainly of England. All genius fatal to genius. Come not too near: keep off. Sculpture did not spring up here, but imported. Our painter is the most successful imitator of the Titianesque. Poetry — Pope and Shakspear destroy all.

In England, the same — Van Artevelde. Eloquence, Canning and Brougham. Architecture ——.

2nd reason. They are not called out by the necessity of the people. Poetry, music, sculpture, painting were all enlisted in the service of Patriotism and Religion. The statue was to be worshipped, the picture also. The poem was a confession of faith. A vital faith built the cathedrals of Europe. But who cares to see a poem of Bryant's, or a statue of Greenough, or a picture of Allston? The people never see them. The mind of the race has taken another direction, — Property. Patriotism, none. Religion has no enthusiasm. It is external, prudential.

But these are only statements of a fact that there is no fine art now; not explanation of it.

I believe the destitution is merely apparent. It is sickly and effeminate to arraign. The sense of Beauty springs ever new; the sentiment of Good; the Idea of Truth. And every age has

its own forms for them. The Greek was the age of observation; the Middle Age, that of fact and thought; ours, that of reflection and ideas.

That people are as hungry now as ever is proved by the success of Scott and Byron.

What can be done by us?

1. Redeem them from imitation; Jacobinism will. *Ne te quaesiveris extra.*

2. Preach the nature of things.

The world is full of Judgment Days. The event is always modified by the nature of the being on whom it falls. An assembly of men, or a wise man, do always try us. As a snow-flake falling on the ground is white; falling on a man's hand becomes water; falling on the fire becomes steam.

Very disagreeable *rencontres* are there all the way. To meet those who expect light from you, and to be provoked to thwart and discountenance and unsettle them by all you say, is pathetical. Again, to make an effort to raise the conversation of your company by communicating your recondite thought, and to behold it received with patronizing interest by one of the company, and with liberal and foolish illustration returned to you, may make you hang

your head. My visit to Groton was variously instructive.

The house praises the carpenter.

When we study architecture, everything seems architectural, the forms of animals, the building of the world, clouds, crystals, flowers, trees, skeletons. When we treat of poetry, all these things begin to sing. When of music, Lichfield Cathedral is a tune. The world is picturesque to Allston, dramatic to Garrick, symbolical to Swedenborg, utilitarian to Franklin, a seat of war to Napoleon, etc., etc.

I observe that after looking at the print of a cathedral the house-prints and trade-illustrations are offensive, but a Greek statue not; animals and plants not; and especially grateful and homogeneous was the print of organic remains of the elder world restored.[1] . . .

Moral sentiment must act, or there is no self-respect. The most brilliant achievement of the intellect would not reconcile me to myself, or make me feel that there was any stability and

1 Here follows the passage on forest forms blossoming into stone in Gothic cathedrals, from "History," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 20–22, Centenary Ed.

worth in human society. But if I command myself and help others, I believe in and love man. Intellect has its own ethics. Let it work to cheer all, and say to all, "Hope in God," and chill no man and no woman. Where it cometh let it smile, that all who see it may feel, good times are coming.

Genius works ever in sport, and Goodness hath ever a smile.

September 30.

I dislike the gruff, Jacobin manners of our village politicians, but I reconcile myself to them by the reflection that genius hurts us by its excessive influence, hurts the freedom and inborn faculty of the individual; and, if Webster, Everett, Channing, yea, Plato and Shakspear, found such cordial adorers in the populace as in the scholars, no more Platos and Shakspears could arise. But by this screen of porcupine quills, of bad manners and hatred, is the sacred germ of individual genius concealed and guarded in secular darkness. After centuries, will it be born a god. Out of Druids and Berserkirs were Alfred and Shakspear made.

Observe how strongly guarded is the Common Sense. If men were left to Contemplation, if the contemplative life were practicable, to

what subtilties, to what dreams and extravagancies would not all run! Laputa, a court of love, a college of schoolmen, would be the result. How is this hindered? Poverty, Frost, Famine, Rain, Disease, are the beadles and guardsmen that hold us to Common Sense.

Does it not seem that the tendency of science is now from hard figures and marrowless particulars, dead analysis, back to synthesis; that now Ideology mixes therewith; that the education of the people forces the *savant* to show the people something of his lore which they can comprehend, and that he looks for what humanity there remains in his science, and calls to mind, by finding it valued, much that he had forgotten? Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire, Cuvier, Hunter, Everard Home, Davy.

Everything is necessary in its foundation. The oath that is heard in the street, and the jargon profanity of boys, point not less distinctly than a church at the conviction in man of absolute nature, as distinct from apparent and derivative nature.

October 6.

I neglected on my return from Boston to record the pleasant impression made by the Mon-

day afternoon meeting at Mr. Alcott's house. Present, Alcott, Bartol, Brownson, Clarke, Francis, Hedge, Ripley, Emerson. Alcott maintained that every man is a genius, that he looks peculiar, individual, only from the point of view of others. Genius has two faces, one towards the Infinite God, one towards men, — but I cannot report him. Bartol too spoke very well. And Clarke gave examples from the West of the genesis of art; as oratory and painting.[1]

Transcendentalism means, says our accomplished Mrs. B.,[2] with a wave of her hand, *a little beyond.*

Shall I call my subject The Philosophy of Modern History, and consider the action of the same general causes upon Religion, Art, Science, Literature; consider the common principles on which they are based; the present condition of these severally; and the intellectual duties of

1 James Freeman Clarke had been a pioneer preacher in Louisville, Kentucky, where he edited *The Western Messenger,* to which Mr. Emerson contributed several of his early poems.

2 Probably Mrs. Barlow, the mother of the gallant General Francis C. Barlow.

the present generation, and the tendencies of the times, inferred from the popular science?[1]

October 11.

In the pulpit at Waltham, I felt that the composition of his audience was not of importance to him who possessed true eloquence; smooth or rugged, good-natured or ill-natured, religious or scoffers, — he takes them all as they come, he proceeds in the faith that all differences are superficial, that they all have one fundamental nature which he knows how to address. This is to be eloquent; and having this skill to speak to their pervading soul, he can make them smooth or rugged, good-natured or ill-natured, saints or scoffers, at his will. Eloquence always tyrannical; never complaisant or convertible.

October 13.

Observe this invincible tendency of the mind to unify. It is a law of our constitution that we

1 The course, called The Philosophy of History, was given in Boston in the following December and January, twelve lectures, viz.: "Introductory," "Humanity of Science," "Art," "Literature," "Politics," "Religion," "Society," "Trades and Professions," "Manners," "Ethics," "The Present Age," "Individualism." (See Cabot's Memoir of Emerson, vol. ii, Appendix F.)

should not contemplate things apart without the effort to arrange them in order with known facts and ascribe them to the same law. I do not choose to say, "God is within me — I do not like your picture of an external God. I suppose there is one Spirit, and only one, the selfsame which I behold inly when I am overcome by an aweful moral sentiment, and He made the world." I do not choose to say this. It is said for me by tyrannical instincts.

Hence Goethe, beholding the plant in an hour of Reason and seeing a petal in transition from a leaf, exclaims, Every part of the plant is a leaf; a petal is a leaf; a fruit is a leaf; a seed is a leaf — metamorphosed; and slow-paced experiment makes good this prophetic vision. In like manner, the skull is with him a vertebra of the spine metamorphosed. For seven colors he seeks the simplest mixture, viz.: Darkness and Light.

Newton sees an apple fall and says, "The motion of the moon is nothing but an apple-fall, the motion of the earth is nothing but a larger apple-fall. I see the law of all nature"; and slow observation makes good this bold word. The universal law is the single fact.

The system of Lamarck is an imperfect re-

sult of the same force. It aims to find one monad of organic life which shall be the common element of every animal, and becoming an infusory, a poplar-worm, or a man according to circumstances. It says to the canker-worm, "How dost thou, Brother? Please God you shall yet be a philosopher!"[1] And in the same audacious spirit our Weimar man would say, the monad is man or plant only according to the element of darkness or light which it unfolds.

Another demand of this constitution is, There shall be no miracle.

Another is, A moment is a concentrated eternity. All that ever was is now. Nature teaches all this herself, the spines of the shell, the layers of the tree, the colors of the blossom, the veins of the marble.

The *savant* is unpoetic, the poet is unscientific. I do not remember but a few names of *savants* who subordinated the details to the law and never lost sight of the law. Kepler, Newton, Davy. But a chemist, — what dull lectures he can contrive to make of that charming

1 This passage is a reflection of the visit to the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, in 1833. The paragraph was part of the second lecture, "The Humanity of Science."

science! A chemistry is but a catalogue, as dull reading as a manual of law-forms.

"As sure as death and rates."[1] Death and rates are sure.

October 15.

The brilliant and warm day led me out this morn into the wood and to Goose Pond. Amid the many-colored trees I thought what principles I might lay down as the foundations of this course of lectures I shall read to my fellow citizens.

1. There is one mind common to all individual men.

2. There is a relation between man and nature, so that whatever is in matter is in mind.

3. It is a necessity of the human nature that it should express itself outwardly and embody its thought. As all creatures are allured to reproduce themselves, so must the thought be imparted in speech. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. What is in will out. Action is as great a pleasure and cannot be forborne.

4. It is the constant endeavor of the mind to

1 A saying of Franklin's.

idealize the actual, "to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." Hence architecture and all art.

5. It is the constant tendency of the mind to unify all it beholds, or to reduce the remotest facts to a single law. Hence all endeavors at classification.

6. There is a parallel tendency (corresponding unity) in nature which makes this just, as in the composition of the compound shell, or leaf, or animal from few elements.

7. There is a tendency in the mind to separate particulars, and, in magifying them, to lose sight of the connexion of the object with the Whole. Hence all false views, sects.

8. Underneath all appearances, and causing all appearances, are certain eternal laws which we call the Nature of Things.

October 18.

When I see a man of genius, he always inspires me with a feeling of boundless confidence in my own powers.

Yesternight I talked with Mr. Alcott of education. He proposes still the old receipt, the illustration of humanity in the life of Jesus. I say, No, let us postpone everything historical to the dignity and grandeur of the present hour.

Take no thought for "the great mass," and "the evil of being misunderstood," etc., etc., and "what and how ye shall say." *In that hour it shall be given you what ye shall say.* Say the thing that is fit for this new-born and infinite hour. Come, forsake, this once, this balmy time, the historical, and let us go to the Most High, and go forth with him now that he is to say, Let there be light. Propose no methods, prepare no words, select no traditions, but fix your eye on the audience, and the fit word will utter itself, as, when the eye seeks the person in the remote corner of the house, the voice accommodates itself to the area to be filled.

I rejoice in human riches when I see how manifold are the gifts of men. He is the rich man who can see and avail himself of all their faculties. What should I know of the world but that one man is forever rubbing glass, grinding lenses, cutting with diamonds, etc.; another would always be mixing colors; another is a hunter, and puts his dog's nose into every thicket, and knows what the partridge and the musquash are doing; another mines for coal; another makes almanacks; another traverses Iceland; another prints the book; and so I, in

my country farmhouse, for 1500 dollars can have the good of all.

October 19.

As long as the soul seeks an external God, it never can have peace, it always must be uncertain what may be done, what may become of it. But when it sees the Great God far within its own nature, then it sees that always itself is a party to all that can be, that always it will be informed of that which will happen, and therefore it is pervaded with a great peace.

The individual is always dying. The universal is life. As much truth and goodness as enters into me, so much I live; as much error and sin, so much death is in me.

Yet Reason never informs us how the world was made. I suppose my friends have some relation to my mind. Perhaps they are its thoughts taking form and outness, though in a region above my will, and that in that fact, my plastic nature, I have a pledge of their restoration; that is, again, hereafter, I shall be able to give my thoughts outness and enjoy myself in persons again.

'T is very strange how much we owe the perception of the absolute solitude of the spirit to

the affections. I sit alone and cannot arouse myself to thoughts. I go and sit with my friend and in the endeavor to explain my thought to him or her, I lay bare the awful mystery to myself as never before, and start at the total loneliness and infinity of one man.

October 20.

Nature works unique, we say, through myriad forms, so that music, optics, galvanism, mechanics, still are only divers versions of one law. Is it that she pervades the soul of man with the same unity that thus he will classify and unify? Are they two facts or one, these? —

Man aims ever to reduce compound appearances to one law.

The complex appearances are reducible to a few principles, as the history of Literature is one of few ideas and even of few tales.

October 21.

ON TIME; THREE SENTENCES

I am glad of a day when I know what I am to do in it.

There is no time to brutes.

The only economy of time is in every moment to stick by yourself.

October 22.

The unity in nature never invites us to indolence, but to everlasting and joyful labor. You learn as much from chemistry as from a farm or a shop; that to negligence and pleasure things are dark, brutish and malignant. Chemistry, astronomy, surprise all the time, and the appointed way of man from infancy to omniscience is through an infinite series of pleasant surprises.

October 23.

I wrote to William to-night. How little masters we are of our wits! Mine run away with me. I don't know how to drive. I see them from far: then they whisk by me. I supplicate, I grieve, I point to the assembly that shall be, but the inexorable Thoughts will neither run in pairs, nor in strings, nor in any manageable system. But Necessity is lord of all, and when the day comes, comes always the old lord, and will harness the very air, if need be, to the cart. My lectures are anything but Civil History; Modern History is but a *nom de guerre*. But so much lecturing, and now a little printing, has bronzed me, and I am growing very dogmatic and I mean to insist that whatsoever elements of humanity have been the subjects of my studies constitute

the indisputable core of Modern History, — to such lengths of madness trot we, when we have not the fear of criticism before our eyes, and the literary man in this country has no critic.

October 24.

The understanding speaks much, the passions much, the soul seldom. The only friend that can persuade the soul to speak is a good and great cause. Out it comes, now and then, like the lightning from the cloud, and with an effect as prodigious.

October 25.

I wrote to Warren Burton[1] thus: —

In the newness of bereavement we are deaf to consolation, the spirit being occupied with exploring the facts, acquainting itself with the length and breadth of its disaster when a beloved person quits our society. What we are slow to learn we learn at last, that this affliction has no acme, and, truly speaking, no end. A passion of sorrow, even though we seek it, does not exhaust it, but there stands the irreparable fact,

1 The Rev. Warren Burton, Emerson's classmate, had probably written to him when Charles died. Mr. Burton was an earnest Swedenborgian and a worker in the cause of education.

more grievous when all the mourners are gone than before, that our being is henceforward the poorer by the loss of all the talents and affections of another soul. We may find many friends and other and noble gifts, but this loss is never the less.

My own faith teaches me that when one of these losses befals me it is because the hour is struck in my own constitution, a crisis has there taken place which makes it best for my whole being, makes it necessary for my whole being, that this influence be withdrawn. A purer vision, an advanced state of the faculties, shall hereafter inform you and me, I doubt not, of all those reasons and necessities which now transcend our faculties.[1]

A man knows no more to any purpose than he practises. "He that despises little things shall perish by little and little."

Civil History. The man, the nation, writes out its character in every thing and action, in every name it gives. Thus the noble Puritans

1 Something like this passage is to be found in the last two pages of "Compensation" (*Essays*, First Series).

of Massachusetts called the first vessel which they built, "The Blessing of the Bay."

God screens men from premature ideas.

It seemed to me last night at the Teachers' Meeting, as so often before, that the mind is now mature enough to offer a consistent, simple system of religious faith. What is true is self-affirmed. There are two facts, the Individual and the Universal. To this belong the finite, the temporal, ignorance, sin, death; to that belong the infinite, the immutable, truth, goodness, life. In man they both consist. The All is in Man. In man the perpetual progress is from the Individual to the Universal, from that which is human to that which is divine. "Self dies, and dies perpetually." The circumstances, the persons, the body, the world, the memory are forever perishing, as the bark peels off the expanding tree; the facts so familiar to me in infancy, my cradle and porringer, my nurse and nursery, have died out of my world forever. The images of the following period are fading, and will presently be obliterated. Can I doubt that the facts and events and persons and personal relations that now appertain to me will

perish as utterly when the soul shall have exhausted their meaning and use? The world is the gymnasium on which the youth of the universe are trained to strength and skill. When they have become masters of strength and skill, who cares what becomes of the masts and bars and ropes on which they strained their muscle?

And what is God? We cannot say, but we see clearly enough. We cannot say, because he is the unspeakable, the immeasureable, the perfect; but we see plain enough in what direction it lies. First, we see plainly that the All is in man: that, as the proverb says, "God comes to see us without bell."[1] . . .

Love, Freedom, Power, these are of God. For all these and much more there is a general nature in which they inhere, or of which they are phases, and this is Spirit. It is essentially vital. The love that is in me, the justice, the truth, can never die, and that is all of me that will not die. All the rest of me is so much death, — my ignorance, my vice, my corporeal pleasure. But I am nothing else than a capacity for justice, truth, love, freedom, power. I can inhale, im-

1 Here follows the passage beginning with this proverb which occurs in "The Oversoul." (*Essays*, First Series, pp. 272, 273, Centenary Ed.)

bibe them forevermore. They shall be so much to me that I am nothing, they all. Then shall God be all in all. Herein is my Immortality. And the soul affirms with the same assurance I shall live forever, as it affirms Justice shall be forever. The same absurdity is involved in the contradiction of both.

Again: because the All is in man, we know that nothing arbitrary, nothing alien shall take place in the universe, nothing contrary to the nature in us. The soul is a party to everything that is, and therefore to everything that shall be done. We pronounce therefore with the voice of fate that such and such things must be, that such and such other things are impossible. Never need we ask Calvin or Swedenborg, never need we ask Moses or the Prophets, if we are in danger, or what God will do. There is God in you. Whilst God is external to the soul, it can never be safe or serene, because uncertain what may befal, but having learned to see God far within itself, it shall now be informed of all and is pervaded with a great peace. "If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things; if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

The All is in man. Ask no idle questions concerning the nature or deeds of Christ. See thou do it not. He is thy fellow worshipper, and all power belongeth unto God. Seest thou not, dear brother! what joy and peace flows out of this faith?

October 27.

Do they not make a bridge somewhere of such construction that the strength of the whole is made to bear the strain on any one plank? Do they not charter banks on the provision that the entire property of all the stockholders is accountable for every dollar of their issue? Such a bridge, such a bank is a man.

"He who calls what has vanished back again into being enjoys a bliss like that of creating." HARE and THIRLWALL'S *Niebuhr*, *apud* LYELL.

The present age distinguished by the study of organic remains. The ancients studied not, but formed them. It is a type of our reflective character. Well, solid learning is got from the fossils, and solid wisdom shall be got from the reflexion. Geology teaches in a very impressive manner the value of facts and the laws of our

learning from nature. Plain, staring facts that have always been under everybody's foot, the slab of the pavement, the stone of the wall, the side of a hill, the gravel of the brook, — in these crypts has Nature deposited her secret, and notched every day of her thousand thousand millenniums. A wood sawyer may read it. The facts are capable of but one interpretation, as the rings on the tree or on the cow's horn record every year of their age. No leaps, no magic, — eternal tranquil procession of old, familiar laws, the wildest convulsions never overstepping the calculable powers of the agents, the earthquake and geyser as perfect results of known laws as the rosebud and the hatching of a robin's egg. And a perpetual solicitation of man's faculties to read the riddle is made by the prominence and the beauty of the mountains and the streams under the sun and moon, meeting him everywhere in his daily walk. Meantime by these archaic calendars of the sun and the internal fire, of the wash of rivers and oceans for durations inconceivable; by Chimborazo and Mont Blanc and Himmaleh, these monuments of nature and pyramids of the elements, by the side of this silent procession of brute elements, is the poem of man's life.

Much of the process she conceals in her secret shop. Her architecture is commenced and perfected in darkness and under sea. Under the ooze of the Atlantic she builds her basalts and pours melted granite, like warm wax, into fissures of clay and lime, and when the deposits of a thousand rivers have strewn the bed of the ocean with every year a new floor of spoils, she blows her furnaces with a gas and lifts the bed of the ocean above the water, and man enters from a boat and makes a fire on the new world and worships God thereon, plants a field and builds a school.

October 29.

This very plagiarism to which scholars incline (and it is often hard to acknowledge a debt) arises out of the community of Mind. There is one mind. The man of genius apprises us not so much of his wealth as of the common wealth. Are his illustrations happy, so, feel we, do our race illustrate their thoughts. "That's the way they show things in my country." Are his thoughts profound, so much the less are they his, so much more the property of all.

I have always distinguished Sampson Reed's

oration on Genius, and Collins's Ode on the Passions, and all of Shakspear as being works of genius, inasmuch as I read them with extreme pleasure and see no clue to guide me to their origin, whilst Moore's poetry or Scott's was much more comprehensible and subject to me. But, as I become acquainted with Sampson Reed's books and lectures, the miracle is somewhat lessened in the same manner as I once found that Burke's was. As we advance, shall every man of genius turn to us the axis of his mind, then shall he be transparent, retaining, however, always the prerogative of an original mind, that is, the love of truth in God, and not the love of truth for the market. We shall exhaust Shakspear.

There is one advantage which every man finds in setting himself a literary task, — as these my lectures, — that it gives him the high pleasure of reading, which does not in other circumstances attain all its zest.[1] . . . When the mind is braced by the weighty expectation of a prepared work, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sen-

1 Here follows the passage on creative reading. (*Nature*, etc., p. 93, Centenary Ed.)

tence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. There is creative reading as well as creative writing.

If one man gave me a loadstone, and another taught me its property of turning to the north when suspended, I think I should owe more to him who showed me its properties, than to him who gave me the mineral.

The diamond and lampblack it seems are the same substance differently arranged. Let it teach the importance of Composition.

Read chemistry a little and you will quickly see that its laws and experiments will furnish an alphabet or vocabulary for all your moral observations. Thus very few substances are found pure in nature. There are metals, like potassium and sodium, that, to be kept pure, must be kept under naphtha. Such are the decided talents which a culminating civilization produces in illuminated theatres, or royal chambers. But those souls that can bear in open day the rough and tumble of the world must be of that mixed earthy and average structure, such as iron and salt, atmospheric air, and water. Fontenelle, Keats, Allston.

Heard fine music at Wayland from Mrs. Mellen; what wreaths of sound!

Look now, at the arrangements of Society, at the parties, the education, the manners, the laws and it looks as if man were endeavoring to traverse every purpose of God.

Concord, *October* 31.

Last night, at 11 o'clock, a son was born to me. Blessed child! a lovely wonder to me, and which makes the universe look friendly to me. How remote from my knowledge, how alien, yet how kind, does it make the Cause of causes appear! The stimulated curiosity of the father sees the graces and instincts which exist indeed in every babe, but unnoticed in others; the right to see all, know all, to examine nearly, distinguishes the relation, and endears this sweet child. Otherwise I see nothing in it of mine; I am no conscious party to any feature, any function, any perfection I behold in it. I seem to be merely a brute occasion of its being, and nowise attaining to the dignity even of a second cause, no more than I taught it to suck the breast. Please God, that

"he, like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters set,"

may draw endless nourishment from the fountains of Wisdom and Virtue.

Now am I Pygmalion.

Every day a child presents a new aspect, Lidian says, as the face of the sky is different every hour, so that we never get tired.

The truth seems to be that every child is infinitely beautiful, but the father alone by position and by duty is led to look near enough to see. He looks with microscope. But what is most beautiful is to see the babe and the mother together, the contrast of size makes the little nestler appear so *cunning*, and its tiny beseeching weakness is compensated so perfectly by the happy patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it, that they make a perfect group.

There would be no sect if there were no sect. Is this a foolish identical proposition? I mean that the reason why the Universalist appears is because something has been overstated or omitted by the antecedent sect, and the human mind feels itself wronged, and overstates on the other side as in this. Each of our sects is an extreme statement and therefore obnoxious to contradiction and reproof. But each rests on this strong

but obscure instinct of an outraged truth. Each is a cry of pain from the wounded soul. The Universalist comes out of the uneducated classes where the instinct of right is very strong, but the acumen of criticism and power of drawing distinctions very little.

The child preaches to us ever the divinity of nature, the shallowness of our will.

Shall I say "as ungrateful as an infant?"

The world is full of happy marriages of faculty to object, of means to end; and all of Man marries all of Nature, and makes it fruitful. Man may be read therefore, if you choose, in a history of the Arts, or in a history of Sciences. Every tendency in him writes itself out somewhere to its last effort. He is a quincunx, and may be read forward, backward, or across.

It seemed, yesterday morn, as the snow fell, that the adult looks more sourly than the child at the phenomena of approaching Winter. The child delights in the first snow and sees with it the spruce and hemlock boughs they bring for Christmas with glee. The man sees it all sourly, expecting the cold days and inconvenient roads and labors of Winter. But the experience of a

thousand years has shown him that his faculties are quite equal to master these inconveniences, and despite of them to get his bread and wisdom. Therefore the child is the wiser of the two.

> "Disasters, do the best we can,
> Will come to great and small,
> And he is oft the wisest man
> Who is not wise at all."

THE AGE

This age will be characterized as the era of Trade, for everything is made subservient to that agency. . . . Superstition gives way; Patriotism; Martial ardor; Romance in the people; but Avarice does not.

Meantime, it is also a social era; the age of associations, the powers of Combination are discovered, and hence, of course, the age of Constitutions, of universal suffrage, of schools, of revision of laws, abolition of imprisonment, of railroads. It is the age of Humboldt, Brougham, O'Connell, Scott, Mahomet Ali, Paganini, Baring, Wilberforce.

Striking likeness in the mode of government and of trade. The fever of speculation in Maine and the prairies is matched by the ardor and

restlessness of politicians — reckless experiment. A man can make himself believe that a barren sand-bank streams with rivers that shall bear his logs, which now are blackberry bushes, into the Penobscot, which is flowing 90 miles off, quite heedless of his logs or bushes. And a man caucus-wise, whose whole political skill ends in managing a newspaper and a county convention, can make himself believe that the currency or the trade or the productions of a country can be altered by a law.

One of the marks by which an American vessel is known at sea is the quantity of canvas.

Talleyrand's thousand miles and thousand years.

Chateaubriand's popular character of the Roman Church.

On us the most picturesque contrasts are crowded. We have the beautiful costume of the Hindoo and the Turk in our streets. Our labor is done by the African. Here are some present who have seen the Pacific Islands and the Chinese. We have the American Indian squaw at our doors, and all those contrasts, which commerce so fast abolishes, are brought within a holiday excursion, of the softness and refinement of Syria or Rome. The Unitarian Rajah.

The founding of cities to which the course of rivers, the richness of soils, and the meridians of climate predict enormous growth, we see laid. We see the camp pitched, and the fire lighted which shall never be extinguished until great natural revolutions set a limit to human empire.

We are come up to Nature's feast. But the careful mother has made long prospective provision for our entertainment. Many thousand years has the land we dwell on been preparing for our habitation. The wood of our fire — the trees were planted many years before most of us were born. The peat of the vegetable had been crystallizing for a thousand years to form the basket of coals which this moment warms us.

> . . . Ocean is
> Of all things the kind genesis.
>
> PLUTARCH.

I ought not to forget, in characterizing Charles, the things he remarked and loved in nature. G. B. E.[1] truly said, "We shall think of

1 George Barrell Emerson, a distant cousin and life-long friend. He was born in Wells, Maine, in 1797, graduated at Harvard, 1817, was tutor in mathematics there, and chosen master of the English Classical School in Boston when it was established, and, later, for many years conducted an admirable school for young ladies in Boston. He was one of

him when the June birds return." The birds he loved and discriminated, and showed them us.

the founders of the Boston Society of Natural History, and, as chairman of a committee of the American Institute of Instruction, took a leading part in causing the establishment by the State of normal schools. Through life he served wisely and well the cause of education. He was the author of the admirable work, *The Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts*.

Mr. Emerson, in a letter written to him in 1872, said: —

My dear George, — If there be one person whom I have, from my first acquaintance with him, held in unbroken honor, it is yourself. Little time as four or five years appears to us now, at the day when I first saw you it was serious and impressive, — you just graduated at College, I just leaving school to enter, a Freshman. All the years that have gone since have not quite availed to span that gulf to my imagination. But I know not the person who has more invariably been to me the object of respect and love. You speak to my delight of your relations to my brothers, William and Charles and Edward. . . .

Yours affectionately always,

R. W. Emerson.

In Mr. George B. Emerson's *Reminiscences of an Old Teacher* he tells that, while teaching in Boston, he longed for a home, and "this longing led me to apply to a very noble lady whom I had long known, and to beg her to let me become one of her family. She granted my request in the kindest manner possible.

"She was the widow of Rev. William Emerson, and among her sons I found William, whom I had long known and loved, the best reader and with the sweetest voice I ever

So the pleasing effect of the grey oak leaf on the snow pleased him well; next it was, he said, in liveliness to green and white of pine tree and snow. Like my brother Edward, Charles had a certain severity of character which did not permit him to be silly — no, not for moments, but always self-possessed and elegant, whether morose or playful; no funning for him or for Edward.

It was also remarkable in Charles that he contemplated with satisfaction the departure of a day. "Another day is gone: I am thankful," he said. And to Elizabeth Hoar, "Put me by the world-wheels, and if I would n't give them a twirl!"

November 5.

The reality which the ancient mind attributed to all things, equally to the fictions of the poets and to the facts observed by their own eyes, is most remarkable. "For Neptune, though he came last into the assembly,

'Sate in the middle seat'

heard, and a pleasant talker; Ralph Waldo, whom I had known and admired, and whom all the world now knows almost as well as I do; Edward Bliss, the most modest and genial, the most beautiful and the most graceful speaker, a universal favorite; and Charles Chauncy, bright and ready, full of sense, ambitious of distinction, and capable of it."

and Minerva seems to have that assigned her which is next Jupiter himself: . . . Pindar plainly says.

'She sits just next the thunder-breathing flames,'"

says Plutarch, in describing the etiquette of a feast of his own. (See *Morals*, "Symposiacs," Question II.)

Then they charm me with their taste, their wantonly beautiful superstitions. Thus, "Some that put borage into wine, or sprinkle the floor with water in which vervain and maidenhair have been steeped, as good to raise mirth and jollity in the guests," etc. ("Symposiacs," Question I.)

They seem to be no transcendentalists, — to rest always in the spontaneous consciousness.

This day I have been scrambling in the woods, and with help of Peter Howe I have got six hemlock trees to plant in my yard, which may grow whilst my boy is sleeping.

November 7.

Sleep for five minutes seems an indispensable cordial to the human system. No rest is like the rest of sleep. All other balm differs from the balm of sleep as mechanical mixture differs from chemical. For this is the abdication of will and

the accepting of a supernatural aid. It is the introduction of the supernatural into the familiar day. If I have weak or sore eyes, no looking at green curtains, no shutting them, no cold water, no electuaries are of certain virtue; whatever my will doth seems tentative, but when at last I wake up from a sound sleep, then I know that he that made the eye has dealt with it for the time and the wisest physician is He.

November 8.

I dislike to hear the patronizing tone in which the self-sufficient young men of the day talk of ministers "adapting their preaching to the great mass." Was the sermon good? "O yes, good for you and me, but not understood by the great mass." Don't you deceive yourself, say I, the great mass understand what's what, as well as the little mass. The self-conceit of this tone is not more provoking than the profound ignorance it argues is pitiable. The fit attitude of a man is humble wonder and gratitude, a meek watching of the marvels of the creation, to the end that he may know and do what is fit. But these pert gentlemen assume that the whole object is to manage "the great mass" and they, forsooth, are behind the curtain with the Deity and mean to help manage. They know all, and will now smirk

and manœuvre and condescendingly yield the droppings of their wisdom to the poor people.

THE ANTIQUE

A man is the prisoner of ideas and must be unconscious. Every man is unconscious, let him be as wise as he may, and must always be so until he can lift himself up by his own ears.

I have read in English (for want of thee, dear Charles!) this afternoon the *Ajax* and the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, of which plays the costly charm is that the persons speak simply. A great boy, a great girl with good sense, is a Greek. Webster was a Greek when he looked so good-humoredly at Major Ben Russell at a caucus once. Beautiful is the love of nature in Philoctetes.[1] . . .

Under the great and permanent influences of nature all others seem insignificant. I think we make rather too much of the Greek genius. As in old botanical gardens they turn up in the soil every now and then seeds that have lain dormant for ages, and as in families they say a feature will sometimes sleep for a hundred years and then reappear in a descendant of the line,

1 Here follows the passage about the community of genuine thought, modern and ancient. ("History," *Essays*, Second Series, p. 26, Centenary Ed.)

so I believe that this Greek genius is ever reappearing in society, and that each of us knows one or more of the class. Aunt Mary is a Greek, and I have more in memory. Every child is a Greek.

Yet, as I looked at some wild, tall trees this afternoon, I felt that nature was still inaccessible; that, for all the fine poems that have been written, the word is not yet spoken that can cover the charm of morning or evening or woods or lakes, and to-morrow something may be uttered better than any strain of Pindar or Shakspear.

A wife, a babe, a brother, poverty, and a country, which the Greek had, I have.

See the *naïveté* of Xenophon's account of horse troops. *Anabasis.*

Is there not an improvement in modern medicine whereby the physician exhibits a very small portion of the drug with like effect as a large portion formerly? That were a right modern improvement, characteristic of our history.

November 10.

For form's sake, or for wantonness, I sometimes chaffer with the farmer on the price of a cord of wood, but if he said twenty dollars in-

stead of five, I should think it cheap when I remember the beautiful botanical wonder — the bough of an oak — which he brings me so freely out of the enchanted forest where the sun and water, air and earth and God formed it. In like manner I go joyfully through the mire in a wet day and admire the inconvenience, delighted with the chemistry of a shower. Live in the fields, and God will give you lectures on natural philosophy every day. You shall have the snow-bunting, the chickadee, the jay, the partridge, the chrysalis and wasp for your neighbors.

Language clothes Nature, as the air clothes the earth, taking the exact form and pressure of every object. Only words that are new fit exactly the thing, those that are old, like old *scoriæ* that have been long exposed to the air and sunshine, have lost the sharpness of their mould and fit loosely. But in new objects and new names one is delighted with the plastic nature of man as much as in picture or sculpture. Thus Humboldt's "volcanic paps," and "magnetic storms," are the very mnemonics of science, and so in general in books of modern science the vocabulary yields this poetic pleasure. "Veins inosculate."

The Idea is spiritual sight; the idealess research of facts is natural sight. Cannot the natural see better when assisted by the spiritual?

I read the *Anabasis* in English to-day with great pleasure. Xenophon draws characters like Clarendon. His speeches are excellent: none better than that upon horses, and that where, having seen the Sea, he draws up against the opposing barbarians and tells them "that these being all the obstacle that is left, they ought to eat these few alive." He is an ancient hero; he splits wood, he defends himself by his tongue against every man in his army, as by his sword against the enemy.

I will tell you where there is music in those that cannot sing: in the mother's earnest talk to her baby, shouts of love.

November 12.

How many attractions for us have our passing fellows in the streets, both male and female, which our ethics forbid us to express, which yet infuse so much pleasure into life. A lovely child, a handsome youth, a beautiful girl, a heroic man, a maternal woman, a venerable old man, charm us, though strangers, and we cannot say so, or look at them but for a moment.

November 15.

On Sunday morn, 13th, at 4 o'clock, and again at 5 and at 6 o'clock, I saw falling stars in unusual numbers and dropping all perpendicular to the horizon. It was a pleasing testimony to the theory of Arago.

Yesterday, the election of state and town officers. One must be of a robust temper and much familiar with general views to avoid disgust from seeing the way in which a young fellow with talents for intrigue can come into a peaceful town like this, besot all the ignorant and simple farmers and laborers, and ride on their necks until, as yesterday, they reject their long honoured townsman who had become a sort of second conscience to them, a Washington in his county,[1] and choose in his place an obscure stranger whom they know not, and have no right to trust. Yet the philosopher ought to learn hence how greedy man is of fellowship and of guidance. The low can best win the low, and all men like to be made much of.

When fear enters the heart of a man at hearing the names of candidates and the reading of laws that are proposed, then is the State safe, but

1 Hon. Samuel Hoar.

when these things are heard without regard, as above or below us, then is the Commonwealth sick or dead.

November 19.

Went to see Alcott in town, and heard him read his excellent Introduction to the new book he is printing of Recorded Conversations, an admirable piece full of profound anticipations. I listen with joy. I feel how much greater it is to hear and receive than to speak or do. Every description of man seems at the moment to cover the whole ground and leave no room for future poets. But it is as Goethe said, "Twenty great masters have painted the Madonna and Child, but not one can be spared," and no two interfere.

We talked of the men of talent and men of genius and spared nobody. . . . I acknowledge at once the better gifts of this and that friend who yet lack, in my judgment, the great gift whereby alone they can become of great value to me, namely, the simple sight of universal truth. These young men, it seems, now go away, and count our little club arrogant and hurtful. . . .

I said to Alcott that I thought that the great man should occupy the whole space between

God and the mob. . . . Thus did Jesus, dwelling in mind with pure God, and dwelling in social position and hearty love with fishers and women. Thus did Shakspear, the great Englishman, drawing direct from the soul at one end, and piercing into the play-going populace at the other. The one yokes him to the real, the other to the apparent; at one pole, is Reason; at the other, common sense. Plotinus, united with God, is not united with the world; Napoleon, Rothschild, Falstaff, united with the world, have no communion with the Divine. . . .

Remember in this connexion the old woman of Molière; the aunt of genius.

The poet, the moralist, have not yet rendered us their entire service when they have written and published their books. The book and its direct influence on my mind, are one fact, but a more important fact is the verdict of humanity upon it, a thing not suddenly settled, and, in the case of great works, not for an age. Not until the French Revolution, is the character of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* finally determined. We form opinions in the first place upon the talents of a writer, but the creeping ages bring with their verdict so much

knowledge of the nature of man. Sir Humphrey Davy is not estimable by his contemporaries, but having once filled the whole sky of science by his nearness, and been to beholders instead of Chemistry, now globes himself into an unit and so he passes. Once he was Chemistry; now he is Davy.

November 21.

I read with pleasure this morning Everett's notice of Bentley in the *North American Review* for October, 1836. The beautiful facts are, that Bentley having published conjectural emendations of Homer, in opposition to all known manuscripts, his nephew finds at Rome, sixteen years afterwards, more correct MSS. in which his conjectural readings are exactly confirmed. And Wheeler and Spon, two learned travellers, having separately copied and published an inscription on an ancient temple of Jupiter at the entrance of the Euxine, Chishull corrected it and published it in his *Antiquitates Asiaticæ*. Bentley undertook to restore the eight lines to their original form. Chishull received some and rejected some of his emendations. In 1731, the original marble was brought to England and found to coincide precisely with Bentley's conjectural emendations.

He had said he thought himself likely to live to fourscore, which was long enough to read everything that was worth reading;

Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago.

He compared himself in old age to "an old trunk which, if you let it alone, will last a long time, but if you jumble it by moving, will soon fall to pieces."

He had a club which consisted of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Isaac Newton, Evelyn, John Locke, and himself. Here is his epitaph on Newton: —

Hic quiescunt ossa et pulvis
Isaaci Newtoni.
Si quæris, quis et qualis fuerit,
Abi:
Sin ex ipso nomine reliqua novisti,
Siste paulisper
Et mortale illud philosophiæ numen
Grata mente venerare.

November 25.

Nothing is useless. A superstition is a hamper or basket to carry useful lessons in.

I told Miss Peabody last night that Mr. Coleridge's churchmanship is thought to affect the value of his criticism, etc. I do not feel it. It is a harmless freak and sometimes occurs in a wrong

place, as when he refuses to translate some alleged blasphemy in Wallenstein. Some men are affected with hemorrhage of the nose; it is of no danger, but unlucky when it befals where it should not, as at a wedding or in the rostrum. But Coleridge's is perfectly separable. I know no such critic. Every opinion he expresses is a canon of criticism that should be writ in steel, and his italics are italics of the mind.

Here are two or three facts plain and clear: That histories are not yet history; that the historian should be a philosopher, for surely he can describe the outward event better, if assisted by the sight of the cause; historians are men of talents, and of the market, and not devout, benevolent, with eyes that make walls no walls; that history is written to enhance the present hour; that all history is to be written from man, is all to be explained from individual history, or must remain words. We, as we read, must be Romans, Greeks, Barbarians, priest and king, martyr and executioner, or we shall see nothing, keep nothing, learn nothing. There is nothing but is related to us; nothing that does not interest the historian in its relation; tree, horse, iron, that the roots of all things are in man and

therefore the philosophy of history is a consideration of science, art, literature, religion, as well as politics.

Sallust, I think, said that men would put down to the account of romance whatever exceeded their own power to perform. A very safe and salutary truth.

November 28.

I thought, as I rode in the cold, pleasant light of Sunday morning, how silent and passive Nature offers, every morn, her wealth to man.[1] . . .

In what I call the *cyclus* of orphic words, which I find in Bacon, in Cudworth, in Plutarch, in Plato, in that which the new Church would indicate when it speaks of the truths possessed by the primeval church broken up into fragments and floating hither and thither in the corrupt church, I perceive myself addressed thoroughly. They do touch the intellect and cause a gush of emotion which we call the moral sublime; they pervade also the moral nature. Now the universal man, when he comes, must so speak. He must not be one-toned. He must recognize by addressing the whole nature.

1 For the rest of this passage, see *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 28, Centenary Ed.

Of these truths Jesus uttered many, such as: God is no respecter of persons:[1] His kingdom cometh without observation. His kingdom is a little child.

Otherism. I see plainly the charm which belongs to alienation or otherism. "What wine do you like best, O Diogenes?" "Another's," replied the sage. What fact, thought, word, like we best? Another's. The very sentiment I expressed yesterday without heed, shall sound memorable to me to-morrow if I hear it from another. My own book I read with new eyes when a stranger has praised it.

No man need be perplexed in his speculation. Let him keep his mind healthy, and though very ignorant of books, his nature shall keep him free from any intellectual embarrassment.[2]

Edward Taylor[3] is a noble work of the divine

1 St. Paul said this. Romans ii, 11.

2 Here follows the passage about problems of Original Sin, etc., being the "Soul's mumps and measles." He says in the Journal that he never had them and cannot prescribe their cure. See "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, Second Series, p. 132, Centenary Ed.

3 "Father Taylor," of the Seaman's Bethel at the North End.

cunning who suggests the wealth of Nature. If he were not so strong, I should call him lovely. What cheerfulness in his genius, and what consciousness of strength. "My voice is thunder," he said in telling me how well he was; and what teeth and eyes and brow and aspect. I study him as a jaguar or an Indian, for his untamed physical perfections. He is a work, a man, not to be predicted. His vision poetic and pathetic, sight of love, is unequalled. How can he transform all those whiskered, shaggy, untrim tarpaulins into sons of light and hope, by seeing the man within the sailor, seeing them to be sons, lovers, brothers, husbands.

But hopeless it is to make him that he is not; to try to bring him to account to you, or to himself, for aught of his inspiration. A creature of instinct, his colors are all opaline and dove's-neck-lustre and can only be seen at a distance. Examine them, and they disappear. If you see the *ignis fatuus* in a swamp, and go to the place, the light vanishes; if you retire to the spot whereon you stood, it reappears. So with Taylor's muse. It is a panorama of images from all nature and art, whereon the sun and stars shine; but go up to it, and nothing is there. His instinct, unconscious instinct, is the

nucleus or point of view, and this defies science and eludes it.

Do not forget Charles's love of him, who said, if he were in town, he would go and record all his fine sayings.

Come, let us not be an appanage to Alexander, Charles V, or any of history's heroes. Dead men all! But for me the earth is new today, and the sun is raining light. The doctrine of the amiable Swedenborgian and of the subtle Goethe is, that "we murder to dissect"; that Nature has told everything once, if only we seek the fact where it is told in colossal. Therefore are so manifold objects, to present each fact in capitals somewhere. What else is history? We see not the perspective of our own life. We see the ruts, pebbles and straws of the road where we walk, but cannot see the chart of the land. "We are not sufficiently elevated with respect to ourselves to comprehend ourselves." Our own life we cannot subject to the eye of the intellect. What remedy? Why, history is the remedy. Its volumes vast have but one page; it writes in many forms but one record, this human nature of mine. Like [as] the signs of the zodiac, the Crab, the Goat, the

Scorpion, the Balance, the Water-pot, have lost all their meanness when hung in the blue spaces of the empyrean from an unrecorded age, so I can see the familiar and sordid attributes of human nature without emotion as objects of pure science, when removed into this distant firmament of time.[1] My appetites, my weaknesses, my vices, I can see in Alexander, Alcibiades, and Cataline, without heat, and study their laws without anger or personal pique or contrition. Scythian, Hebrew and Gaul serve as algebraic exponents in which I can read my own good and evil without pleasure and without pain.

Whilst thus I use the Universal Humanity, I see plainly the fact that there is no progress to the race, that the progress is of individuals. One element is predominant in one; another is carried to perfection in the next; Art in the Greek; power in the Roman; piety in the Hebrew; letters in the Old English; commerce in the late English; Empire in Austria; erudition in Germany; free institutions in America. But in turn the whole man is brought to the light. It is like the revolution of the globe in the

1 This and the following sentence appear in a less interesting form in "History." (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 5, Centenary Ed.)

ecliptic: each part is brought in turn under the more direct beams of the sun to be illuminated and warmed, and to each a summer in turn arrives, and the seeds of that soil have their time to be animated and ripened into flowers and fruits.

Mr. Colburn [1] told me he did not understand history. The historian should be a religious man and have knowledge of the real, and not alone of the apparent, in man's nature. All histories are *memoires pour servir*. History must be rewritten. The fact is the phenomenon in nature, the principle is the fact in spirit, and transcends all limits of space and time. All history is in the mind, as thought, long before it is executed.

The Child. I think Hope should be painted with an infant on her arm.

November 29.

A beautiful object at this season in the oak woods on the way to Goose Pond is the carpet formed entirely of oak leaves thickly strown and matted so as entirely to cover the ground. Where snow has fallen, the contrast of the colors is still better.

1 Probably Zerah Colburn, the remarkable mathematician.

Fire is the sweetest of sauces, said Prodicus.

It is remarkable that the greater the material apparatus, the more the material disappears, as in Alps and Niagara, in St. Peter's and Naples.

There is no more chance goes to making towns than to making quadrants. Knowledge of business and the world tends to acquaint a man with values. Every minute of the day of a good workman is worth something in dollars and cents. The novice thinks this and that labor is of quite inappreciable value, it is so little like a bushel of corn, or so short in time in the doing. So ought men to feel about character, and history. The most fugitive deed or word, the mere air of doing a thing, the intimated purpose, expresses character, and the remote results of character are civil history and events that shake or settle the world. If you act, you show character; if you sit still, you show it; if you sleep.

But in analysing history do not be too profound, for often the causes are quite superficial. In the present state of Spain, in the old state of France, and in general in the reigns of Terror,

everywhere, there is no Idea, no Principle. It is all scrambling for bread and money. It is the absence of all profound views; of all principle. It is the triumph of the senses, a total skepticism. They are all down on the floor striving each to pick the pocket, or cut the throat that he may pick the pocket, of the other, and the farthest view the miscreants have is the next tavern or brothel where their plunder may glut them. If presently one among the mob possesses ulterior aims, and these inspire him with skill, he masters all these brutes, as oxen and dogs are mastered by a man, and turns them to work for him and his thought.

November 30.

"Thus when the gods are pleased to plague mankind,
To our rash hands our ruin is assigned."

Moore's *Life of Sheridan* is a flagrant example of a book which damns itself. He writes with the manifest design of securing our sympathies for Sheridan, our tears for his misfortunes and poverty, our admiration for his genius, and our indignation against the king and grandees who befriended that butterfly in his prosperity and forsook him in his jail. He details the life of a mean, fraudulent, vain, quarrelsome play-actor,

whose wit lay in cheating tradesmen, whose genius was used in studying jokes and *bons mots* at home for a dinner or a club, who laid traps for the admiration of coxcombs, who never did anything good and never said anything wise. He came, as he deserved, to a bad end.

The contrast between him and Burke is very instructive and redounds to the praise of one and the infamy of the other.

Moore involves himself in the ruin and confusion of his culprit.

December 2.

The present state of the colony at Liberia is a memorable fact. It is found that the black merchants are so fond of their lucrative occupations that it is with difficulty that any of them can be prevailed upon to take office in the colony. They dislike the trouble of it. Civilized arts are found to be as attractive to the wild negro as they are disagreeable to the wild Indian.

December 3.

I have been making war against the superlative degree in the rhetoric of my fair visitor. She has no positive degree in her description of characters and scenes. You would think she had dwelt in a museum where all things were

extremes and extraordinary. Her good people are very good, her naughty so naughty that they cannot be eaten. But beside the superlative of her mind, she has a superlative of grammar which is suicidal and defeats its end. Her minds are "most perfect," "most exquisite," and "most masculine." I tell her the positive degree is the sinew of speech, the superlative is the fat. "Surely all that is simple is sufficient for all that is good," said Madame de Staël.

December 6.

Look then at history as the illustration by facts of all the spiritual elements. Stand before each of its tablets with the faith, Here is one of my coverings; under this heavy and odious mask did my Proteus nature hide itself, but look there and see the effort it made to be a god again.[1] See how never is it quite poor. See the divine spirit shaping itself a tabernacle in the worst depravations, and mitigating where it cannot heal disease.

It occurs this evening from the great spirit (who always offers us truth, but does never volunteer to write lectures) that we must not com-

1 This sentence only of the present matter occurs in "History," *Essays*, First Series, p. 5.

plain of the meagre historians who wrote what they should have omitted, and omitted what they should have written, for they and their works are also part of history: these surely manifest the tendency, the genius of the time; what ideas usurped the intellect, and to what others they were blindfolded. Always history must be written by men, and when will men be unbiased? The explanation of it must come from the advancing mind of each student, each man. He must sit upon the case and judge it for himself. His own experience is piercing antiquity and commenting on Roman politics and the feudal tenures.

But the important suggestion is this: you say the human mind wrote on the world history, that is, did it; and now the same mind must explain it. And because every man is potentially universal, and wherever he is doing right is becoming universal, therefore must everyone, out of principles in his constitution, interpret the Persian invasion, the institution of the Macedonian phalanx, and the Eleusinian mysteries. Very well; granted. But I add, if there is unity in the human mind which originated all this wild variety of actions, then, wild as they seem, they must all proceed after a regular and grad-

uated plan which will only disclose itself to our future thought.

The great fault of history is that it does not portray Man for me. It presents me with an Alaric or a Bourbon, with fighters or law-makers, but it does not satisfy this great ideal we contain or which contains us. But now, when so many toiling ages have turned to the sun all sides of man, shall we not have pictures that are panoramic, shall not the great and noble laws of the human being meet us in representations of him? But when I look for the soul, shall I find a Jackson caucus? It seems to me that always he is described from a point too low, his essential characteristics are not recognized, this stupendous fact of the identity, radical identity of all men, the one mind which makes each the measure of all, which makes each intelligible to all, and him most so who has striven to cleanse out of his thought every personal, parental, patrial tinge, and utter the bare thought. Then that other fitness and co-nature with all beings; and so, I hope, his relation to all things, to science, to art, to men, to young and old, to books and churches, will be made to appear.

December 10.

Pleasant walk yesterday, the most pleasant of days. At Walden Pond I found a new musical instrument which I call the ice-harp. A thin coat of ice covered a part of the pond, but melted around the edge of the shore. I threw a stone upon the ice which rebounded with a shrill sound, and falling again and again, repeated the note with pleasing modulation. I thought at first it was the "peep, peep" of a bird I had scared. I was so taken with the music that I threw down my stick and spent twenty minutes in throwing stones single or in handfuls on this crystal drum.

At night, with other friends, came Shackford[1] with a good heart and inquisitive mind. He broached the question out of Brownson's book, of the positiveness or entity of moral evil; which I gladly and strenuously denied, — as a corollary to my preceding night's discourse on the unity of mind, "There is one mind in many individuals."[2]

1 Charles Chauncy Shackford, who about this time came to teach at the Concord Academy. He was, later, a writer and lecturer, and Professor of Rhetoric and Literature at Cornell University.

2 Orestes A. Brownson, an eager preacher, writer, and

I maintained that evil is merely privative, not absolute.[1] . . .

Do you not see that a man is a bundle of relations, that his entire strength consists not in his properties, but in his innumerable relations? If you embrace the cause of right, of your country, of mankind, all things work with and for you, the sun and moon, stocks and stones. The virtuous man and the seeker of truth finds brotherhood and countenance in so far forth, in the stars, the trees, and the water. All nature cries to him, All Hail! The bad man finds opposition, aversation, death in them all. All mankind oppose him. No whisper from secret

reformer. He was successively a Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian, and Catholic. Born in Vermont in 1803, he preached in villages there and in New York, then came for a time to Boston. Interested in social reforms by the works of Robert Owen, he formed a working-men's party in New York. In Boston he organized a Society for Christian Union and Progress, and wrote for and edited the *Quarterly Review*, later merged in the *Democratic Review* in New York. In 1844 he joined the Catholic Church, of which thereafter he was an active champion. He declined a chair in the new University of Dublin offered him by Dr. Francis H. Newman.

1 Here follows the passage to this purpose in the Address at the Divinity College. (See *Nature*, "Addresses and Lectures," p. 124, Centenary Ed.)

beauty or grandeur cheers him. The world is silent, the heaven frowns. What is that star to him which prompted a heroic sentiment of love in the hero? A white point; and being not in the current of things, an outlaw, a stoppage, — the wheels of God must grind him to powder in their very mission of charity.

We talked further of Christianity. I think that the whole *modus loquendi* about believing Christianity is vicious. It has no pertinence to the state of the case. It grows out of the Calvinistic nonsense of a Gospel-scheme, a dogmatic architecture which one is to admit came from the God of nature; or it grows out of the figment that to believe a given miracle is a spiritual merit.

Believe Christianity. What else can you do? It is not matter of doubt. What is good about it is self-affirming. When Jesus says the kingdom of God comes without observation; comes as a little child; is within you, etc., these are not propositions upon which you can exercise any election, but are philosophical verities quite independent of any asseveration, or testimony, or abnegation.

Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Al-

ways the heart of man greets it and accepts it unexpectedly.

A thought in the woods was that I cannot marshal and insert in my compositions my genuine thoughts, which are in themselves vital and life-communicating. The reason is, you do not yet take sufficiently noble and capacious views of man and nature, whereinto your honest observation would certainly fall, as physical phenomena under chemical or physiological laws.[1]

Rhetoric. — I cannot hear a sermon without being struck by the fact that amid drowsy series of sentences what a sensation a historical fact, a biographical name, a sharply objective illustration makes! Why will not the preacher heed the admonition of the momentary silence of his congregation and (often what is shown him) that this particular sentence is all they carry away? Is he not taught hereby that the synthesis is to all grateful, and to most indispensable, of abstract thought and concrete body? Principles should

1 Here follows the passage, printed in "The Oversoul," as to there being no "property in truth." See *Essays*, First Series, p. 271.

be verified by the adducing of facts and sentiments incorporated by their appropriate imagery. Only in a purely scientific composition, which by its text and structure addresses itself to philosophers, is a writer at liberty to use mere abstractions.

A preacher should be a live coal to kindle all the church.

I wrote elsewhere of Composition. Yet to-day the old view came back again with new force, on seeing and hearing about King's College, Cambridge, — that it is what is already done that enables the artist to accomplish the wonderful. That hall is covered with a profusion of richest fan-work in solid stone to which a charming tint is given by the stained-glass windows. The artist who has this talent for delicate embellishment and splendid softening tints, has not usually the talent for massive masonry and cyclopean architecture. One man built a church on solid blocks able to uphold a mountain; another took advantage of this Alpine mass to spring an airy arch thereon; a third adopted this foundation and superstructure, the fruit of talents not his own, and converted the rigid surface into garlands and lace; and thus is the chapel a work of the hu-

man mind, and altogether transcending the abilities of any one man.

This is my belief of written composition, that it can surpass any unwritten effusions of however profound genius; for what is writ is a foundation of a new superstructure, and a guide to the eye for new foundation, so that the work rises, tower upon tower, with ever new and total strength of the builder.

Ecclesiastical Manners. There is one mind, and every man is a porch leading into it. Prayer is an address to it. Religion is the self-respect of this mind. But to be its organ is so much that a man should never in any act, least of all in a religious rite, have any trick, or sneaking, apologetic scraping or leering, demure depressing of the eyes, or any hypocritical nonsense. Let him never, when perfect beauty and wisdom are addressed in a high act of the abstract soul, palter or do aught unmanly, but, inspired with a noble daring, let him then most feel the majesty of being, and, though he be a beggar, let him behave himself greatly.

Antique. Our admiration of the Antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural.

We admire the Greek in an American ploughboy often.[1] . . .

Nothing is more melancholy than to treat men as pawns and ninepins. If I leave out their heart, they take out mine. But speak to the soul, and always the soul will reply. To treat of the nature of things is to show his life in new glory to every man; when he sees he is no sport of circumstances, but that all Nature is his friend, and he is related to natures so great that, if his private selfish good suffer shipwreck, he yet must rejoice.

Yet do you think a dinner brings a man less surely home than would a sheriff, or that hatred less surely removes him from another than a chain of mountains? A man's wife has more power over him than the State has.

Mr. Webster never loses sight of his relation to nature. The Day is always part of him. "But, Mr. President, the shades of evening which close around us, admonish us to conclude," he said at Cambridge.

1 Here follows the passage on the Greeks, as not reflective but perfect in healthy senses, hence in taste. ("History," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 25, 26.)

I notice George Herbert's identification of himself with Jewish genius. "List, you may hear great Aaron's bell." "Aaron's drest!" and the like. It reminds me of that criticism I heard in Italy of Michel Angelo, viz., that he painted prophets and patriarchs like a Hebrew, that they were not merely old men in robes and beards, but a sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy were conspicuous in them.

Light and music are analogous in their law. Light is merely arithmetic and geometry painted or diagrammatized. A musician draws a picture on air. (Norris.) Vitruvius thought an architect should be a musician.

"Architecture elevates mathematical laws to rules of beauty." (*American Encyclopædia.*)

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1836

[Certain standard or favorite authors were specified in the list for 1834 as not to be thereafter mentioned.]

Code of Menu; Confucius, *apud* Marshman; Empedocles; Xenophanes; Sophocles, *Phil-*

octetes, Ajax, Electra; Xenophon, *Anabasis;* Prodicus;

Sallust; St. Augustine;

Boccaccio; À Kempis;

Amadis de Gaul; Morte d'Arthur;

Sidney, *Arcadia;* Chapman; Sir Walter Raleigh, *History of the World;* Robert Leighton; Molière; Locke, *On the Human Understanding;*

Life of George Fox; John Eliot, *apud* Allen, *Biographical Dictionary;*

Sir Christopher Wren; Scougal; John Bartram, *Travels;* Voltaire; Rousseau;

Norris, *Ideal World;* Fielding; Smollett; Collins, *Ode on the Passions;* Joseph Black; Playfair; La Place;

Goethe (*Nachgelassene Werke*), *Egmont, Letters to Herder;* Cuvier; De Candolle; Davy; Arago; Niebuhr; Pestalozzi; Bentham; Malthus; Chateaubriand;

Herder; Heeren; Fichte; Tieck; Pückler-Muskau, *Tour in England;*

Joanna Baillie; Moore, *Life of Sheridan;* Sir John Ross, *Voyages;*

Keats; Southey; *Arabian Nights;*

Combe, *Constitution of Man;* Lyell, *Geology;*

Dr. Channing, *On Slavery;* Sampson Reed, *Oration on Genius;*

Allston; Bryant; Irving; Cooper; Everett, on Bentley, *North American Review;*

Tennyson; Victor Hugo; Béranger;

Alcott, *Record of Conversations on the Gospels,* manuscripts, *Psyche,* etc.

JOURNAL

THE CONCORD HOME AND WOODS

LECTURING AND PREACHING

DEFENCE OF ALCOTT

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION

JOURNAL XXVIII

1837

(From Journal C)

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris, neque si male cesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat, veluti descripta tabella,
Vita.

HORACE, *Satires*, lib. II, 1.

I write the laws,
Not plead a cause.

[THE happy domestic life went on, with friends and visitors coming and going, and the lecturing in Boston, involving long and cold stage-rides, continued until midwinter was past. The course, The Philosophy of History, was largely attended and very successful. Meantime, Mr. Emerson preached each Sunday at East Lexington.]

CONCORD, *January* 3, 1837.

It occurred last night in groping after the elements of that pleasure we derive from literary compositions, that it is like the pleasure which

the Prince Le Boo received from seeing himself for the first time in a mirror, — a mysterious and delightful surprise. A poem, a sentence, causes us to see ourselves. I be, and I see my being, at the same time. It is not some wild ornithorhynchus nondescript that attracts the most attention, but it was the *man* of the New World that concentrated the curiosity of the contemporaries of Columbus. After I got into bed, somewhat else rolled through my head and returned betwixt dreams, which I fear I have lost. It seems as if it were to this purport: that every particular composition takes its fit place in the intellectual sphere; the light and gay, a light and fugitive place; the wise, a permanent place; but only those works are everlasting which have caught, not the ephemeral and local, but the universal symbols of thought, and so written themselves in a language that needs no translation into the sympathies and intellectual habits of all men. Homer and Shakspear. . . .[1]

January 7.

Received, day before yesterday, a letter from Thomas Carlyle, dated 5 November: — as ever

1 Here follows the passage on all the beauty and worth that man sees being in man. ("Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, p. 147, Centenary Ed.)

a cordial influence.[1] Strong he is, upright, noble and sweet, and makes good how much of our human nature. Quite in consonance with my delight in his eloquent letters, I read in Bacon this afternoon this sentence (of letters), "And such as are written from wise men are of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best, for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches."

Let nothing be lost that is good. Is chivalry graceful in your imagination? Be courteous to every boy and girl in the village, and so keep its soul alive. Is honor majestic? With the courtesy, be doggedly just, and speak the truth, and you shall call out the angel everywhere, who lurks under ignorance and cunning. Discourtesy and selfishness are the shortest-sighted owls. Hold all conventions of society light in your reverence for simple instinct, so shall you receive the age of the Greeks and of Shakspear.

1 This was Letter XIII in the *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, in answer to Emerson's, telling of his brother's death, sending a copy of *Nature*, and urging the Carlyles to come to America. Carlyle speaks of the remote possibility of his coming to Concord, and tells of his *French Revolution*, nearly finished.

Fear God, and where you go men shall feel as if they walked in hallowed cathedrals. Make your perceptions accurate, and the sound of your voice, or sight of your name, shall be useful to men as Institutes and Scientific societies are, suggesting the just use of the faculties to great ends. This is the way to be a Universal man, or take the ages up into an hour and one person.

January 8.

Can you not show the man of genius that always genius is situated in the world as it is with him?

Lidian Emerson.

Waldo Emerson.

R. Waldo Emerson.[1]

I have come no farther in my query than this, when mine Asia came in and wrote her name, her son's and her husband's to warm my cold page.

January 9.

Always a fresh swarm is alighting in the places of power to suck suddenly all its sweets. And with such guides Rehoboam's young men would discard ever the wise, and run riot, but that things refuse to be ill-administered. Nothing satisfies

1 These names are in Mrs. Emerson's handwriting.

all men but justice, and especially when time and much debate has accurately ascertained what justice is in respect to any measure. The interests of all classes are so intimately united that, although the rivalry in which they are often set may please one for a short time with the distress of another, yet very quickly they will make common cause against any great offence. . . . Virtue is continually reproduced in the young, and the selfish statesman has some.

Great men arise, like Alfred, Washington, LaFayette, and virtue has resistless effect. Nothing is more apparent than that genuine virtue always tells for such. The majesty of these men impresses the people, and the government are forced to defer to it.[1] . . . The *éclat* of a good code, or a domestic improvement, or a commercial treaty, or a scientific survey, or expedition is desired, and each of these things stimulates the mind of the people, cultivates them, and so tends to acquaint them with their true interest. The expedition of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, not without good fruit. The interests of persons and property are so difficult to separate, that it is very happy that the progress

1 Some passages printed in "Politics" (*Essays*, Second Series) are omitted from this entry.

of society tends to reconcile and to identify them. By destroying the class of paupers, of slaves, and making every man a proprietor, then, as every penny carries with it some knowledge, he becomes fit to distribute it; thus the Peace and Trade party grows up, the lovers of useful knowledge.

"Man has no predilection for absurdity." The law, the polity, that endures a thousand years has some fitness to the human constitution. Every law that continues long alive tallies to something in man.

January 14.

Lidian's grandmother had a slave, Phillis, whom she freed. Phillis went to a little colony on the outside of Plymouth which they called New Guinea. Soon after, she visited her old mistress. "Well, Phillis, what did you have for dinner on Thanksgiving Day?" "Fried 'taters, missy," replied Phillis. "And what had you to fry the potatoes in?" said Mrs. Cotton. "Fried in water, missy," answered the girl. "Well, Phillis," said Mrs. Cotton, "how can you bear to live up there, so poor, when here you used to have everything comfortable, and such a good dinner at Thanksgiving?". "Ah, missy, freedom's sweet," returned Phillis.

January 16.

How evanescent is the idea of Spirit, how incomprehensible; strange obstinacy of the human affections, to enshrine wisdom and virtue in a Person, and no less obstinacy in the Reason not to admit the picture. The mystery is to be explained only by the personability of virtue and wisdom in the seer himself.

But as far as History is concerned, can I not show that in regard to this element of civilization man underlies the same necessity as in Science, Art, Letters, Politics? For, always as much Religion as there is, so much appears. All the devils respect virtue. Always the high, heroic, self-devoted sect, shall instruct and command mankind. Hypocrisy is a foolish suicide. All virtue consists in substituting being for seeming, and therefore God sublimely saith, I AM. Yes, Justice is; Love is; and that deep Cause of causes which they, as it were, outwardly represent; but is God a person? No. That is a contradiction; the personality of God. A person is finite personality, is finiteness.[1]

The Universal mind is so far from being measured in any finite numbers, that its verdict

1 One or two sentences in the above passage occur in "Spiritual Laws." (*Essays*, First Series, pp. 158, 160.)

would be vitiated at once by any reference to numbers, however large. "The multitude is the worst argument," and, in fact, the only way of arriving at this Universal mind is to quit the whole world, and take counsel of the bosom alone.

January 21.

Every change in the physical constitution has its external sign, although for the most part it is not heeded. Hemorrhage of the lungs, or palsy, does not suddenly overtake a man, but after long warnings which he had disregarded. Look at the clock; you have only noticed the striking of the hours, but it struck the seconds, and showed the seconds and minutes on the dial, which were making up the hour; but you had no ears and no eyes.

I either read or inferred to-day, in the *Westminster Review*, that Shakspear was not a popular man in his day. How true and wise. He sat alone and walked alone, a visionary poet, and came with his piece, modest but discerning, to the players, and was too glad to get it received, whilst he was too superior not to see its transcendant claims.

January 22.

Being a lover of solitude, I went to live in the country, seventeen miles from Boston, and there the Northwest Wind with all his snows took me in charge, and defended me from all company in winter, and the hills and sand-banks that intervened between me and the city kept guard in summer.

January 25.

This evening the heavens afford us the most remarkable spectacle of Aurora Borealis. A deep red plume in the East and West streaming almost from the horizon to the zenith, forming at the zenith a sublime coronet; the stars peep delicately through the ruddy folds, and the whole landscape below covered with snow is crimsoned. The light meantime equal nearly to that of full moon, although the moon was not risen.

January 27.

"The best use of money is to pay debts with it."

The only aristocracy in this country is — the editors of newspapers.

As Goethe says that any particular bone that is in one animal may be found in every other, how-

ever abridged or obscure, so I am never quite acquainted with my neighbor until I have found somewhat in his nature and life to tally with everything I know of myself.

January 29.

One has patience with every kind of living thing, but not with the dead alive. I, at least, hate to see persons of that lumpish class who are here, they know not why and ask not whereto, but live as the larva of the ant or the bee, to be lugged into the sun, and then lugged back into the cell, and then fed. The end of nature for such, is that they should be fatted. If mankind should pass a vote on the subject, I think they would throw them in sacks into the sea.

Party. The "Globe" newspaper has its lie for each new emergency to hood-wink its honest millions, as we in Massachusetts put a head-board on a cow lest she break fences.

February 3.

Whilst Stetson whispered at the Ordination, I could not help thinking that next to so notable a wit should always be posted a phlegmatic, bolt upright man, able to stand without movement of muscle whole broadsides of this

Greek fire. And yet the person who has just received this discharge, if in a solemn company, has the air very much of a stout vessel which has just shipped a heavy sea, and though it does not split it, the poor bark is for the moment critically staggered.

Charles, in a conversation I have mentioned in my old Journal, expressed much such an opinion as Montaigne, who says of himself that, "if there is any good in him, it came in by treachery."

> Nunc non e manibus illis
> Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla
> Nascuntur violæ? PERSIUS.

Let a man behave in his own house as a guest.

February 6.

In these Lectures which from week to week I read, each on a topic which is a main interest of man, and may be made an object of exclusive interest, I seem to vie with the brag of Puck; — "I can put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes." I take fifty.

A great law, "What we have within, that only

can we see without." Only so much of Arabian history can I read as I am Arabian within, though I should parse and spell Ockley and Abulfeda.

February 20.

Life tends to be picturesque. I think O'Connell's *South Sea Islands* the best book we have published in this country this long while.

Warren Street Chapel is all a holy hurrah.

Old and New put their stamp to everything in Nature. The snow-flake that is now falling is marked by both. The present moment gives the motion and the color of the flake; Antiquity, its form and properties. All things wear a lustre which is the gift of the present, and a tarnish of time.

March 4.

I have finished, on Thursday evening last, my course of twelve Lectures on the Philosophy of History. I read the first on the 8 December, 1836. The audience attending them might average 350 persons. I acknowledge the Divine Providence which has given me perfect health and smoothed the way unto the end.

March 14.

Edward Taylor came last night and gave us in the old church a Lecture on Temperance. A wonderful man; I had almost said, a perfect orator. The utter want and loss of all method, the ridicule of all method, the bright chaos come again of his bewildering oratory, certainly bereaves it of power, — but what splendor! what sweetness! what richness! what depth! what cheer! How he conciliates, how he humanizes! how he exhilarates and ennobles! Beautiful philanthropist! Godly poet! the Shakspear of the sailor and the poor. God has found one harp of divine melody to ring and sigh sweet music amidst caves and cellars.

He spent the night with me. He says he lives a monarch's life, he has none to control him, or to divide the power with him. His word is law for all his people and his coadjutors. He is a very charming object to me. I delight in his great personality, the way and sweep of the man which, like a frigate's way, takes up for the time the centre of the ocean, paves it with a white street, and all the lesser craft

"Do curtsey to him, do him reverence."

Everybody plays a second part in his presence, and takes a deferential and apologetic tone. In

the church, likewise, everybody, — the rich, the poor, the scoffer, the drunkard, the exquisite, and the populace, — acknowledge the man, and feel that to be right and lordly which he doth, — so that his prayer is a winged ship in which all are floated forward. The wonderful and laughing life of his illustration keeps us broad awake. A string of rockets all night. He described his bar-room gentry as "hanging like a half-dead bird over a counter." He describes Helen Loring as out on her errands of charity, and "running through the rain like a beach-bird." He speaks of poor ministers coming out of divinity schools, &c., as "poor fellows hobbling out of Jerusalem." "We'll give you hypocrites for honest men, two for one, and trade all night." "The world is just large enough for the people. There is no room for a partition wall."

March 18.

A strong South wind to-day set all the hills and fields afloat under melting snow banks. Tempted out by the new brown of the hillsides, I climbed for the first time since autumn the opposite hill to see if the snows were abated and my wood alleys open, but there was too much winter left, and I retreated.

March 19.

To-day at Waltham I talked of the potential invention of all men. Caroline Sturgis[1] can sketch with invention; others can draw as well, but cannot design. I call it self-distrust — a fear to launch away into the deep, which they might freely and safely do. It is as if the dolphins should float on rafts, or creep and squirm along the shore in fear to trust themselves to the element which is really native to them.

I read not long ago in the newspapers that the School Committee in Boston had sustained the master of one of the Public Schools in his forbiddal of the practice of the girls to come to school occasionally with their hair in papers.

Every man has hydrophobia the first time in summer he goes into the salt water baths.

As you sit in the tavern and see the stage-passengers come in to warm them, a new generation each hour, men seem to be on the confines of uncontrollable laughter all the time, and al-

1 A friend and frequent visitor, later Mrs. William Tappan. Her outline pencil drawings of women and children were simple and charming, the women's heads suggesting the sketches of Raphael.

ways too on the edge of the sublime. We are up to anything, Ligariuslike, Godlike, or devilish.

Our carpets and paper-hangings and moulded wood-work in every house show the existence of fine taste somewhere, which, like the blue of the sky, or the gayety of the clouds, blesses every eye without being noticed by hardly one. . . .

The popularity of Thom's statues of Old Mortality and Tam O' Shanter is a good problem; so the experiments on living. The papers say that 10,000 copies of *Living without Means* were sold in less than ten days — twelve editions in eleven days. I doubt they lie. And 20,000 copies of the *Three Experiments* have been sold.

"Lively feeling of the circumstance, and faculty to express it makes the poet." GOETHE. "They say much of the study of the Ancients, but what else does that signify than, direct your attention to the real world and seek to express it, *since that did the ancients* whilst they lived." GOETHE.

Wifey says, "As proud as the child that has sewed her first stitch."

March 29.

Noble paper of Carlyle on Mirabeau. This piece will establish his kingdom, I forebode, in the mind of his countrymen. How he gropes with giant fingers into the dark of man, into the obscure recesses of power in human will, and we are encouraged by his word to feel the might that is in a man. Come

> "The ruggedest hour that time and fate dare bring
> To frown upon the enraged Northumberland."

Indeed this piece is all thunder. (Gigantic portrait painting.) The *Diamond Necklace* too, I doubt not, is the sifted story, the veritable fact, as it fell out, yet so strangely told by a series of pictures, cloud upon cloud, that the eye of the exact man is speedily confused and annoyed.

It seems to me his genius is the redolence of London, "the Great Metropolis." So vast, enormous, with endless details, and so related to all the world is he. It would seem as if no baker-shop, no mutton-stall, no academy, no church, no placard, no coronation, but he saw and sympathized with all, and took all up into his omnivorous fancy (memory); thence his panoramic style, and this encyclopædiacal allusion to all knowables.

Then he is a worshipper of strength, heedless much whether its present phase be divine or diabolic. Burns, George Fox, Luther, and those unclean beasts Diderot, Danton, Mirabeau, whose sinews are their own and who trample on the tutoring and conventions of society, he loves. For he believes that every noble nature was made by God, and contains, if savage passions, also fit checks and grand impulses within it, hath its own resources, and however erring, will return from far. Then he writes English and crowds meaning into all the nooks and corners of his sentences. Once read, he is but half read.

I rode well; my horse took hold of the road as if he loved it.

I saw in Boston my fair young L., but so rashly grown that her sweet face was like a violet on the top of a pole.

Carlyle again. I think he has seen, as no other in our time, how inexhaustible a mine is the language of Conversation. He does not use the *written* dialect of the time, in which scholars, pamphleteers and the clergy write, nor the Parliamentary dialect, in which the lawyer, the statesman, and the better newpapers write, but

draws strength and mother-wit out of a poetic use of the spoken vocabulary, so that his paragraphs are all a sort of splendid conversation.

THE ANTIQUE

"The Lacedemonians entering into battle sacrificed to the Muses, to the end that their actions might be well and worthily writ." MONTAIGNE.

"The ancient Romans kept their youth always standing, and taught them nothing that they were to learn sitting." SENECA, *apud* MONTAIGNE.

I learn from Montaigne, a master of antiquity, also, that when the ancient Greeks would accuse any one of extreme insufficiency, they would say, that he could neither read nor swim.

The Peloponnesian League stipulated that "whatever was agreed on by a majority of the confederates should be binding on all, unless some god or hero enjoined a dissent." THUCYDIDES, vol. ii.

The ethical writings of the Ancients are without cant.

The ancients are no transcendentalists: they rest always in the spontaneous consciousness.

April 1.

Yesterday I received from Carlyle a letter, a copy of *Mirabeau*, of the *Diamond Necklace*, and a proof-sheet of the *French Revolution*. Blessings on the friend! To-day I finished a letter to him.[1]

April 7.

My baby's lovely drama still goes forward, though he catches sad colds, and wheezes and grieves. Yet again he sputters and spurs, and puts on his little important faces, and looks dignified, and frets and sleeps again. We call him little Pharisee, who when he fasts, sounds a trumpet before him.[2]

The man of genius — Swedenborg, or Carlyle, or Alcott — is ever, as Shelley says of his Skylark,

"Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

1 See *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. i, Letter XV.

2 See "Domestic Life," *Society and Solitude*, p. 103, Centenary Ed.

April 8.

Ah! my darling boy, so lately received out of Heaven, leave me not now! Please God, this sweet symbol of love and wisdom may be spared to rejoice, teach and accompany me.

People expect to read a lesson of the Divine Providence in a death, or a lunacy, as they would read a paragraph in a newspaper, and when they cannot, they say, like my Irishman Roger Herring to the Probate Court, "Well, I am not satisfied." But one lesson we are to learn is the course or *genius* of the Divine Providence, which a malady or any fact cannot teach, but a sober view of the events of years, the action and reaction of character and events, may.[1]

April 10.

Very just are the views of Goethe in *Eckermann*, that the poet stands too high than that he should be a partisan. I thought, as I rode through the sloughs yesterday, that nothing is more untrue, as well as unfavorable to power, than that the thinker should open his mind to fear of the people among whom he works.

1 Mr. Emerson, in the Journal, here refers to the same subject carried on in the last sentences in the entries of October 17, in the account of the walk to Sleepy Hollow.

Rather let him exult in his force. Whichever way he turns, he sees the pleasure and deference which these faculties of writing and speaking excite.

The people call them out; the people delight in them; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; surely therefore the poet should respond and say, "The people and not solitude is my home." Never my lands, my stocks, my salary, but this power to help and to charm the disguised soul that sits veiled under this whiskered and that smooth visage, — this is my rent and ration.[1]

Love an eye-water.[2]

Slavery is an institution for converting men into monkeys.

All the professions are timid and incomplete agencies. The priest has some reference to the exigencies of the parish, some to his own, and much regard to the faculty and course of his own thought. He says his prayers and his sermon, and is very glad if they answer to the case of any one

1 See entry of April 23, second paragraph.

2 Here follows the passage on this subject printed in "Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 238, Centenary Ed.

individual, if they bring the smallest spiritual aid to any soul; if to two, if to ten, it is a signal success. But he walked to the church without any assurance that he knew the distemper or could heal it. The physician prescribes hesitatingly out of his few resources the same stimulus or sedative to this new and peculiar constitution which he has applied with various success to a thousand men before. If the patient mends, he is glad and surprised, but to himself he could not predict it. The lawyer advises the client, and tells his story to the jury and leaves it with them, and is as gay and as much relieved as the client, if it turns out that he has a verdict. He could not predict it. The judge weighs the arguments and puts a brave face on the matter, and since there must be a decision, decides as he can, and hopes he has done justice, and given satisfaction to the community, but is only an advocate after all. And so is all life a timid and unskilful spectator.

> "If God to build the house deny,
> The builders work in vain."

April 11.

I wrote George Bradford that *Eckermann* was full of fine things and helps one much in the

study of Goethe. Always the man of genius dwells alone and, like the mountain, pays the tax of snows and silence for elevation. It would seem as if he hunted out this poor Dutch Boswell for a thing to talk to, that his thoughts might not pass in smother. His thinking, as far as I read him, is of great altitude and *all level*. . . .[1] But he is a pledge that the antique force of nature is not spent, and 't is gay to think what men shall be.

Is not life a puny, unprofitable discipline, whose direct advantage may be fairly represented by the direct education that is got at Harvard College? As is the real learning gained there, such is the proportion of the lesson in life.

April 12.

I find it the worst thing in life that I can put it to no better use. One would say that he can have little to do with his time who sits down to so slow labor and of such doubtful return as studying Greek or German; as he must be an unskilful merchant who should invest his money at three per cent. Yet I know not how better to

1 Here follows the criticism on Goethe in "Papers from the Dial," *Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 326, 327, Centenary Ed.

employ a good many hours in the year. If there were not a general as well as a direct advantage herein, we might shoot ourselves.

Where I see anything done, I behold the presence of the Creator. Peter Howe knows what to do in the garden, and Sullivan at a ball, and Webster in the Senate, and I over my page. Exchange any of our works, and we should be to seek. And any work looks wonderful to me except that one which I can do.

How little of the man see we in his person. The man Minot, who busies himself all the year round under my windows, writes out his nature in a hundred works, in drawing water, hewing wood, building fence, feeding his cows, haymaking, and a few times in the year he goes into the woods. Thus his human spirit unites itself with nature. Why need I ever hear him speak articulate words?[1]

I listen by night, I gaze by day at the endless procession of wagons loaded with the wealth of

1 For some account of this good neighbor, across the fence west of the study, whose little weather-stained house then stood on the hillside above, see *Emerson in Concord*, pp. 80, 137, 139.

all regions of England and China, of Turkey, of the Indies, which from Boston creep by my gate to all the towns of New Hampshire and Vermont. With creaking wheels at midsummer, and, crunching the snows, on huge sledges in January, the train goes forward at all hours, bearing this cargo of inexhaustible comfort and luxury to every cabin in the hills.[1]

April 16.

How little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across a mixed company with eyes so full of mutual intelligence — how little think they of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this now quite external stimulus.[2] . . .

Retzsch is a Gothic genius; not the Greek simplicity, but the Gothic redundancy of meaning and elaboration of details. His pictures are like Herbert's poems, hard to read, for every word is to be emphasized.[3]

1 Before the coming of the Fitchburg Railroad, most of the northward teaming passed the house on "The Great Road" from Boston.

2 Here follows a large part of what is printed on pp. 184, 186, and 187 in "Love," *Essays*, Second Series, Cent. Ed.

3 Retzsch's outline illustrations of the poems of Goethe,

The newspapers persecute Alcott. I have never more regretted my inefficiency in practical ends. I was born a seeing eye, not a helping hand. I can only comfort my friends by thought, and not by love or aid. But they naturally look for this other also, and thereby vitiate our relation throughout.[1]

Camper complains to Merck that "what happened in regard to petrifications has happened to him in regard to his collection of diseased bones, to wit, that he created the taste in Holland, in France, in Germany, and now is not able to get any specimen, — no not for money."[2]

Sömmering possessed in his cabinet the hand

Schiller, and Shakespeare were in singular contrast to those of his contemporary, Flaxman, of Greek subjects.

1 Yet Mr. Emerson not only wrote a friendly letter of comfort to Mr. Alcott, but tried to get the editors of the *Advertiser* and *Courier* to publish letters that he wrote in his friend's defense. Mr. Buckingham of the *Courier* courteously published the one sent to him, yet expressing unchanged disapproval of Mr. Alcott's book, the occasion of the attack on him. See *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*, by F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris, vol. i, pp. 214–226.

2 Here follows the passage printed in "The Comic" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 167), where Camper tells that, after studying the Cetaceans, he classified all women as narwhale, porpoise or marsonin.

of a certain Paule de Viguier, nearly 300 years old. This beautiful person was such an object of universal wonder to her contemporaries for her enchanting form, virtue and accomplishments, that, according to the assurances of one of them, the citizens of her native city, Tholouse, obtained the aid of the civil authorities to compel her to appear publicly on the balcony at least twice a week, and as often as she showed herself the crowd was dangerous to life.[1] So Lady Hamilton was a modern Helen.

Mine Asia grudges the time she is called away from her babe, because he grows so fast that each look is new, and each is never to be repeated.

Dr. Ripley told us of the clergyman in Marlborough who in the Revolution prayed the Lord "to look on us in these very peakèd times."

Good letter, from Tischbein to Merck describing Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, which he had the opportunity of seeing very near, and was astonished at the minute finish of muscles and nerves, finished like a miniature. "A group of

1 See "Beauty," *Conduct of Life*, p. 269, and note, Centenary Ed.

the damned whom the devils drive into Hell made me so much distress that I feared I should fall from the ladder; I was forced to hold on with both hands and to banish the shuddering thoughts."

April 21.

New England. It has been to me a sensible relief to learn that the destiny of New England is to be the manufacturing country of America. I no longer suffer in the cold out of morbid sympathy with the farmer. The love of the farmer shall spoil no more days for me. Climate touches not my own work. The foulest or the coldest wind is as dear to the Muses as the sweet southwest, and so to the manufacturer and the merchant. Where they have the sun, let them plant; we who have it not, will drive our pens and water-wheels. I am as gay as a canary bird with this new knowledge.

An opinion is seldom given; and every one we have heard of weighs with us. Let an opinion be given upon a book, the *vis inertiæ* of the general mind is proved by the circulation this sentence has. It runs through a round of newspapers, and of social circles, and finds mere acquiescence in thousands. If the subject is one which has a political or commercial bearing, it

commonly happens that another individual protests against the opinion and affirms his own to be just the reverse. In that case, still I should think is there but one opinion affirmed and denied; there is yet no new quality shown. Wo unto you, Critics! for an opinion is indeed not the safest ware to deal in.[1] . . .

I learn evermore. In smooth water I discover the motion of my boat by the motion of the trees and houses on shore; so the progress of my mind is proved by the perpetual change in the persons and things I daily behold.[2]

"The alphabet is a work of the mouth, metre a work of the pulse," says Zelter. Napoleon said, "*L'Empereur ne connoît autre maladie que la mort.*"

April 22.

Culture. How much meaning the Germans affix to the word, and how unlike to the English sense! The Englishman goes to see a museum or a mountain for itself; the German

1 Here follow the similes, as to opinions, of the cotton-ball and the harpoon. ("Compensation," *Essays*, First Series, p. 110, Centenary Ed.)

2 The passage on Beauty as a divine thing follows in the Journal. ("Love," *Essays*, First Series, p. 179, Centenary Ed.)

for himself; the Englishman for entertainment, the German for culture. The German is conscious, and his aims are great. The Englishman lives from his eyes, and immersed in the apparent world.

Our culture comes not alone from the grand and beautiful, but also from the trivial and sordid. We wash and cleanse out every day for sixty years this temple of the human body. We buy wood and tend our fires, and deal with the baker and fisherman and grocer, and take a world of pains which nothing but concealed moral and intellectual ends of great worth can exalt to an ideal level. If we knew we were in a Purgatory, if we knew of crimes, and are now in Hell, the lowness and filths of life were then explained. But we are void of such consciousness.

Polarity is a law of all being.[1] . . . If the mind idealizes at one end perfect goodness into God, coexistently it abhors at the other end a Devil.

Cold April; hard times; men breaking who ought not to break; banks bullied into the bol-

1 Most of the paragraph is omitted as essentially the same as that in "Compensation." (*Essays*, First Series, p. 96, Centenary Ed.)

stering of desperate speculators; all the newspapers a chorus of owls. "Tobacco, cotton, teas, indigo and timber, all at tremendous discount, and the end not yet." Eight firms in London gave the bank a round-robin bond for £3,800,000 of discounts — Such things I read in the papers, specially *London Age* of March 12. Loud cracks in the social edifice — Sixty thousand laborers, says rumor, to be presently thrown out of work, and these make a formidable mob to break open banks and rob the rich, and brave the domestic government.

May 5.[1]

In New York, the president (Fleming) of the Mechanics Bank resigns, and the next morning is found dead in his bed "by mental excitement" according to the verdict of the Coroner. Added bitterness from the burning of the Exchange in New Orleans by an incendiary; the Park mobs, and the running on banks for specie in New York.

Fine weather; Yes, but cold. Warm day; Yes; but dry. You look well; I am very well, except a little cold. The case of damaged hats,

1 Mr. Emerson wrote tnis paragraph in later, as dealing with the same subject.

one a broken brim, the other perfect in the brim, but rubbed on the side, the third whole in the cylinder, but bruised on the crown.

I say to Lidian that in composition the *What* is of no importance compared with the *How*. The most tedious of all discourses are on the subject of the Supreme Being.

April 23.

How much benefit in the common well-meaning private person. I was at Wayland to-day and could not help feeling and expressing a gratitude to that worthy R. Heard, as to a main column on which their municipal and ecclesiastical well being leans; and again, what a benefactress to the place is the beautiful singer Mrs. M.[1] only by her voice in the church.

Trust your nature, the common mind; fear not to sound its depths, to ejaculate its grander emotions. Fear not how men shall take it. See you not they are following your thought and emotion because it leads them deeper into their own? I see with joy I am speaking their word, fulfilling their nature, when I thought the word and nature most my own.

1 Mrs. Mellen.

All good writing might be called Occasional Poems, as it is only a composition of many visions in the writer's private experience.

The young find a keener pleasure in the riot of the imagination than any which nature has in store, and by means of natural pleasures in later life they are cured of their delicious madness. Meantime, what a dupe is the libertine; he thinks he has the sparkle and the color of the cup, and the chaste married pair only the lees. They see that he stays always in the base court and never has one glimpse of the high joys of a perfect wedlock.

"What you love not, you cannot do." Zelter.

What pleases me will please many.

April 26.

More conversation about the German man.[1] . . . Furthermore, as he describes the devil as the great Negation, or, as Carlyle says, the Lie is the Second Best, God and Truth being the

1 Here follows much that is printed in the "Papers from the Dial, Modern Literature," in *Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 326, 327, Centenary Ed.

first, so it would appear as if he aimed himself to be the Third Term, or the Universal Quiz, a sort of Bridge from the Truth to the Lie. He thought it necessary therefore to dot round, as it were, the entire sphere of knowables, and for many of his stories this seems the only reason. . . .

On the whole, what have these German Weimarish art friends done? They have rejected all the traditions and conventions, have sought to come thereby one step nearer to absolute truth. But still they are not nearer than others. I do not draw from them great influence. The heroic, the holy, I lack. They are contemptuous. They fail in sympathy with humanity. The voice of nature they bring me to hear is not divine, but ghastly, hard and ironical. They do not illuminate me: they do not edify me. Plutarch's heroes cheer, exalt. The old bloodwarm Miltons and Sydneys and Pauls help and aggrandize me. The roots of what is great and high must still be in the common life.

Christianity. To those fundamental natures that lie at the basis of the soul, truth, justice, love, etc., the idea of eternity is essentially asso-

ciated. Jesus, a pure intellect, exclusively devoted to this class of abstractions (the ethical), did never yet utter one syllable about the naked immortality of the soul, never spoke of simple duration.[1] His disciples felt, as all must, the coexisting perception of eternity, and separated it, and taught it as a doctrine, and maintained it by evidences. It ought never to be. It is an impertinence to struggle up for the immortality. It is inevitable to believe it, if you come down upon the conviction from the seeing these primary natures in the mind.

April 29.

Warm and welcome blows the south wind at last, and the sun and moon shine again to raise the desponding hearts of the people in these black times. Yet our idle, dallying, tentative conversation goes on, sunshine still lying kindly on my hearthstone. Therefor be lowly, interceding praise from me and mine.

Gifts. Mrs. Lee gave me beautiful flowers. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of the world in these latitudes. They are like music heard out of a workhouse

1 Compare passage in "Immortality," *Letters and Social Aims*, p. 348, Centenary Ed.

or jail.[1] . . . Something like that pleasure the star, the flower and the tinted cloud give us. Well, what am I, to whom those sweet and sublime hints are addressed?

How wild and mysterious our position as individuals to the Universe; here is always a certain amount of truth lodged as intrinsic foundation in the depths of the soul, a certain perception of absolute being, as justice, love, and the like, natures which must be the God of God, and this is our capital stock, this is our centripetal force. We can never quite doubt, we can never be adrift, we can never be nothing, because of this Holy of Holies, out of sight of which we cannot go. Then, on the other side, all is to seek. We understand nothing; our ignorance is abysmal, the overhanging immensity staggers us, whither we go, what we do, who we are, we cannot even so much as guess. We stagger and grope.

Fine manners present themselves first as formidable.[2] . . .

1 Here follows the passage on flowers on the first page of "Gifts," *Essays*, Second Series.

2 See "Manners," *Essays*, Second Series, pp. 126, 127, Centenary Ed.

Miss Fuller read *Vivian Gray* and made me very merry. Beckendorf is a fine teaching that he who can once conquer his own face can have no farther difficulty. Nothing in the world is to him impossible; as Napoleon who discharged his face of all expression whilst Madame de Staël gazed at him.

The existence of a *Paradise Lost*, a Dante's *Inferno*, argues a half disbelief of the immortality of the Soul.

If with a lowly mind you elect writing for your task in life, I believe you must renounce all pretensions to reading.

I will add it to my distinctive marks of man and woman — the man loves hard wood, the woman loves pitch-pine.

The merchant fails. He has put more than labor, he has put character and ambition into his fortune, and cannot lose it without bitter mortification. It is not clear to the recluse, the ambition of a merchant. It seems that he could and should have been content with safe wealth, and not so ventured and so fallen. But the merchant

in every conversation in the insurance office feels the weight of his neighbor, a greater capitalist; in every transaction of business he feels his own and his neighbor's measure. He sees that he can augment his own consideration and wield as enviable power. He sees, moreover, that a great fortune has not an evil, a dishonorable influence, that is, its influence is very far from being built on the weakness and sycophancy of men, but it is a certificate of great faculty, of virtues of a certain sort. Moral considerations give currency every day to notes of hand. Success and credit depend on enterprise, on accurate perceptions, on honesty, on steadiness of mind. This man in the land-fever bought no acre in Maine or Michigan. His notes of hand have a better currency as long as he lives. That man is a commission merchant, and in the midst of a vast business, does not trade on his own account to the amount of a dollar. Everybody gladly buys his paper. Steady, steady!

[Two pages of extracts follow, concerning French traits, from Eckermann, Zeutner, Carlyle, Las Cases, O'Meara, and others: then a careful list of all Carlyle's writings in the English reviews, and his books up to this time.

After these, come several extracts translated from Eckermann's *Spräche mit Goethe* and the Correspondence of Goethe with Zelter.]

A characteristic of Goethe is his choice of topics. What an eye for the measure of things! Perhaps he is out in regard to Byron, but not of Shakspear; and in Byron he has grasped all the peculiarities. Paper-money; Periods of belief; Cheerfulness of the Poet; French Revolution; — how just are his views of these trite things; What a multitude of opinions, and how few blunders; The estimate of Sterne, I suppose to be one.

It is to me very plain that no recent genius can work with equal effect upon mankind as Goethe, for no intelligent young man can read him without finding that his own compositions are immediately modified by his new knowledge.

I do not remember a joke or aught laughable in all Goethe, except Philina cracking nuts upon the trunk, and perhaps Friedrich's gibe at Natalia.

PLOTINUS ON ART[1]

"Whilst we are convinced that those who

1 Translated by Goethe, in *Letters to Zelter*, vol. i, p. 90.

behold the intellectual world and the beauty of the true intellect can also well behold their Father, who is exalted over all sense, so let us attempt then to inquire after the powers, and ourselves to express, so far as things of this kind can be explained, in what manner we can apprehend the beauty of the Soul and of the world.

"Let two stone blocks be placed together whereof one is rough and without artificial labor, but the other is formed by art to a human or divine statue. Were it of a God, so might it represent a Grace or a Muse. Were it of a man, so is it not a historical man, but rather of some one whom art has collected out of all beauties.

"But to you will the stone which is brought by art into a beautiful form appear altogether beautiful, yet not because it is stone, since then will the other block also pass for beautiful, but because it has a form which art has imparted to it.

"But matter has no such form; but this was in the thinker before it came to the stone. It

The translation into English is evidently Mr. Emerson's. He never became familiar enough with German to render it easily.

was already in the Artist, not because he had eyes and hands, but because he was endowed with art.

"Also was in art a far greater beauty, since not that form which resides in art came to the stone, but that remains where it was, and there went out into the stone another, inferior, which does not abide pure in itself, nor quite as the artist wishes, but only as far as the material would obey Art.

"But if Art should also produce what it is and possesses, and produce the beautiful after Reason, according to which it evermore worketh, yet would the Reason the more and truer possess a greater and more conspicuous beauty of art, perfecter than all which exists outwardly.

"Since, whilst the form proceeding into matter is already extended, so is it weaker than that which abides in unity. Since what in itself endures a removal departs away from itself. Strength from strength, heat from heat, force from force, so also beauty from beauty. Therefore must the workman be more excellent than the work. Since not the un-music makes the musician, but the music and the supersensual music produces the music in sensuous sound.

"But would any one despise Art because it

imitates Nature? Let us reply, that the natures also imitate many others; that, moreover, Art does not directly imitate that which eyes can see, but goes back upon the Rational out of which Nature consists, and after which Nature worketh.

"Furthermore, the Arts produce many things out of themselves, and add, on the other hand, many things hereto which lack perfectness, whilst yet they have beauty in themselves. So could Phidias form the God, although he imitated nothing perceptible to the senses, but made, himself, in his mind, such a form as Jove himself would appear if he should become obvious to our eyes."

Goethe prefers to drop a profound observation incidentally to stating it circumstantially; for example, "Seneca sees nature as an uncultivated man; since not it, but its events interest him."—*Nachgelassene Werke*, vol. xiii, p. 68.

"Yet was Tycho Brahe, with all his merits, one of those limited minds who feel themselves to be in some measure in contradiction with nature, and, on that account, love complex paradoxes more than simple truth, and enjoy them-

selves in error because it gives them occasion to show the sharpness of their wit; whilst he who recognizes the True seems ever to honor God and nature, but not himself, and of this last sort was Kepler." Vol. xiii, p. 171.

I owe the presentation of a book to N. L. F., S. A. D., C. W. U., B. D., Dr. E. H., Mrs. A. D. A. (Waltham), Dr. J. Ware.[1]

May 1.

I do not forgive in any man this forlorn pride, as if he were an *Ultimus Romanorum*. I am more American in my feeling. This country is full of people whose fathers were judges, generals and bank presidents, and if all their boys should give themselves airs thereon and rest henceforth on the oars of their fathers' merit, we should be a sad, hungry generation. Moreover I esteem it my best birthright that our people are not crippled by family and official pride, that the best broadcloth coat in the country is put off to put on a blue frock, that the best man in town may steer his plough-tail or may drive a milk-cart. There is a great deal of work in our men, and

1 Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, Mrs. Dewey(?), Charles W. Upham, B. D.(?), Dr. Ebenezer Hobbs, Mrs. A. D. Adams, Dr. John Ware.

a false pride has not yet made them idle or ashamed. Moreover I am more philosophical than to love this retrospect. I believe in the being God, not in the God that has been. I work; my fathers may have wrought or rested. What have I to do with them, or with the Fellatahs, or the great Khan! I know a worthy man who walks the streets with silent indignation as a last of his race, quite contemptuously eyeing the passing multitude, as if none of them were for him, and he for none of them; as if he belonged to the club and age of Shakspear, Bacon, Milton, but by some untoward slip in old spiritual causes had been left behind by the ethereal boat that ferried them into life, and came now scornful, an age too late. But what a foolish spirit, to pout and sneer. That did not these able persons; and, if some good-natured angel should transport him into their serene company, they would say unto him, "We know you not." What if a man has great tastes and tendencies. Is not that the charm and wonder of time, the oil of life, that in common men everywhere gleam out these majestical traits so wildly contrasting with their trivial employments, decking their narrow patch of black loam with sunshine and violets, so that the lowest being, intimately seen, never

suffers you to lose sight of his relations to the highest and to all?

Character is higher than intellect,[1] and character is what the German means when he speaks of the *Daimonisches*. . . . Webster in his speech does but half engage himself. I feel that there is a great deal of waste strength. Therefore I say, let me not meet a great man in a drawing-room or in an Academy, or even in my own library, but let him, bound on his private errand, meet me, bound on mine, in the stage-coach, our road being the same for two or three hundred miles; then will a right natural conversation grow out of our mutual want of relief and entertainment. Or better yet, put us into the cabin of a little coasting merchantman to roll and welter in the Gulf stream for a fortnight towards Savannah or St. Croix. . . .

I went to see Mr. Jonathan Phillips once, and he said to me, "When you come into the room, I endeavor to present humanity to you in a lovely and worthy form, to put away everything that can mar the beauty of the image." He also said that "life appeared to him very

1 See "The American Scholar," *Nature*, p. 99, Centenary Ed.

long; his existence had stretched over a vast experience."

May 4.

Margaret Fuller left us yesterday morning. Among many things that make her visit valuable and memorable, this is not the least, that she gave me five or six lessons in German pronunciation, never by my offer and rather against my will each time, so that now, spite of myself, I shall always have to thank her for a great convenience — which she foresaw.

Economy does not consist in saving the coal, but in using the time whilst it burns.

In conversation there are tides, and the visitor of a few days will see the ebb and the succeeding mud; but living is the channel which upbears ships and boats at all hours.

Day before yesterday (May 2), Dr. Hobbs, Dr. Adams, and Mr. Ripley, sent me from Waltham thirty-one trees, which I have planted by my house. What shall I render to my benefactors?[1]

1 These trees, mainly white pines, with one or two chestnuts, were planted west of Mr. Emerson's house, where many

Be and Seem. Creation is genius, however, whenever. There are few actions. Almost all is appetite and custom. A new action commands us and is the Napoleon or Luther of the hour. So with manners. They are sometimes a perpetual creation, and so do charm and govern us. So with opinions. Miss Edgeworth has not *genius*, nor Miss Fuller; but the one has genius-in-narrative, and the other has genius-in-conversation. At Palermo, I remember how shabby and pitiable seemed the poor opera company to me until the prima donna appeared and spoke. Presently she uttered cries of passion, and the mimic scene becomes instantly real, and vies at once with whatever is human and heroic.

The lady[1] told me that she had never seen heroic manners. I think she has in fragments, or the word would not be significant to her. I know them well, yet am the least heroic of persons, and I see well that my types of them are not one but many. Murat, Wordsworth; sweet-tempered ability and a scientific estimate of popular opinion, are essential.

of them still flourish. Two chestnut trees have outstripped by nearly one half the growth of the pines.

1 Probably Miss Fuller.

The law of communication is this: Here am I a complex human being — Welcome to me all creatures; Welcome each of you to your part in me; St. Paul to his; the eagle to his; the horse and the bat to theirs.

Vivian Gray is a bible to a class of young persons.

May 5.

It is curious to observe how strangely experience becomes thought; or life, truth. The conversion is hourly going on. Will and necessity, or if you please, character and condition beget an act. It is a part of life and remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life.[1] . . .

To make the omnipresence of God a fact and not a name to the mind, we must look at spiritual laws. The history of the mind is a constant creation. It sleeps on a past law no moment. Let me make a few notes towards a Report of the decisions of this Supreme Court. It is strange that I find no such attempt in all the ages at a digest or even a catalogue of them.

1 Here follows the passage, thus beginning in "The American Scholar," pp. 96, 97, Centenary Ed.

May 6.

I see with joy the visits of heat and moisture to my trees, and please myself with this new property. I strangely mix myself with nature, and the Universal God works, buds, and blooms in my grove and parterre. I seem to myself an enchanter who by some rune or dumb-gesture compels the service of superior beings. But the instant I separate *my own* from the tree and the potato field, it loses this piquancy. I presently see that I also am but an instrument like the tree, a reagent. The tree was to grow; I was to transplant and water it, not for me, not for it, but for all.

It occurred to-day how slowly we learn to trust ourselves as adepts of the common nature. When a fashionable man, when a great judge or engineer performs a charity, it gives us pause, it seems strange and admirable, we fear it will not last. Yet the same thing would appear not strange in me, but quite natural. Slowly I learn with amazement that in my wildest dream, in my softest emotion, in my tear of contrition, I but repeat moment for moment the impulses and experience of the fashionist, the buccaneer, the slave, or whatever other variety may be of the generic man.

Sad is this continual postponement of life. I refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if in view of some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? I am already thirty-four years old. Already my friends and fellow workers are dying from me. Scarcely can I say that I see any new men or women approaching me; I am too old to regard fashion; too old to expect patronage of any greater or more powerful. Let me suck the sweetness of those affections and consuetudes that grow near me — that the Divine Providence offers me.[1] These old shoes are easy to the feet. But no, not for mine, if they have an ill savor. I was made a hermit, and am content with my lot. I pluck golden fruit from rare meetings with wise men. I can well abide alone in the intervals, and the fruit of my own tree shall have a better flavor.

May 7.

The Sabbath reminds me of an advantage which education may give, namely, a normal piety, a certain levitical education which only rarely devout genius could countervail. I can-

1 The substance of the first part of this entry occurs in the last paragraph but one of "Prudence," but here the form is quite different, and the ending unexpected.

not hear the young men whose theological instruction is exclusively owed to Cambridge and to public institution, without feeling how much happier was my star, which rained on me influences of ancestral religion. The depth of the religious sentiment which I knew in my Aunt Mary, imbuing all her genius and derived to her from such hoarded family traditions, from so many godly lives and godly deaths of sainted kindred at Concord, Malden, York, was itself a culture, an education. I heard with awe her tales of the pale stranger who, at the time her grandfather lay on his death-bed, tapped at the window and asked to come in. The dying man said, "Open the door"; but the timid family did not; immediately he breathed his last, and they said one to another, "It was the Angel of Death." Another of her ancestors, when near his end, had lost the power of speech, and his minister came to him and said, "If the Lord Christ is with you, hold up your hand"; and he stretched up both hands and died. With these I heard the anecdotes of the charities of Father Moody[1] and his commanding administration of his holy office. When the offended

1 Rev. Samuel Moody of York, Maine, called "Father Moody."

parishioners would rise to go out of the church he cried, "Come back, you graceless sinner, come back!" And when his parishioners ventured into the ale-house on a Saturday night, the valiant pastor went in, collared them, and dragged them forth and sent them home.

Charity then went hand in hand with zeal. They gave alms profusely, and the barrel of meal wasted not. Who was it among this venerable line who, whilst his house was burning, stood apart with some of his church and sang, "There is a house not made with hands"?[1]

Another was wont to go into the road whenever a traveller past on Sunday, and entreat him to tarry with him during holy time, himself furnishing food for man and beast.

In my childhood, Aunt Mary herself wrote the prayers which first my brother William, and, when he went to college, I read aloud morning and evening at the family devotions, and they still sound in my ear with their prophetic and apocalyptic ejaculations. Religion was her occupation, and when, years after, I came to write sermons for my own church, I could not find

1 Rev. Joseph Emerson of Malden (who married Mary Moody, daughter of Father Moody), Mr. Emerson's great-grandfather.

any examples or treasuries of piety so high-toned, so profound, or promising such rich influence, as my remembrances of her conversation and letters.

This day my boy was baptized in the old church by Dr. Ripley. They dressed him in the self-same robe in which, twenty-seven years ago, my brother Charles was baptized. Lidian has a group of departed spirits in her eye who hovered around the patriarch and the babe.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." I could ill dissemble my impatience at the show of instruction without one single real and penetrating word. Here is a young man who has not yet learned the capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth. And there he stands pitiable and magisterial, and, without nausea, reads page after page of mouth-filling words and seems to himself to be doing a deed.[1] . . . I thought we might well propose that, as the end of education, — to teach the pupil the symbolical character of life. Let him know that a people

1 Here come the passages in the "Divinity School Address" (*Nature*, p. 138), about the minister not bringing experiences of life into the sermon.

can well afford to settle large incomes on a man, that he may marry, buy and sell, and administer his own good, if the practical lesson that he thus learns he can translate into general terms and yield them its poetry from week to week. Truly they will find their account in it. It would elevate their life, also, which is contemporary and homogeneous, and that is what the priest is for. Mr. Flint and Mr. Buttrick can well afford to come to church to hear Edward Taylor, and will feel that it is the best day in the week, and that they are abler and nobler men for the hearing; but sooner or later they must find out their mistake, and with indignation, when they have nothing for their time and their pew-tax, but a house full of words. Indeed, indeed the bitter rebuke which such a preacher has is the attentive face and drinking ear of the poor farmer. . . .

John Quincy Adams. Perhaps [the recluse] thinks he has got the whole secret of manner when he has learned that disengaged manners are commanding; but if he sees John Quincy Adams, then he learns that a man may have extreme irritability of face, voice and bearing, and yet, underneath, so puissant a will as to lose no

advantage thereby. A steady mind, a believing mind wins the world.[1]

May 8.

It ought to have been more distinctly stated in "Nature" than it is, that life is our inexhaustible treasury for thought.

Years are well spent in the country.[2] . . .

My garden is my dictionary.

There are three degrees of proficiency in this lesson of life.[3] . . .

Dr. Ripley has lived so long that he says things every now and then, with the most laudable impatience, but he idealizes nothing; out he comes with literal facts, and does not dream among words. Homely and dry his things are, because they are traditions accepted for nature, and facts out of life crude and unassimilated; in short, just as he found them. But you do not feel cheated and empty as when fed by the grammarians.

1 This passage without the name is elaborated in "Behavior," *Conduct of Life*, p. 175.

2 Here follows the passage in "The American Scholar" thus beginning. (*Nature*, p. 98, Centenary Ed.)

3 For the rest of this passage, see "Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 222, Centenary Ed.

William Emerson

Charles said when his friend was engaged, "At such times it is a comfort to feel that you are something to offer."

May 9.

Two babies, Willie and Wallie,[1] and excellent cousins they prove. Willie conscious of seniority in all the dignity of twenty-two months; Wallie six and a fortnight, anything but indifferent to his handsome cousin, whom he regards as a capital plaything, and his hair is divine to pull. So says Wallie's mamma, and moreover that he accounts her a porridge-pot, and pap a prime horse.

Yesterday in the woods I followed the fine humble bee with rhymes and fancies fine.[2]

May 14.

Harder times. Two days since, the suspension of specie payments by the New York and Boston banks. William and his wife and child have spent a little time with us. F. H. Hedge was here day before yesterday. We walked in the wood and sat down there to discuss why I was I.

1 Mr. Emerson's brother William and his wife were visiting at the Concord house with their eldest son, William.

2 Probably the origin of "The Humble-Bee."

Yesterday came Dr. Channing and Mr. Jonathan Phillips, and honored our house with a call. But sages of the crowd are like kings, so environed with deference and ceremony that a call like this gives no true word for the mind and heart.

The true medicine for hard times seems to be sleep. Use so much bodily labor as shall insure sleep, then you arise refreshed and in good spirits and in Hope. That have I this morn. Yesterday afternoon, I stirred the earth about my shrubs and trees and quarrelled with the piper-grass, and now I have slept, and no longer am morose nor feel twitchings in the muscles of my face when a visitor is by. The humble-bee and the pine-warbler seem to me the proper objects of attention in these disastrous times. The hollowness so sad we feel after too much talking is an expressive hint. I am less inclined to ethics, to history, to aught wise and grave and practick, and feel a new joy in nature. I am glad it is not my duty to preach, these few Sundays, and I would invite the sufferers by this screwing panic to recover peace through these fantastic amusements during the tornado.

Our age is ocular.

May 19.

Yesterday Alcott left me after three days spent here. I had "lain down a man and waked up a bruise," by reason of a bad cold, and was lumpish, tardy and cold. Yet could I see plainly that I conversed with the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of the time. He is a Man. He is erect; he sees; let whoever be overthrown or parasitic or blind. Life he would have, and enact, and not nestle into any cast-off shell and form of the old time; and now proposes to preach to the people, or to take his staff and walk through the country conversing with the schoolteachers, and holding conversations in the villages. And so he ought to go publishing through the land his gospel, like them of old times. Wonderful is his vision; the steadiness and scope of his eye at once rebukes all before it, and we little men creep about ashamed. It is amusing even to see how this great visual orb rolls round upon object after object, and threatens them all with annihilation,—seemeth to wither and scorch.

Coldly he asks "whether Milton is to continue to meet the wants of the mind"? and so Bacon, and so of all. He is, to be sure, monotonous; you may say, one gets tired of the uniformity,—he will not be amused, he never cares

for the pleasant side of things, but always truth and their origin he seeketh after.

Society an imperfect union. Is it not pathetic that the action of men on men is so partial? We never touch but at points. The most that I can have or be to my fellow man, is it the reading of his book, or the hearing of his project in conversation? I approach some Carlyle with desire and joy. I am led on from month to month with an expectation of some total embrace and oneness with a noble mind, and learn at last that it is only so feeble and remote and hiant action as reading a Mirabeau or Diderot paper, and a few the like. This is all that can be looked for. More we shall not be to each other. Baulked soul! It is not that the sea and poverty and pursuit separate us. Here is Alcott by my door, yet is the union more profound? No, the sea, vocation, poverty, are seeming fences, but man is insular and cannot be touched. Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition.[1]

1 Although Carlyle's not coming with his wife to live in one household with Mr. Emerson and his wife (who loyally joined in the invitation) was, at the time, a disappointment, the "three thousand miles of mountainous water" were a

George Bradford compares the happiness of Gore Ripley [1] riding the horse to plough, with boys in Boston of his age, who are too old to play on the Common, and who can only dress and fix straps to their pantaloons.

Men are continually separating, and not nearing by acquaintance. Once Dr. Channing filled our sky. Now we become so conscious of his limits and of the difficulty attending any effort to show him our point of view that we doubt if it be worth while. Best amputate. Then we come to speak with those who most fully accord in life and doctrine with ourselves, and lo! what mountains high and rivers wide; how still the word is to seek which can, like a ferry-man, transport either into the point of view of the other. Invisible repulsions take effect also. The conversation is tentative, groping, only partially successful; and although real gratification arises out of it, both parties are relieved by solitude; I more. I hug the absolute being, unbroken, undefined, of my desart.

fortunate barrier. Neither pair could have found community life helpful or pleasant as, with the ocean between, the ideal friendship proved.

1 Christopher Gore Ripley, son of Rev. Samuel Ripley, and, later, Chief Justice of Minnesota.

I bask in beauty. But I may be inspired with a greater ambition and taught to conquer in my own person every calamity by understanding it and its cause. . . . I ought . . . to live toward it, grasping firm in one hand the hand of the invisible guide, until gradually a perfect insight of the disaster is an everlasting deliverance from its fear.

Yes ! it is true there are no men. Men hang upon things. They are over-crowed by their own creation. A man is not able to subdue the world. He is a Greek grammar. He is a money machine. He is an appendage to a great fortune, or to a legislative majority, or to the Massachusetts Revised Statutes, or to some barking and bellowing institution, association or church. But the deep and high and entire man, not parasitic upon time and space, upon traditions, upon his senses, or his organs, but who utters out of a central hope an eternal voice of sovereignty, we are not, and when he comes, we hoot at him : Behold this dreamer cometh !

Symbols on symbols, riddles, phantoms, — lo ! how they rise. Idealism may be held steadily and ethically. I see a certain obstruction, as

a depreciation of my property. The creative me is then to energize and countercreate, which it does in certain wills and affections whose external signs and termini are lucrative labors, property, stocks, and the like.

May 20.

The man of strong understanding always acts unfavorably upon the man of reason, disconcerts, and makes him less than he is.

Is the world sick? Bankruptcy in England and America; tardy rainy season; snow in France; plague in Asia and Africa, these are the morning's news.

Ill nature, peevishness, is a cutaneous matter. It is seated no deeper than temperaments, and inflamed or allayed by weather, quantity of food, of sleep, and the news.

May 21.

He judgeth every man yet is judged by no man.

I see a good in such emphatic and universal calamity as the times bring. That they dissatisfy me with society. Under common burdens we say there is much virtue in the world, and what evil co-exists is inevitable. I am not

aroused to say, 'I have sinned; I am in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity'; but when these full measures come, it then stands confessed, — society has played out its last stake; it is check-mated. Young men have no hope. Adults stand like day-laborers idle in the streets. None calleth us to labor. The old wear no crown of warm life on their gray hairs. The present generation is bankrupt of principles and hope, as of property. I see man is not what man should be. He is the treadle of a wheel. He is a tassel at the apron-string of society. He is a money-chest. He is the servant of his belly. This is the causal bankruptcy, this the cruel oppression, that the ideal should serve the actual, that the head should serve the feet. Then first, I am forced to inquire if the ideal might not also be tried. Is it to be taken for granted that it is impracticable? Behold the boasted world has come to nothing. Prudence itself is at her wits' end.

Pride, and Thrift, and Expediency, who jeered and chirped and were so well pleased with themselves, and made merry with the dream, as they termed it, of Philosophy and Love, — behold they are all flat, and here is the Soul erect and unconquered still. What answer is it now to

say, It has always been so? I acknowledge that, as far back as I can see the widening procession of humanity, the marchers are lame and blind and deaf; but to the soul that whole past is but one finite series in its infinite scope. Deteriorating ever and now desperate. Let me begin anew; let me teach the finite to know its master. Let me ascend above my fate and work down upon my world.

May 22.

Let us not sit like snarling dogs working not at all, but snapping at those who work ill.

I said, "If you sleep, you show character," and the young girls asked what it could mean. I will tell you.[1] . . .

The black times have a great scientific value. It is an epoch so critical a philosopher would not miss. As I would willingly carry myself to be played upon at Faneuil Hall by the stormy winds and strong fingers of the enraged Boston, so is this era more rich in the central tones than many languid centuries. What was, ever since my memory, solid continent, now yawns apart and discloses its composition and genesis. I

1 Here occurs the passage on this subject printed in "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, p. 156, Centenary Ed.

learn geology the morning after an earthquake. I learn fast on the ghastly diagrams of the cloven mountain and upheaved plain and the dry bottom of the sea.[1] The roots of orchards and the cellars of palaces and the corner stones of cities are dragged into melancholy sunshine. I see the natural fracture of the stone. I see the tearing of the tree and learn its fibre and its rooting. The artificial is read from the eternal.

Among provocatives, the next best thing to good preaching is bad preaching. I have even more thoughts during or enduring it than at other times.

It is easy for the philosophic class to be poor. Poverty is their ornament, they wear with it a sort of silent protest, and challenge admiration. They need not immerse themselves in sense; they scorn to knit their brows on the merits of a sauce and a soup, because they are haunted with a thought that matter has higher uses, namely, its poetical use or language. But not so easy is it to the unphilosophical class to be poor. My friend has no books, no conversation, no fine in-

1 The last two sentences appear in "Considerations by the Way," *Conduct of Life*, p. 262, Centenary Ed.

sight, in short, no certificate that he is any better man than his thousand neighbors, except his great house and marble mantel-pieces, his superb centre-table, and the portfolio of engravings lying on it. These realize to him his inward merit. These are tough medals of his honesty and labor and the regard of fellow men. It is very cruel of you to insist, because you can very well forego them, that he shall.

I wrote that men class themselves by their perception of the symbolical character of life. As a stepping-stone to this perception they have certain translations to be made intellectually in their common life. Thus, every object of convenience, whether food or dress or utensil, is readily and habitually considered as property, and immediately appraised in money. And the master of a family learns to translate every article that passes before him as household commodity into a money value, which he measures as a proportion to the income of his estate.

May 23.

You may regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer, but if you cannot, mind your own business. Then instantly you are comforted. Then instantly the evil begins to be repaired.

May 25.

"My dear sir, clear your mind of cant," said Dr. Johnson. Wordsworth, whom I read last night, is garrulous and weak often, but quite free from cant. I think I could easily make a small selection from his volumes which should contain all their poetry. It would take Fidelity, Tintern Abbey, Cumberland Beggar, Ode to Duty, September, The Force of Prayer, Lycoris, Lines on the Death of Fox, Dion, Happy Warrior, Laodamia, the Ode.

Composition. Let not a man decline being an artist under any greenhorn notion of intermeddling with sacred thought. It is surely foolish to adhere rigidly to the order of time in putting down one's thoughts, and to neglect the order of thought. I put like things together.

Let a man be a guest in his own house. Let him be a spectator of his own life. Let him heal himself, not by drugs, but by sleep. Let him not only do, but be. Let him not vaticinate, but hear. Let him bask in beauty, but not always carry on a farm.

A young man told Edmund Hosmer that he had come for the honeysuckles because his father

liked them, but, for his own part, he would rather see a hill of potatoes. Hillman[1] could not see in the yellow warbler on the fir tree any more beauty than in a rat.

May 26.

The Individual. Who shall define to me an Individual? I behold with awe and delight many illustrations of the One Universal Mind. I see my being imbedded in it; as a plant in the earth so I grow in God.[2] I am only a form of him. He is the soul of me. I can even with a mountainous aspiring say, *I am God*, by transferring my *me* out of the flimsy and unclean precinct of my body, my fortunes, my private will, and meekly retiring upon the holy austerities of the Just and the Loving, upon the secret fountains of nature.[3] That thin and difficult ether, I also can breathe. The mortal lungs and nostrils burst and shrivel, but the soul itself needeth no organs; it is all element and all organ. Yet why not always so?

1 Hillman Sampson, the son of Mr. Emerson's friend George Sampson. The little boy lived for a short time with the Emersons, giving such help about the house as he could.

2 Compare "Spirit," *Nature*, p. 64, Centenary Ed.

3 Compare "The Oversoul," *Essays*, First Series, p. 292; also "Immortality," *Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 348, 349, Centenary Ed.

How came the Individual, thus armed and impassioned, to parricide thus murderously inclined, ever to traverse and kill the Divine Life? Ah, wicked Manichee![1] Into that dim problem I cannot enter. A believer in Unity, a seer of Unity, I yet behold two. Whilst I feel myself in sympathy with nature, and rejoice with greatly beating heart in the course of Justice and Benevolence overpowering me, I yet find little access to this me of me. I fear what shall befal: I am not enough a party to the great order to be tranquil. I hope and I fear. I do not see. At one time, I am a Doer. A divine life, I create scenes and persons around and for me, and unfold my thought by a perpetual, successive projection. At least I so say, I so feel, — but presently I return to the habitual attitude of suffering.

I behold; I bask in beauty; I await; I wonder; where is my godhead now? This is the Male and Female principle in nature. One man, Male and Female, created he him. Hard as it is to describe God, it is harder to describe the individual.

A certain wandering light comes to me which

1 The Manichæan sect in the third century A. D. held doctrines partly Christian and partly derived from the Magi, including Dualism.

I instantly perceive to be the cause of causes. It transcends all proving. It is itself the ground of being; and I see that it is not one, and I another, but this is the life of my life. That is one fact then; that in certain moments I have known that I existed directly from God, and am, as it were, his organ, and in my ultimate consciousness am He. Then, secondly, the contradictory fact is familiar, that I am a surprised spectator and learner of all my life. This is the habitual posture of the mind — beholding. But whenever the day dawns, the great day of truth on the soul, it comes with awful invitation to me to accept it, to blend with its aurora.

Cannot I conceive the Universe without a contradiction?

Why rake up old MSS. to find therein a man's soul? You do not look for conversation in a corpse.

To behold the great in the small, the law in one fact, the vegetation of all the forests on the globe in the sprouting of one acorn, this is the vision of genius. I hail with glad augury from afar, that kindred emotion which the grand work of genius awakens, kindred with that awakened

by works of nature. The identity of their origin at the fountain-head, I augur with a thrill of joy. Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks through everywhere.[1]

May 30.

Yesterday I attended in Boston Hedge's Club.[2] Eleven persons were present, Messrs. Francis, Stetson, Ripley, Hedge, Brownson, Alcott, Bartol, Putnam, Dwight, Osgood, Emerson. We met at Mr. Ripley's house.

The other day, talking with Hedge of the deference paid to talent, I said there was a pathetic sentiment in receiving such, for it showed how little wit was in the world when an individual pittance is so much accounted. Hedge applied Wordsworth's line

> "Alas the gratitude of man
> Hath oftener left me mourning."

It occurred to me again that another instance of this sentiment was a fact that chanced lately and gave me pain, when the good Nancy[3] apologised for going out of the front door to church.

1 This sentence was used in "The Preacher," *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 223.

2 "The Symposium."

3 The housemaid, a capable, independent New England girl.

May 31.

We have had two peerless summer days after all our cold winds and rains. I have weeded corn and strawberries, intent on being fat, and have foreborne study. The Maryland yellow-throat pipes to me all day long, seeming to say Extacy! Extacy! and the Bob-o'-Lincoln flies and sings. I read during the heat of the day *Beppo* and *Manfred*. What famine of meaning! *Manfred* is ridiculous for its purposeless raving, not all the genuine love of nature, nor all the skill of utterance can save it. It is all one circular proposition.

June 29.

Almost one month lost to study by bodily weakness and disease.

Lately I have been reading with much exhilaration Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and was glad I had remembered such a book was. Then by easy steps I came to his journey to the Western Islands, then to the Life of Pope, of Cowley. Strong good sense has Johnson, but he is no philosopher, as likewise he says *philosophical* when he means *scientific*.

"Judgment is forced upon us by experience."

... "Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is

cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies and animates, the superiority must," etc.

"The true genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." — *Life of Cowley*.

Such are the doctor's poor definitions. His best is that of wit in Cowley's life (volume i, p. 20), yet he is a mutton-head at a definition. Before Coleridge he would be dumb. Much of his fame is doubtless owing to the fact that he concentrates the traits of the English character. He is a glorified John Bull, so downright, so honest, so strong-minded and so headstrong.

Ἓν καὶ Πᾶν

"If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches; and in good men, this
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul is."

Donne.[1]

July 17.

Did I read somewhere lately that the sum of virtue was to know and dare? The analogy is always perfect between virtue and genius. One

1 Here follow several quotations from Donne and Cowley.

is ethical, the other intellectual creation. To create, to create is the proof of a divine presence. Whoever creates is God, and whatever talents are, if the man create not, the pure efflux of Deity is not his.[1] . . . Here are things just hinted which not one reader in a hundred would take, but which lie so near to the favorite walks of my imagination and to the facts of my experience that I read them with a surprise and delight as if I were finding very good things in a forgotten manuscript of my own. Creation is always the style and act of these minds. You shall not predict what the poet shall say, and whilst ephemeral poetry hath its form, its contents, and almost its phrase out of the books, and is only a skilful paraphrase or permutation of good authors, in these the good human soul speaks because it has something new to say. It is only another face of the same fact to denominate them sincere. The way to avoid mannerism, the way to write what shall not go out of fashion, is to write sincerely,[2] to transcribe your doubt or regret or

1 The last sentence occurs in "The American Scholar," and in the Journal follows the paragraph in the same address as to the verses of the great English poets. (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures,* pp. 91, 92, Centenary Ed.)

2 This sentence is found in "Spiritual Laws," *Essays,* First Series, p. 153.

whatever state of mind, without the airs of a fine gentleman or great philosopher, without timidity or display, just as they lie in your consciousness, casting on God the responsibility of the facts. This is to dare.

Cowley and Donne are philosophers. To their insight there is no trifle, but philosophy or insight is so much the habit of their minds that they can hardly see, as a poet should, the beautiful forms and colors of things, as a chemist may be less alive to the picturesque. At the same time their poems, like life, afford the chance of richest instruction amid frivolous and familiar objects; the loose and the grand, religion and mirth stand in surprising neighborhood, and like the words of great men, without cant.

Two proverbs I found lately: one, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." The other may serve as foil to this magnificent sentence, "Small pot, soon hot." Then again I found in *The Phenix* the Persian sentence, "Remember always that the Gods are good," which for genius equals any other golden saying.

At Plymouth, which is one of the most picturesque of towns with its two hundred ponds, its hills, and the great sea-line always visible from their tops, I enjoyed the repose that seems native to the place. On the shore of Halfway Pond, our party ate their gipsy dinner. The next day we rolled on the beach in the sun and dipped our spread fingers in the warm sand, and peeped after bugs, and botanized and rode and walked, and so yielded ourselves to the Italian genius of the time, the *dolce far niente*. It is even so, that the population of the historical town is on its back presently after dinner.[1]

Lidian says that they who have only seen her baby well, do not know but half of his perfections; they do not [know] how patient he is, and suffers just like a little angel; they must see him sick. If he should flap his little wings and fly straight up to heaven, he would not find there anything purer than himself. He coos like a pigeon-house.

1 Mr. and Mrs. Emerson had gone on a visit to her ancestral town, where she had the pleasure of showing her little boy to her many friends. Plymouth differed much from Concord in its customs, and was distinctly more aristocratic. Mr. Emerson was always amused by the general custom among the ladies there of taking a nap in the afternoon.

July 19.

If you go into the garden and hoe corn or kill bugs on the vines, or pick pease, when you come into the house you shall still for some time see *simulacra* of weeds and vines or pea-pods, as you see the image of the sun some time after looking at the sun. Both are disagreeable phenomena, as bad as laughing.[1]

The office of reading is wholly subordinate. . . . By knowing the systems of Philosophy that have flourished under the names of Heraclitus, Zoroaster, Plato, Kant; by knowing the life and conversation of Jesus, of Napoleon, of Shakspear, and of Dante; by knowing chemistry and commerce, I get thereby a vocabulary for my ideas. I get no ideas.

I wrote this afternoon to Miss Fuller, that power and aim seldom meet in one soul. The wit of our time is sick for an object. Genius is homesick. I cannot but think that our age is somewhat distinguished hereby, for you cannot talk with any intelligent company without finding expressions of regret and impatience that

1 Mr. Emerson hated to be made to laugh; he could not command his face well.

attack the whole structure of our worship, education, and social manners. We all undoubtedly expect that time will bring amelioration, but whilst the grass grows the noble steed starves, we die of the numb palsy.

But ethics stand when wit fails. Fall back on the simplest sentiment, be heroic, deal justly, walk humbly, and you do something and do invest the capital of your being in a bank that cannot break, and that will surely yield ample rents.[1]

July 21.

Courage consists in the conviction that they with whom you contend are no more than you. If we believed in the existence of strict *individuals*, natures, that is, not radically identical but unknown, immeasurable, we should never dare to fight.

Crabbe knew men, but to read one of his poems seems to me all one with taking a dose of medicine.

1 The passage in "Self-Reliance," on abiding good-humoredly by your spontaneous impressions then most when the cry is on the other side, follows this in the Journal. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 46, Centenary Ed.)

July 26.

Yesterday I went to the Athenæum and looked through journals and books — for wit, for excitement, to wake in me the muse. In vain, and in vain. And am I yet to learn that the God dwells within? That books are but crutches, the resorts of the feeble and lame, which, if used by the strong, weaken the muscular power, and become necessary aids. I return home. Nature still solicits me. Overhead the sanctities of the stars shine forevermore, and to me also, pouring satire on the pompous business of the day which they close, and making the generations of men show slight and evanescent. A man is but a bug, the earth but a boat, a cockle, drifting under their old light.

July 27.

A letter from Carlyle to-day rejoiced me.

Pleasant would life be with such companions. But if you cannot have them on good mutual terms, you cannot have them. If not the Deity but our willfulness hews and shapes the new relations, their sweetness escapes, as strawberries lose their flavor by cultivation.[1]

1 This passage, printed here because of its personal connection, occurs in "Prudence" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 240, Centenary Ed.).

"*Es ist alles wahr wodurch du besser wirst.*"

"Poets are the natural guardians of admiration in the hearts of the people."

Many trees bear only in alternate years. Why should you write a book every year?

July 29.

If the All-wise would give me light, I should write for the Cambridge men a theory of the Scholar's office.[1] It is not all books which it behooves him to know, least of all to be a book-worshipper, but he must be able to read in all books that which alone gives value to books — in all to read one, the one incorruptible text of truth. That alone of their style is intelligible, acceptable to him.

Books are for the scholar's idle times.[2] . . .

Pope and Johnson and Addison write as if they had never seen the face of the country, but had only read of trees and rivers in books.

1 The coming Phi Beta Kappa address, "The American Scholar."

2 Here follows much of what is said about use and abuse of books on pp. 90–93 of "The American Scholar" (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*).

The striped fly that eats our squash and melon vines, the rosebug, the corn worm, the red old leaf of the vines that entices the eye to new search for the lurking strawberry, the thicket and little bowers of the pea-vine, the signs of ripeness and all the hints of the garden, these grave city writers never knew. The towers of white blossoms which the chestnut tree uplifts in the landscape in July, the angle of strength, (almost a right angle) at which the oak puts out its iron arms; the botany of the meadows and water sides — what had Queen Anne's wits to do with these creatures? Did they ever prick their fingers with a thorn of a gooseberry? Did they ever hear the squeak of a bat or see his flitting? [1]

August 1.

I should think water the best of inventions if I were not acquainted also with air and fire.

1 These are echoes of the gardening experiences of Mr. Emerson in his early housekeeping, when he had put a small vegetable garden in his two acres, Mrs. Emerson having her flower garden just below the house. As the farm increased Mr. Emerson confined his attention to his growing fruit-trees, among which he spent an hour after breakfast, taking his children with him on Sunday mornings, telling them about the trees and naming the varieties.

August 2.

The farmer's rule for making hay is, to keep the rake as nigh the scythe as you can, and the cart as nigh the rake.

A beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison and putting us quite beside ourselves we can seldom see after thirty. Gertrude had a cheek like a sunset.[1] . . .

The two most noble things in the world are Learning and Virtue. The latter is health, the former is power. The latter is Being, the former is Action. But let them go erect evermore and strike sail to none.

An enchanting night of south wind and clouds; mercury at 73°; all the trees are windharps; blessed be light and darkness; ebb and flow, cold and heat; these restless pulsations of nature which by and by will throb no more.

1 The entry following this contains the long passage in "The American Scholar" (p. 105, Centenary Ed.) about the mischievous notion that we had "come too late into nature," etc.; which is followed by the passage in "Self-Reliance" about infants and boys conforming to nobody. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 28.)

Poetry, I augur, shall revive, and stamp a new age as the astronomers assure us that the star in the Constellation Harp shall be, in its turn, the Pole Star for a thousand years.[1]

I knew a man scared by the rustle of his own hat-band.

When the narrow-minded and unworthy shall knock at my gate I will say, "Come, now will I sacrifice to the Gods below." Then will I entertain my guest heartily and handsomely. Besides, is it for thee to choose what shadows shall pass over thy magical mirror?

August 3.

Hannah Haskins[2] tells well the story of Aunt Mary's watcher, whilst she had a felon on her thumb. She had never a watcher in her life and was resolved to have one once, so seized the chance; all day was making preparations for her

1 Compare the end of the opening paragraph of "The American Scholar."

2 Later, Mrs. Parsons, Mr. Emerson's double cousin, who during her youth, and occasionally after her marriage, took care of Miss Mary Moody Emerson. She was a woman of great sweetness, combined with originality and spirit, unchanged to the last. She died at a great age at Mr. Emerson's house in Concord, where she and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Ripley Ansley, spent their last years with Miss Ellen Emerson.

coming and requiring the family to have things in readiness. Twice or thrice she sent messages over to the woman's house to tell her to sleep, and to fix the hour of her coming. When at last she came, she first put the watcher to bed that she might be ready, and watched her herself, but presently woke her because she thought her head did not lie comfortably; then again because she snored, to forbid her making such a shocking noise. At last she became anxious lest her watcher should spend the night, and day break before she had got any service from her; so she determined to get up and have her own bed made for the sake of giving her something to do. But at last, growing very impatient of her attendance, she dismissed her before light, declaring she never would have a watcher again; she had passed the worst night she remembered. On the other part, Miss ——, the watcher, declared that no consideration would tempt her to watch with Miss Emerson again.

"By the shadow of the stone of hours."

It is ignorance only which complains of a trite subject. Every subject is new to the wise, and trite to the incapable.

It was a just sentiment of Clarendon's which induces him to stop the thread of his narrative when Falkland dies, that he may describe the perfections of that eminent person, saying that the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity is one of the principal ends and duties of history. (Vol. iii, p. 151.)

Falkland "cared only that his actions should be just, not that they should be acceptable." Plutarch I esteem a greater benefactor than Aristotle.

A scholar is one attuned to nature and life, so that heaven and earth traverse freely with their influences his heart and meet in him.[1] . . .

August 4.

Punishment grows out of the same stem as crime, like the *hedysarum nudicaulis*.[2]

1 Followed by passage about raising himself above private considerations ("The American Scholar," p. 101); and that about thoughts always flitting before us ("Intellect," *Essays*, First Series, p. 331).

2 This entry is preceded by a part of the paragraph in "The American Scholar" (p. 111) about embracing the common, not the romantic; asking "insight into to-day," etc.

Eloquence washes the ears into which it flows.

The grass is mown, the corn is ripe, autumnal stars arise.

After raffling all day in Plutarch's morals, or shall I say angling there, for such fish as I might find, I sallied out this fine afternoon through the woods to Walden water. The woods were too full of mosquitoes to offer any hospitality to the Muse, and when I came to the blackberry vines the plucking the crude berries at the risk of splintering my hand, and with a mosquito mounting guard over every particular berry, seemed a little too emblematical of general life, whose shining and glossy fruits are very hard beset with thorns, and very sour and good for nothing when gathered; but the pond was all blue and beautiful in the bosom of the woods and under the amber sky, like a sapphire lying in the moss. I sat down a long time on the shore to see the show. The variety and density of the foliage at the eastern end of the pond is worth seeing; then the extreme softness and holiday beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as I fancied, their height and privilege of motion — and yet, and yet, not seeming so much the drapery of this place and hour, as forelooking to

some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. I rejected this fancy with a becoming spirit and insisted that clouds, woods and water were all there for me.

The waterflies were full of happiness. The frogs that shoot from the land as fast as you walk along, a yard ahead of you, are a meritorious beastie. For their cowardice is only greater than their curiosity and desire of acquaintance with you. Three strokes from the shore the little swimmer turns short round, spreads his webbed paddles and hangs at the surface, looks you in the face, and so continues as long as you do not assault him.

Language. As Boscovich taught that two particles of matter never touch, so it seems true that nothing can be described as it is. The most accurate picture is only symbols and suggestions of the thing, but from the nature of language all remote.

August 5.

A man should behave himself as a guest of nature but not as a drone.

God never cants. And the charm of Plutarch and Plato and Thucydides for me, I believe, is that there I get ethics without cant.

I am struck with the splendor of the sentences I meet in books, especially in Plutarch, taken from Pindar, Plato and Heraclitus, these three. It was Menander who said, "Whom the Gods love die young."

August 8.[1]

I have read Miss Martineau's first volume with great pleasure. I growled at first at the difference betwixt it and the Plutarch I had just left. The sailors refuse lemonade and cake and sugar plums, and ask for pork and biscuit, — "something to line their ribs with," and pleasant and exhilarating as the book is, I lack the solids. It pleases like a novel, the brilliant pictures of scenery and of towns and things which she sketches, but I feel, as I read, I enrich myself not at all. Yet, better pleased as I read on, I honored the courage and rectitude of the woman. How faithful is she found, where to be faithful is praise enough. She gives that pleasure which I have felt before, when a good cause which has been trampled on is freshly and cheerily maintained by some undaunted man of good

1 This entry is preceded by the passage in "The American Scholar" (pp. 106, 107), as to humbler men being content that the hero or poet should come to honor as representing their own possibilities.

sense and good principle, and we are all contrite that we had not done it, as if we could have done it. This attribute of genius she has, that she talks so copiously and elegantly upon subjects so familiar that they seemed desperate, and writes evermore from one point of view. The *woman* is manifest, as she seems quite willing, in the superfluous tenderness for the fine boy, and the snug farmhouse, and other privacies. But the respect for principles is the genius of the book and teaches a noble lesson through every page. I will thank those who teach me not to be easily depressed.

An excellent specimen of poetry of its kind is the epitaph on the criminal who was killed by a fall from his horse.

> "Between the stirrup and the ground
> I mercy asked and mercy found."
>
> *Vide* Boswell's *Johnson.*

Which word can you spare, what can you add?

A proud man should not wear shoes, nor eat sugar in his tea, nor walk in the road nor ride, no, nor eat nor drink nor wear anything. If he is so good that he cannot associate with men,

let him not creep about, their debtor for everything. We are so helplessly mendicant in our relations to each other, that pride is dishonest. Robinson Crusoe may be as proud as he pleases.

The aim of churches and colleges and parties is to drill; the aim of reason and of God is to create. I read with pleasure in Miss Martineau's book the lines of Brutus in Shakspear.

> "Countrymen,
> My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me."

Shakspear knew better than to put the coxcomb speech that has been reported of old in Brutus' mouth at his death, "That he had worshipped Virtue all his life, and found it but a shadow." I read with pleasure and for quite a different reason, the vivacious expression that the Western emigrants were "the perspiration of the Eastern States."

August 9.

Clarendon alone among the English authors (though I think I see the love of Clarendon in Burke) has successfully transplanted the Italian superlative style.

> *Nec intersit deus, dignus nisi vindice nodus.*
>
> HORACE.

This rule of rhetoric is a rule of conversation also. Always suppose God; and do not cant upon interpositions here and there, as if anywhere he were absent, or you were anything. What is man but God impure?

The world seems very simple and easily dispatched — to the theorist. There are but two things, or but one thing and its shadow — Cause and Effect, and Effect is itself worthless, if separated from Cause. It is Cause still that must be worshipped in Effect, so that it is only one thing. The worship of Effect is Idolatry. The Church, including under the name Doctrine, Forms, Discipline, Members, is the instant Effect: weak man adheres to the Effect and lets God go. The Iliad, the Porch, the Academy is the effect, admirable, adorable, in the moment of their appearance and their spontaneous working on the mind; but when, as speedily happens, severed from the Cause, and regarded as having a perfection *per se*, they spawn with rules, prescriptions, observances, they become noxious idols.

The indisposition of men to go back to the source and mix with Deity is the reason of degradation and decay. Education is expended in

the measurement and imitation of effects, in the study of Shakspear, for example, as itself a perfect being, instead of using Shakspear merely as an effect of which the cause is with every scholar. Thus the College becomes idolatrous — a temple full of idols. Shakspear will never be made by the study of Shakspear. I know not how directions for greatness can be given, yet greatness may be inspired.

Always cast back the child, the man, on himself. Teach him to treat things and books and sovereign genius, as himself also a sovereign, that he is porous to principles, by nature a perfect conductor of that electricity and when he is in the circuit, divine; when not, dead.[1]

My garden is a mat of vines, herbs, corn and shrubs. One must pick strawberries and pease before he can know that there are as many to glean as to gather. I like the fragrance that floats by from I know not what weeds or plants, as I stand in the pea vines and pluck the little pendulums. Every time I pull one his neighbors make a gentle rattle in their pod to invite the hand to them.

1 Here follows the passage in "The American Scholar" (p. 105) about the world, "plastic in the hands of God, flint to ignorance and sin," etc.

I sit and have nothing to say. In the great calm my ship can do nothing. I have confidence that if the winds arise and the waves toss, I have rigging and rudder, and hands to sail my ship. But when the sea is full, there is no whirlpool; when the river is flooded, no falls; in the stoical *plenum*, no motion.

I had a letter from Dr. Frothingham[1] to-day. The sight of that man's handwriting is Parnassian. Nothing vulgar is connected with his name, but, on the contrary, every remembrance of wit and learning, and contempt of cant. In our Olympic games we love his fame. But that fame was bought by many years' steady rejection of all that is popular with our saints, and as persevering study of books which none else reads, and which he can convert to no temporary purpose. There is a scholar doing a scholar's office.

Carlyle: how the sight of his handwriting warms my heart at the little post-window; how

1 Rev. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, S. T. D., Pastor of the First Church in Boston (in which office he was a successor of Mr. Emerson's father), and at one time Instructor in Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard College. He was a man of taste and letters, always honored and valued by Mr. Emerson.

noble it seems to me that his words should run out of Nithsdale or London over land and sea to Weimar, to Rome, to America, to Watertown, to Concord, to Louisville; that they should cheer and delight and invigorate me. A man seeking no reward, warping his genius, filing his mind[1] to no dull public, but content with the splendors of nature and art as he beholds them, and resolute to announce them if his voice is orotund and shrill, in his own proper accents — please or displease the world. How noble that he should trust his eye and ear above all London, and know that in all England is no man that can see so far behind or forward; how good and just that amid the hootings of malignant men he should hear this and that whispered qualification of praise of Schiller, Burns, Diderot, etc., the commended papers being more every year and the commendation louder. How noble that, alone and unpraised, he should still write for he knew not whom, and find at last his readers in the valley of the Mississippi, and they should brood on the pictures he had painted, and untwist the many-colored meanings which he

1 The expression is borrowed from Shakespeare. Macbeth says,

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind. (Act iii, Scene 1.)

had spun and woven into so rich a web of sentences; and domesticate in so many and remote heads the humor, the learning and the philosophy which, year by year, in summer and in frost, this lonely man had lived in the moors of Scotland. This man upholds and propels civilization. For every wooden post he knocks away he replaces one of stone. He cleanses and exalts men and leaves the world better. He knows and loves the heavenly stars, and sees fields below with trees and animals. He sees towered cities, royal houses, and poor men's chambers, and reports the good he sees, God through him telling this generation also that he has beholden his work and sees that it is good. He discharges his duty as one of the world's Scholars.

The farmer turns his capital once a year. The merchant many times oftener. The scholar cannot. The knowledge which he acquires will not become bread or reputation to him in a year, or two years, or ten. There is no double speeder, no railroad, no mechanical multiplication. He gives himself to the slow and unhonored task of observation.[1] . . . For all this loss and scorn he is

1 Here follows the long passage comparing the Scholar in his private observatory to the astronomer, except that he may

to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. . . . The wisdom that he painfully gathers sweetens his own life; he is made gentle, noble and self-centred, and who is so becomes, in the heart of all clear-seeing men, venerable and salutary and oracular. He preserves for another generation the knowledge of what is noble and good.

The Southerner asks concerning any man, "How does he fight?" The Northerner asks, "What can he do?"

August 12.

It is a sublime thing to oversee one's self as we do in memory.

The general has only to stimulate the mind of his troop to that degree that they ascend to the perception that they are men, and the enemy is no more, and they are bold, and the victory is already won. . . .

How foolish is war. Let the injured party speak to the injurer until their minds meet, —

be long obscure and poor; that he must seem to be hostile to society; must resist vulgar prosperity and decadence by communicating heroic sentiments, etc. ("The American Scholar," pp. 101, 102.)

and the artillery is discharged, and the forced marches of the army, that were clambering in six weeks over mountains and rivers, are too slow and cumberous ; the blow is already struck, the victory gained, the peace sworn. I fear the Cochran rifle or the Perkins steam-battery will never do. These are wrath and wrong embodied, but, unhappily for their patentees, they are finite, and the force opposed to them is infinite, and if they could contrive an engine to rain cannon-balls all day over an acre, as we water a garden-bed, it would prove nothing but ingenious and speedy transportation of iron, a pretty toy, but for tyranny or anger quite useless.[1]

All the life I have lived lies as my dictionary, from which to extract the word which I want to dress the new perception of this moment. This is the way to learn grammar. God never meant that we should learn Language by Colleges or Books. That only can we say which we have lived. Life lies behind us, as the quarry

1 The entry following this is the simile which Mr. Emerson drew from his gardening experience of the images of apples in the sunshine remaining on the retina, when excited hours later. See "Intellect," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 333, 334, Centenary Ed.

from whence we get tiles and cope-stones for the masonry of to-day.[1]

August 14.

The preacher enumerates his classes of men, and I do not find my place therein. I suspect then that no man does. Everything is my cousin, and when he speaks things, I immediately feel he is touching some of my relations, and I am uneasy, but whilst he deals in words I can slumber and sleep.[2]

. . . The flowering weed and sere stubble, gay facts or grave facts, alike confirm his [the wise man's] thought, not less than if there were a voice, "As thou hast said."

If Jesus came now into the world, he would say, You, YOU! He said to his age, I.

He that perceives that the moral sentiment is the highest in God's order, rights himself, he stands in the erect position, and therefore is strong, uses his hands, works miracles, just as

1 Compare with last sentences of the paragraph on Vocabulary, "The American Scholar," pp. 97, 98.

2 Here follows the paragraph, "All literature writes the character of the wise man," etc. See "History," *Essays*, First Series, p. 7.

a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

There never was a saint but was pleased to be accused of pride and this because pride is a form of self-trust.

I like not to have the day hurry away under me whilst I sit at my desk; I wish not reveries, I like to taste my time and spread myself through all the hour.

Do they think the composition too highly wrought? A poem should be a blade of Damascus steel, made up a mass of knife-blades and nails, and parts every one of which has had its whole surface hammered and wrought before it was welded into the sword, to be wrought over anew.

The least effect of the oration is on the orator; yet it is something; a faint recoil; a kicking of the gun.

August 17.

This morning Mr. Alcott and Mr. Hedge left me. Four or five days full of discourse, and much was seen. I incline to withdraw continually as from a surfeit, but the stomach of my

wise guests being stronger, I strain my courtesy to sit by, though drowsy. In able conversation we have glimpses of the Universe, perceptions of the soul's omnipotence, but not much to record. I, who enjoin on Alcott records, can attain to none myself, to no register of these far-darting lights and shadows, or any sketch of the mountain landscape which has opened itself to the eye. It would be a valuable piece of literature, could a report of these extended and desultory but occasionally profound, often ornamented, often sprightly and comic dialogues, be made, sinking some parts, fulfilling others, and chiefly putting together things that belong together. I would rather have a perfect recollection of all this, of all that I have thought and felt in the last week than any book that can now be published.

Society. These caducous relations are in the soul as leaves, flowers and fruits are in the arboreous nature, and wherever it is put, and how often soever they are lopped off, yet still it renews them ever.

Infancy, Coleridge says, is body and spirit in unity, the body is all animated. If this state

should be perpetuated, we should have men like the gods and heroes carved on the friezes of the Parthenon. Now the adult figure is ugly, and we are thankful it is clothed to save our eyes from offence. But Phidias's men are as lovely and majestic in their nakedness as is the child.

The *œillade* is to be explained on the principle of community or oneness of nature. It is the body's perception of difference based on radical oneness. Strange that anybody who ever met another person's eyes should doubt that all men have one soul.

August 18.

The hope to arouse young men at Cambridge to a worthier view of their literary duties prompts me to offer the theory of the Scholar's function. He has an office to perform in Society. What is it? To arouse the intellect; to keep it erect and sound; to keep admiration in the hearts of the people; to keep the eye open upon its spiritual aims. How shall he render this service? By being a soul among those things with which he deals. Let us look at the world as it aids his function.

One thing is plain, he must have a training by himself. The training of another age will not fit him. He himself, and not others, must judge what is good for him. Now the young are oppressed by their instructors. Bacon or Locke saw and thought, and inspired by their thinking a generation, and now all must be pinned to their thinking, which a year after was already too narrow for them. The coverlet is too narrow and too short. They were born heirs of the dome of God, thereunder or therein to move unshackled and unbounded, and we would confine them under a coverlet. Meek young men grow up in colleges [1] and believe it is their duty to accept the views which books have given, and grow up slaves. Some good angel in the shape of a turnkey bids them demand a *habeas corpus*, and the moment they come out of durance the heaven opens and the earth smiles.

They say the insane like a master; so always does the human heart hunger after a leader, a master through truth.

August 19.

The secret of the scholar or intellectual man

1 Compare with the sentence thus beginning in "The American Scholar," p. 89.

is that all Nature is only the foliage, the flowering and the fruit of the soul, and that every part therefore exists as emblem and sign of some fact in the soul. Instantly rags and offal are elevated into hieroglyphics; as the chemist sees nothing unclean, so the Poet does not. This needed the Reflective Age. The near explains the far; a drop of water tells all that is true of the ocean; a family will reveal the State, and one man the All. The reflective age should make the greatest discoveries. . . . Let me once go behind any material fact and see its cause in an affection, an idea, and the fact assumes at once a scientific value. Facts are disagreeable or loathsome to me so long as I have no clue to them; persons are formidable or tedious. But give me the chain that connects them to the Universal consciousness, and I shall see them to be necessary and see them to be convenient, and enlarge my charity one circle more and let them in. Let me see how the man, not "is tyrannized over by his members," but by his thoughts, and these thoughts of mine, — thoughts that I have also, though qualified in me by other thoughts not yet ripened in him, — and I can pardon and rejoice in him also. Community, Identity of Nature is the ground of that

boundless trust in men which always has its reward in reciprocal trust.[1] . . .

I please myself with getting my nail-box set in the snuggest corner of the barn-chamber and well filled with nails, and gimlet, pincers, screw-driver and chisel. Herein I find an old joy of youth, of childhood, which perhaps all domestic children share, — the catlike love of garrets, barns and corn-chambers, and of the conveniences of long housekeeping.[2] It is quite genuine. When it occurs to-day, I ask, Have others the same? Once I should not have thought of such a question. What I loved, I supposed all children loved and knew, and therefore I did not name them. We were at accord. But much conversation, much comparison, apprises us of difference. The first effect of this new learning is to incline us to hide our tastes. As they differ, we must be wrong. Afterwards some person comes and wins *éclat* by simply describing this old but concealed fancy of ours. Then we immediately learn to value all the parts of our

1 Many omitted passages in this entry of August 19 are scattered through pp. 109–113 of "The American Scholar."

2 This autobiographical passage does duty in "Prudence" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 227, Centenary Ed.).

nature, to rely on them as self-authorized and that to publish them is to please others. So now the nail-box figures for its value in my Journal.

We are indeed discriminated from each other by very slight inequalities which, by their accumulation, constitute at last broad contrasts. Genius surprises us with every word. It does not surprise itself. It is moving by the self-same law as you obey in your daily cogitation, and one day you will tread without wonder the same steps.

Plutarch. [Here follow many quotations from Plutarch's "Morals," many of them quoted by him from the poets. A few are here given.]

"Hesiod says: —

> 'Bad Counsel, so the Gods ordain,
> Is most of all the advisers' bane.'"
>
> *Morals*, IV, p. 158.

"They should have left every one in those sentiments which they had from the laws and custom concerning the Divinity,

> 'Since neither now nor yesterday began
> These thoughts, that have been ever, nor yet can
> A man be found who their first entrance knew.'"
>
> *Morals*, IV, p. 391. (From Sophocles, *Antigone*.)

"Dost thou behold the vast and azure sky
How in its liquid arms the earth doth lie?"
Morals, IV, p. 320.

"Truth being the greatest good that man can receive and the goodliest blessing that God can give." — *Morals*, IV, p. 60.

"Nature sent us out free and loose, we bind and straiten and pin up ourselves in houses, and reduce ourselves into a scant and little room." — *Morals*, III, p. 50.

"Stern Jove has in some angry mood
Bereft us of his solitude."
Telemachus, in HOMER, *apud* PLUTARCH, *Morals*, III, p. 73.

"Unvanquished love! whatever else deceives
Our trust, 't is this our very selves outlives."
Morals, III, p. 74.

"It is an expression of Pindar, that we tread the dark bottom of hell with necessities as hard as iron." — *Morals*, I, p. 288.

After a festival you may see "the dirt of wine."

"The sea was the tear of Saturn."

"A walk near the sea, and a sail near the shore are best."

August 20.

Carlyle and Wordsworth now act out of England on us, — Coleridge also.

Lidian remembers the religious terrors of her childhood, when Young tinged her day and night thoughts, and the doubts of Cowper were her own; when every lightning seemed the beginning of conflagration, and every noise in the street the crack of doom. I have some parallel recollections at the Latin School when I lived in Beacon Street. Afterwards, what remained for one to learn was cleansed by books and poetry and philosophy, and came in purer forms of literature at College. These spiritual crises no doubt are periods of as certain occurrence in some form of agitation to every mind as dentition or puberty. Lidian was at that time alarmed by the lines on the gravestones.

The babe cheers me with his hearty and protracted laugh, which sounds to me like thunder in the woods.[1]

1 Laughter rich as woodland thunder. "Threnody," *Poems*, p. 155, Centenary Ed.

August 21.

A dream of a duel. Dreams may explain the magnetic *directed dream*. Dreams are the sequel of waking knowledge. Awake, I know the character of Andrew, but do not think what he may do.[1] . . .

We say Paradise was; Adam fell; the Golden Age, and the like. We mean man is not as he ought to be; but our way of painting this is on Time and we say *was*.

I believe I shall some time cease to be an individual, that the eternal tendency of the soul is to become Universal, to animate the last extremities of organization.

August 22.

I received this morning "*The French Revolution, A History*, by Thomas Carlyle" from him.[2]

[On the last day of August Mr. Emerson delivered the Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, "The American Scholar."]

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Demonology," *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 8, 9, Centenary Ed.

2 This entry is followed by one on "Circles" printed in *Essays*, First Series, pp. 304, 305.

September 6.

Not a word is inscribed for ten days. And now we bask in warm and yellow light of three pearly days — corn, beans, and squashes ripening every hour; the garden, the field, an Indian Paradise.

It seemed the other day a fact of some moment that the project of our companion, be he who he may, and that what it may, is always entitled in courteous society to deference and superiority.

September 13.

We need nature, and cities give the human senses not room enough. I go out daily and nightly to feed my eyes on the horizon and the sky, and come to feel the want of this scope as I do of water for my washing.

Yesterday, as I watched the flight of some crows, I suddenly discovered a hawk high overhead and then directly four others at such a height they seemed smallest sparrows. There on high they swooped and circled in the pure heaven. After watching them for a time, I turned my eye to my path, and was struck with the dim and leaden color, all unattractive and shorn of beams, of this earth to him whose eye has conversed with Heaven.

To-day I wrote a letter to Carlyle.

On the first of September the Club spent the day with me; present, Alcott, Barlow, Bradford, Clarke, Dwight,[1] Emerson, Francis, Hedge, Osgood,[2] Peabody,[3] Putnam,[4] Ripley, Robbins, Stetson. Elizabeth Hoar, Mrs. Ripley, and Margaret Fuller also honored our *séance*.

The American artist who would carve a wood-god, and who was familiar with the forest in Maine, where enormous fallen pine trees "cumber the forest floor," where huge mosses depending from the trees and the mass of the timber give a savage and haggard strength to the grove, would produce a very different statue from the sculptor who only knew a European woodland — the tasteful Greek, for example.

The German printed type resembles the Gothic Architecture.

It occurred the other day, in hearing some clapping of hands after a speech, that the Orator's value might be measured by every additional

1 Rev. John Sullivan Dwight.
2 Rev. Samuel Osgood, S. T. D.
3 Rev. Ephraim Peabody, later, minister of King's Chapel.
4 Rev. George Putnam, S. T. D. (?)

round after the three first claps, just as jockeys are wont to pay ten dollars for every additional roll of a horse who rolls himself on the ground. For in both cases the first and second roll come very easily off, but it gets beyond the third very hardly.

September 18.

In the woods to-day I heard a pattering like rain and looking up I beheld the air over and about the trees full of insects (the winged ant) in violent motion and gyrations, and some of them continually dropping out of the flying or fighting swarm, and causing the rain-like sound as they fell upon the oak leaves. The fallers consisted of little knots of two or three insects apparently biting each other, and so twisted or holden together as to encumber the wings.[1]

September 19.

There are few experiences in common life more mortifying and disagreeable than "the foolish face of praise."[2] . . .

1 Alluded to in "Literary Ethics," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 168, Centenary Ed.

2 The whole passage occurs in "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, p. 55.

I should like very well to get the data of the good story which Lidian tells of the stout soldier who persisted in wearing his military queue when the reforming major ordered all queues to be cut off in the regiment; the soldier held fast to his own, and, dying, required that a hole should be made underneath his head in his coffin and the dear queue should project, decent and honorable, thereout.

Charles, talking of Mrs. ——, said that she had two faces, and, when conversing with her, you looked up and would suddenly find that, instead of talking with the beautiful Mrs. ——, you were talking with a ghoul.

The hand is needed to teach the use of the eye.

We can hardly speak of our own experience and the names of our family sparingly enough. The rule seems to be, that we should not use these dangerous personalities any more than we are sure the sympathies of the interlocutors will go along with us.[1] . . .

1 The rest of the paragraph is on avoiding demonstrations in conversation in company. ("Friendship," *Essays*, First Series, p. 207.)

The Æsthetic Club met at Mr. Clark's in Newton on September 6. Present: — Alcott, Clarke, Dwight, Emerson, Francis, Hedge, Osgood, Ripley, Stetson. Miss Clarke,[1] Miss Fuller, and Miss Peabody were also present.

Our spontaneous action is always our best. Come out of the study and walk abroad, and you shall get suddenly a spontaneous glance of the soul at your subject more searching and just than any the hours of labor had given. Yet was the labor a needful preamble. So the first retrospect on yesterday's thought which we have on waking; mark, keep and deepen that.[2]

I have among my kinsmen a man to whom, more than anyone I have known, I may apply the phrase "an afternoon man." He rolls and riots in delays. His wife and daughters beseech him to plant his corn early, that it may not be killed by frost as it was last year. "Pooh," he says,

1 Miss Sarah Clarke, the artist, a pupil of Allston, and sister of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, had been one of Mr. Emerson's scholars and continued to be his friend through life.

2 Much the same matter is printed in "Intellect" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 328), but the form seems more interesting here.

"I hate to have all the corn ripe; I like to see some of it cut in the stalk for fodder." The horse I bought of him was very small. — "O, yes," he says, "none of those great overgrown creatures that eat all before them." Mr. Lamb complained of the very bad roads in Maine, which had racked his chaise badly. "Why, Mr. Lamb," said my friend, "I always think that it does a chaise good to come down into this country, it drives in the spokes of the wheels and makes all tight and strong."

On the 29th August, I received a letter from the Salem Lyceum, signed I. F. Worcester, requesting me to lecture before the institution next winter, and adding, "The subject is, of course, discretionary with yourself, provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided!" I replied, on the same day, to Mr. W. by quoting these words, and adding, "I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so incumbered."

"The motto on all palace gates is, *Hush.*"
LADY LOUISA STEWART, *Anecdotes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

Mr. Lee said, "Miss Fuller remembers; it is very ill-bred to remember."

Nothing is more carefully secured in our constitution than that we shall not systematize or integrate too fast. Carry it how we will, always something refuses to be subordinated and to drill. It will not toe the line. The facts of animal magnetism are now extravagant. We can make nothing of them. What then? Why, own that you are a tyro. We make a dear little cosmogony of our own that makes the world, and tucks in all nations like cherries into a tart, — and 't is all finished and rounded into compass and shape; but unluckily we find that it will not explain the existence of the African race.

It was the happiest turn to my old thrum which Charles Henry Warren[1] gave as a toast at the Φ B K Dinner. "Mr. President," he said, "I suppose all know where the orator comes from; and I suppose all know what he has said; I give you *The Spirit of Concord; it makes us all of One Mind.*"

1 Charles Henry Warren, of Plymouth, later of Boston, always a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson.

That a man appears scornful, and claims to belong to another age and race, is only affirmation of weakness. A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. He measures you, and all men, and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard.

Lidian's Aunt Sarah Cotton, when washing clothes with her sisters, was addressed by her father who passed through the kitchen, "Girls, who that saw you now would think you the descendants of Robert Bruce?" "Father," said she, "if I knew in which of my veins his blood flowed I would instantly let it out into the wash-tub."[1]

September 20.

I read this morning some lines written by Mr. Allston to Mrs. Jameson on the *Diary of an Ennuyée*, very good and entirely self-taught, original — not conventional. And always we hear a sublime admonition in any such line. But the verses celebrate Italy, not as it is, but as it is imagined. *That* Earth "fills her lap with pleasures not her own," but supplied from self-deceived imaginations. I must think the man is

1 "Aunt Harlow" — Mrs. Emerson always called her by her married name — was fiercely democratic.

not yet married to Nature who sighs ever for some foreign land. Italy can never show me a better earth and Heaven than many a time have intoxicated my senses within a mile of my house. Then I must think the man is not yet ripe who is not yet domesticated in his native spot, who has not yet domesticated art and nature, grandeur and beauty, hope and fear, friendship, angels, and God, in the chamber where he sits, in the half acre where his chimney rises.[1] . . .

The passion for travelling is a mark of our age and of this country and indicates youth, novitiate, and not yet the reign of heroic instincts. It is like the conjugating French verbs which has in some families been called Education.[2] Some people are curious about *reliques*, Shakespeare's mulberry, and the houses in which Milton lived: about removing from city to city, or country to country, the remains of a dead friend. He who has indeed a friend, who has

1 The passage follows about Epaminondas or Washington having no need of picturesque surroundings ("Heroism," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 258, 259).

2 Compare, in "Culture," an eminent teacher's saying, "The idea of a girl's education is, whatever qualifies her for going to Europe." (*Conduct of Life*, p. 145, Centenary Ed.).

found an unity of consciousness with his brother, and seeing into the glorious goal of right and great with him, will think little of bringing home his shoes or his body.

September 21.

The autumnal equinox comes with sparkling stars and thoughtful days.

I think the principles of the Peace party sublime, and that the opposers of this philanthropy do not sufficiently consider the positive side of the spiritualist, but only see his negative or abstaining side. But if a nation of men is exalted to that height of morals as to refuse to fight and choose rather to suffer loss of goods and loss of life than to use violence, they must be not helpless, but most effective and great men; they would overawe their invader, and make him ridiculous; they would communicate the contagion of their virtue and inoculate all mankind.[1]

September 23.

I wrote, long since, thus: — When phrenology came, men listened with alarm to the adept, who

1 Compare the lecture on Peace, given in the following year by Mr. Emerson, in a series arranged for by the Peace Society in Boston. Later, he changed the title to "War," under which name it is printed in *Miscellanies*.

seemed to insinuate with knowing looks that they had let out their secret; that, maugre themselves, he was reading them to the bone and marrow. They were presently comforted by learning that their human incognito would be indulged to them a short time longer, until the artists had settled what allowance was to be made for temperament, and what for counteracting organs, which trifling circumstances hindered the most exact observation from being of any value.

September 28.

I hope New England will come to boast itself in being a nation of Servants, and leave to the planters the misery of being a nation of served.

September 30.

The child delights in shadows on the wall. The child prattles in the house, but if you carry him out of doors, he is overpowered by the light and extent of natural objects, and is silent. But there never was child so lovely but his mother was glad to get him asleep.[1]

I get no further than my old doctrine, that the whole is in each man, and that a man may,

1 Retained, though partly printed in "Domestic Life" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 104, Centenary Ed.).

if he will, as truly and fully illustrate the laws of nature in his own experience as in the history of Rome or Palestine or England. A great deal of pregnant business is done daily before our eyes, of which we take very little note. Sift, for instance, what people say in reference to property, when the character of any man is considered. It will appear that it is an essential element to our knowledge of the man, what was his opinion, practice, and success in regard to the institution of property. It tells a great deal of his spiritual history, this part. He was no whole man until he knew how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs. When Eli Robbins insists that rules of trade apply to clergy as well as shop-keepers, he means no insult, but a recognition only that there is a just law of humanity now hid under the canting of society.

October 1.

I thought again to-day how much it needs to preach the doctrine of Being against Seeming, especially to young women; the tendency of example, of precept, of constitution and of their first experience, is almost irresistible in favor of

preferring appearances. Let them know that, whatever they may think they know to the contrary, it is not the pretty form, face, or fair hair that wins, much less the skill of dress, but that faces are but urns into which they may infuse an inexpressible loveliness, and that everything they do, every noble choice they make, every forbearance, every virtue beautifies them with a charm to all beholders. Let them know, that, as God liveth, they that be, shall have, and not they that seem. One class wins now, glitters and disappears; the other class begins, and grows, and becomes forever. Already I see an early old age creeping over faces that were yesterday rosebuds, because they aimed to seem. I see again the divinity of hope and power beaming out of eyes that never sparkled with gratified vanity.

The young preacher preached from his ears and his memory, and never a word from his soul. His sermon was loud and hollow. It was not the report so much as the *rimbombo*, the reverberation of Calvinism. A solemn conclusion of a Calvinistic discourse imitated at the end of a Unitarian sermon is surely ludicrous, like grandfather's hat and spectacles on a rogue of six years. Alas, I could not help thinking how

few prophets are left; there are five or six seers and sayers in the land; 'all the rest of the preaching is the reverberation of theirs.'

The young man relying on his instincts, who has only a good intention, is apt to feel ashamed of his inaction and the slightness of his virtue when in the presence of the active and zealous leaders of the philanthropic enterprises of Universal Temperance, Peace, Abolition, of Slavery. He only loves like Cordelia, after his duty, — trusted nevertheless. A man's income is not sufficient for all things. If he spends here, he must save there. If he choose to build a solid hearth, he must postpone painting his house. Let each follow his taste, but let not him that loves fine porticoes and avenues reprove him that chooses to have all weather-tight and solid within. It is a grandeur of character which must have unity, and reviews and pries ever into its domestic truth and justice, loving quiet honor better than a proclaiming zeal. I think the zealot goes abroad from ignorance of the riches of his home. But this good intention, which

1 Here follows the passage in the Divinity School Address about "the good hearer." *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 139.

seems so cheap beside this brave zeal, is the back-bone of the world; when the trumpeters and heralds have been scattered, it is this which must bear the brunt of the fight. This is the martyrable stuff. Let it, for God's sake, grow free and wild, under wind, under sun, to be solid heart of oak and last forever.

Every day is new; every glance I throw upon nature ought to bring me new information; the gains of each day ought to bestow a new vision on to-morrow's eyes, a new melody on to-morrow's ears.

It is very shallow to think the world full of vice because the conventions of society are little worth. Henry and James and Jane and Anna are generous, tender-hearted, and of scrupulous conscience, whilst they are entirely immersed in these poor forms and conventions. Only they are not critical. They may make very great growth too before they shall become critical. By and by, that unfolding must be also, and then they will snap asunder the social cords like green withes.

Lidian grieves aloud about the wretched negro in the horrors of the middle passage, and

they are bad enough.[1] . . . The horrors of the middle passage are the wens and ulcers that admonish us that a violation of nature has preceded. I should not — the nations would not — know of the extremity of the wrong but for the terrors of the retribution.

October 2.

My classmate, Turnbull, said of some praised belle, that he had seen her on a certain day and did not think her handsome. Gourdin replied, that it was a rainy day and she was not well drest. Turnbull insisted that was fudge; that beauty was that which looked well wet days and dry, in silks or flannel.

Whatsoever the mind doth or saith is after a law. Hence the most random word can be set in a place by a philosopher. Why, then, should we think it strange that critics of to-day should find wonderful ideal truth in Shakspear's *Tempest*, or much more, in the Homeric Mythology?

I must think that every analogical hint is, to our science, precious, however odious at first

1 What follows, the consolation that the negro savage has coarser sensibilities, is omitted, because printed in "The Tragic" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 415).

sight its tendency may be. Knowledge is undoubtedly lodged in the affinity betwixt man and ape; in equivocal generation.

I have read the second volume of Bancroft's history of the United States. It is very pleasing. He does not, I think, ever originate his views, but he imports very good views into his book, and parades his facts by the brave light of his principles. A very pleasant book, for here, lo! the huge world has at last come round to Roger Williams, George Fox, and William Penn; and time-honored John Locke received kicks. An objection to the book is the insertion of a boyish hurrah, every now and then, for each State in turn, which resembles the fortune of the good professor in Mathematics in a Southern College, who was not permitted to go on with his exercise on Election Day without interposing in his demonstration, ABF = GHI, Hurrah for Jackson! and so on.

One would think the right use of words is almost lost who reads such a sentence as that of Lord Jeffreys to Richard Baxter, and compares it with our Latinized formulas. "Richard, thou art an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart; every one as full of sedition as

an egg is full of meat. I know thou hast a mighty party, and a great many of the brotherhood are waiting in corners to see what will become of their mighty Don; but by the grace of Almighty God, I 'll crush you all." BANCROFT, vol. ii, p. 441.

The Pagan Theology of our churches treats heaven as an inevitable evil, which, as there is no help against, the best way is to put the best face on the matter we can. "From whence," said the good preacher yesterday in his prayer, "we shall not be able to return." Truth will out.

We have vastly more kindness than is ever spoken.[1] . . . Maugre all the selfishness, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons I meet in houses whom I scarcely speak to, who yet honor me and I them. How many I see in the street or sit with in the church, whom I warmly rejoice to be with. The Heart knoweth.

We owe much illustration of moral truth to such teaching as the *Composition of Forces*, which

1 Here follows the opening paragraph of "Friendship" (*Essays*, First Series).

was also mechanically shown us in the college apparatus.

Progress of the Species. Every soul has to learn the whole lesson for itself. It must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know. What the former age has epitomized into a formula or rule for manipular convenience, it will lose all the good of verifying for itself by means of the wall of that Rule. Some time or other, somewhere or other, it will demand and find compensation for that loss by doing the work itself. How, then, since each must go over every line of the ground, can there be any progress of the species? Ferguson discovered many things which had long been very well known. The better for him that he did not know.

Is it not a reason and a topic for discoursing that the soul is not admired? Let me say with Plotinus, "Since therefore, you admire soul in another thing, admire yourself." Admire the world, and admire the more true world of which this is the image.

October 3.

The very naming of a subject by a man of genius is the beginning of insight.

We do not love the man who gives us thoughts in conversation. We do not love that act. Why? Does it violate our thinking? Does it accuse our unthinking? We like the company of him whose manners or unconscious talk set our own minds in action, and we take occasions of rich opinions from him, as we take apples off a tree, without any thanks. How seldom we meet a man who gives us thoughts directly. It seems as if I could name all my benefactors, though I remember them as I do the lady who made me shirts. Say Dr. G. B.; A. B. A.; M. M. E.; C. C. E.; H. H.; G. P. B.; O. D.;[1] — and now that I name them, I see that what I have said is not true, for these, and needs much sharp qualification. But we feel towards a person who gives us beforehand what should be one of our thoughts, as we do to one who insists on telling us a conundrum we had all but guessed; he has defrauded us of a pleasant labor and a just honor.

1 Dr. Gamaliel Bradford (brother of Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley); Mr. Alcott; Miss Mary Moody Emerson; Charles Emerson; Rev. (Frederic) Henry Hedge; George P. Bradford; Rev. Orville Dewey, S. T. D., akin by marriage to Mr. Emerson, Dr. Channing's assistant, and later, minister in New Bedford and of the Church of the Messiah in New York.

October 5.

I was glad to learn that the tree gets only one twentieth of its nourishment from the ground, the rest it drinks in by its aerial roots, the leaves, from the air. The advantage of a tree-covered country over bald hills and fields in attracting electricity and rain, was also alluded to in the most ridiculous discourse of yesterday's Cattle Show.

Rest is only in principles. Keep the valve open and let them in; the conversation bobs up and down uneasy, immethodical, unsatisfying, heartless, until at last some one opens the soul to it; then the waters without mix with the great deep, and equilibrium and peace ensue. As long as you name persons, there can be parties; when you speak of the human soul, there can be none.

I gladly see in the last *Foreign Quarterly Review* the same doctrine preached in reference to architecture which I preach in literature and life.

The list of ships' names in the newspaper is worth considering. Like the moon, the sea seems the refuge of things lost on earth, Fairy, Sylph, Neptune, Britomart, Ivanhoe, Rob Roy.

A great man must always be willing to be little. Captain Pitts was the most important

person, by his own account, of any in the world. No man had ever the advantage of him. But the speculative man has not the temper of the world's man, and his voice becomes husky and his eyes look down as the conversation wakens the partisan in him. Instantly the changed tone alters the tone of the other speakers, invites attack, scrutiny, lowers their respect, and throws him at once into a new position where he can no longer fight at arm's length, but must fight hand to hand with dirk and short sword. Then he has a chance to learn something. Then his memory serves him no longer. Now he is put on his wits — on his manhood; if he is defeated, all the better: he has gained facts; knowledge of himself, of his ignorance; of the strength of others; is cured of some insanity of conceit; and got some moderation and real skill in defence instead. Never sit on the cushion of your advantages. Do not, like a coward, fly to sanctuary either of place, profession or manners at the first onset. You must pay dearly for the momentary shelter. Thereby you set to a seal and put under lock and key your acquisitions thus far, and enrol yourself Emeritus, and forgo the prerogative of humanity, of using your acquisitions as seed-wheat, and of acquiring the All.

Go rather and court defeat, mortification and disgrace. Nothing venture, nothing have.

You might as well expect the cannon on the north side of a fort to fire also south and east, as look for victory from the same man in every crisis. There is a time when common sense is impertinent, for foresight and philosophy are wanted; a time when arithmetic is vain, for wit and imagination are in request; a time when philosophy and imagination are absurd, for one must act, count, measure, plunge, strike, and die.

I suppose there was seldom a person of my age and advantages whom so little people could pull down and overcrow. The least people do most entirely demolish me. I always find some quarter, and some orts of respect from the mediocre. But a snipper-snapper eats me whole.

There is no activity but accomplishes somewhat. A man is sometimes offended at the superfluous, supererogatory order and nicety of a woman who is the good housewife. But he must bear with little extremities and flourishes of a quality that makes comfort for all his senses throughout his house. He must look at a virtue *whole*, and not only at the skirt of its garment where it gathers up a little dust.

In the days in which there is no vision we learn that instructive negative.

There are other advantages to be won besides money in the trading of every man. I covet the genuine conversation of my workmen. Where money is the main object in view, it is the least thing gained in the transaction.

October 6.

A great man must not grumble at his contemporaries. God saith to him what the poet said,—

> The piece, you say, is incorrect, — Why, take it.
> I 'm all submission. What you 'd have it, make it.

If you don't like the world, make it to suit you. All true men have done so before you. Mr. Allston heroically says, "His art must be sufficient to the artist." But the ——s grumble like sick women.

I wonder at the interest that animal magnetism inspires in fine persons; not at all that it startles the thoughtless.[1] I feel no strong interest in it. I do not doubt the wonder, but

1 One or two of the sentences in this paragraph occur in "Demonology" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

there is wonder enough in my thumbnail already. Its phenomena belong to the copious chapter of Demonology, under which category I suppose everybody's experience might write a few facts. These obscure facts are only to suggest that our being is richer than we knew, and we are now only in the forecourt or portico. The hints we have, the dreams, the coincidences, do make each man stare once or twice in a lifetime. But animal magnetism seems the phenomena of Disease, and too fuliginous and typhoid in their character to attract any but the physician. . . . Animal magnetism is the shovel put under the feet to show how poor our foundations are.

October 8.

Last evening I had a good hour with Mrs. Ripley.[1]

The young Southerner comes here a spoiled child, with graceful manners, excellent self-command, very good to be spoiled more, but good for nothing else, — a mere parader. He has conversed so much with rifles, horses and dogs

1 Rev. Samuel Ripley kept a boarding-school for boys, of which his wife was the literary strength. Many young Southerners fitted for college there. Mr. Ripley kind, generous, and impulsive, was also choleric and hasty of speech.

that he has become himself a rifle, a horse and a dog, and in civil, educated company, where anything human is going forward, he is dumb and unhappy, like an Indian in a church. Treat them with great deference, as we often do, and they accept it all as their due without misgiving. Give them an inch, and they take a mile. They are mere bladders of conceit. Each snipper-snapper of them all undertakes to speak for the entire Southern States. "At the South, the reputation of Cambridge," etc., etc., which being interpreted, is, In my negro village of Tuscaloosa, or Cheraw, or St. Mark's, I supposed so and so. "We, at the South," forsooth. They are more civilized than the Seminoles, however, in my opinion; a little more. Their question respecting any man is like a Seminole's, — How can he fight? In this country, we ask, What can he do? His pugnacity is all they prize in man, dog, or turkey. The proper way of treating them is not deference, but to say as Mr. Ripley does, "Fiddle faddle," in answer to each solemn remark about "The South." "It must be confessed," said the young man, "that in Alabama, we are dead to everything, as respects politics." "Very true," replied Mr. Ripley, "leaving out the last clause."

I scarce ever see young women who are not remarkably attractive without a wish, an impulse, to preach to them the doctrine of character. I have sad foresight of the mortifications that await them when I see what they look on. Could once their eye be turned on the beauty of being, as it outshines the beauty of seeming, they would be saved.

How is a man wise? By the perception of a principle.

The immortality is as legitimately preached from the intellections as from the moral volitions.[1] . . .

A coat. A good coat is always respected, they say, in the stage-coach. Good reason; a good coat stands for something, implies a small history; it shows that the wearer had some kind of a coat before, probably a good one, and will have another when this is worn out; it shows

1 Here follows the paragraph thus beginning in "Intellect" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 332, Centenary Ed.). It is followed in the Journal by the passage in "Intellect" (p. 344) beginning "The Bacon, the Spinoza, the Hume, Schelling, Kant, or whosoever propounds to you a philosophy of the mind, is only . . . a translator of things in your consciousness," etc.; but in the MS., the names given are Schelling, Schleiermacher, Ackermann.

that the wearer lives among people who wear good coats. Besides, a man's coat-money is usually only a small proportion to his food-, and fire- and house- and travelling-money, and by the outlay he can afford in the coat, we infer what outlay he can make in all.

I maintain that all melancholy belongs to the exterior of man; I claim to be a part of the All. All exterior life declares interior life. I could not be, but that absolute life circulated in me, and I could not think this without being that absolute life. The constant warfare in each heart is betwixt Reason and Commodity. The victory is won as soon as any Soul has learned always to take sides with Reason against himself; to transfer his Me from his person, his name, his interests, back upon Truth and Justice, so that when he is disgraced and defeated and fretted and disheartened, and wasted by nothings, he bears it well, never one instant relaxing his watchfulness, and, as soon as he can get a respite from the insults or the sadness, records all these phenomena, pierces their beauty as phenomena, and, like a God, oversees himself. Thus he harvests his losses, and turns the dust of his shoes to gems. Keep the habit of the observer, and, as

fast as you can, break off your association with your personality and identify yourself with the Universe. Be a football to Time and Chance, the more kicks, the better, so that you inspect the whole game and know its uttermost law. As true is this ethics for trivial as for calamitous days.

It is better to hear than to speak.[1] . . .

Let me add, of the winning loser described above, that a wise man will come to see the truth and wit of all the censures he received during his nonage, and to apply the very same with better wit and skill to the same faults as they reappear elsewhere, like the defenders of a besieged town who gather up the dead balls that have been discharged at them and launch them at the enemy.

We are carried by destiny along our life's course, looking as grave and knowing as little as the infant who is carried in his wicker coach through the street.

October 12.

WOMAN

(From Calidasa's *Megha Duta*, translated by Professor Wilson.)

1 The rest of this paragraph is printed in "Intellect" (p. 342, Centenary Ed.).

There, in the fane, a beauteous creature stands,
The first, best work of the Creator's hands,
Whose slender limbs inadequately bear
A full-orbed bosom and a weight of care;
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like cherries show,
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.

Asiatic Journal, August, 1837.

The words entered not the grieving heart, but returned to him that spoke them.

"He that taketh off weights advantageth motion as much as he that addeth wings," said Pym, when he proposed to remove grievances *before* granting subsidies.

"Principle is a passion for truth." HAZLITT.

"It is not permitted to a man to corrupt himself for the sake of mankind." ROUSSEAU.

October 13.

With much to say, I put off writing until perhaps I shall have nothing in my memory. Now too soon, then too late. I must try the pen and make a beginning.

At Boston, Thursday, I found myself nearly alone in the Athenæum, and so dropt my book

to gaze at the Laocoön. The main figure is great: the two youths work harmoniously on the eye, producing great admiration, so long as the eye is directed at the old man; but look at them, and they are slight and unaffecting statues. No miniature copy and no single busts can do justice to this work. Its mass and its integrity are essential. At the Athenæum, you cannot see it unless the room is nearly empty. For you must stand at the distance of nearly the whole hall to see it, and interposing bystanders eclipse the statue. How is time abolished by the delight I have in this old work, and, without a name, I receive it as a gift from the Universal mind.

Then I read with great content the August number of the *Asiatic Journal*. Herein is always the piquancy of the meeting of civilization and barbarism. Calcutta or Canton are twilights where Night and Day contend. A very good paper is the narrative of Lord Napier's mission to China (who arrived at Macao 15 July, 1834, and died 11 October). There stand in close contrast the brief, wise English despatches, with the mountainous nonsense of the Chinese diplomacy. The "red permit" writ by the vermilion

pencil of the emperor, the super-African ignorance with which England is disdained as out of the bounds of civilization, and her king called "reverently submissive," etc., etc. There is no farce in fiction better than this historical one of John Bull and the Yellow Man: albeit it ends tragically, as Lord Napier died of vexation apparently. I must get that book again. Then I read an ascent of the Himmaleh mounts, and the terror of the cold, and the river seen bursting through caves of snow, and the traveller finding all over the desolate mountains bears' dung. Then a duel,—pistols for two, and coffee for the survivor. Then an escape from a tiger in a canebrake. Then, thinking of the trees which draw out of the air their food by their aerial roots the leaves, I mused on the strange versatility of the mind's appetite and food. Here were in the Reading Room some four or five men besides me, feeding on newspapers and journals, unfolding our being thereby. Secluded from war, from trade, and from tillage, we were making amends to ourselves by devouring the descriptions of these things, and atoning for the thinness by the quantity of our fare.

Yet I read with joy the life of Hampden,

Pym, or Penn, of men conversant with governments and revolutions, and dilate in the swelling scene.[1] Is not the delight I there find an intimation that not always in speculation, not always by the Poetic imagination alone, shall the scholar, the private soul, be great, but one day in action also? When private men shall act with vast views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen. It made my heart beat quicker to think that the gorgeous pictures which fill my imagination in reading the actions of Hampden, Pym, Falkland, are only a revelation to me how needlessly mean our life is; that we, by the depth of our living should deck it with more than regal or national splendor. Very coarse, very abhorrent to the imagination is the American White House. Because it has no historic lustre and natural growth out of feudalism, etc., like their's, and is not, on the other hand, a new creation out of the soul, out of virtue and truth outshining theirs, but is an imitation of their gaudiness, like a negro gay with cast-off epaulettes and gold-laced hat of his master.

1 Preceded by the passage about the things of life being the same to private John and Edward as to kings and statesmen. ("Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, p. 62.)

Expression. How few lines tell how complex a story. A man whose coat has lost the haunch-button; a man with a ragged coat; a man with a good coat. A neck is a neck, we say, but the limner knows better, — knows that if the pencil swerve this way, it draws a beast; if that way, a god. The addition of a little capacity of attention would change a fool into a Shakspear. Do manners tell no story? Did you ever see a poor child to whom if you offered a piece of cake it would grab it with a scream and put it behind its back, *as a Broad Street child will do?*

New Eyes. What is, appears. Go out to walk with a painter, and you shall see for the first time groups, colors, clouds and keepings, and shall have the pleasure of discovering resources in a hitherto barren ground, of finding as good as a new sense in such skill to use an old one. *Gentilhomme Bourgeois* was really right in being glad to know that he was talking prose. When the telescope turns on our own barn and chimney, we like the new-old sight better than the finest foreign turrets.

October 15.

Mr. Hoar says he would not give one cent for the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not

believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.[1] . . .

October 16.

Scholastic fancies which I account to be at least as good as those of my financial fathers whom I encountered in solemn session in the bank parlor. I was caught by the name of "Fuller's Worthies of England" and tempted, like some great Columbus or Ledyard, instantly to get to horse and travel to Cambridge Library and spend a day with Fuller. The same emotions take different directions and of course clothe themselves at last in strangest varied acts, as the same drop that fell on the ridge of Mount Washington goes half to New York and half to Canada.

Tombs. The grandeur of England, the sepulchral monuments of old families came up in my imagination as I read Ben Jonson. Those marble scrolls and heraldic pomps that, so cold and dim, deck the tombs in churches, were not meant to project on the eye like the blue slate stone of John Crosby, which yesterday I saw *outside* of Billerica graveyard; their office is, not to

1 The rest of the paragraph is given in "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 156, 157.

shine as a rocket, but to be aloof, a faint departing vision to fill up, as tassel or fringe, the hollow places of the memory of the name they bear. It is well to study the necessary cause of the marble tomb in the religion and culture of the society. The Roman Church built tombs; the theology of the verse I have copied above [1] was saving of the dust; a philosophic period would build everything but tombs.

The babe stands alone to-day for the first time.

In history our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Why all this deference to Sidney and Hampden?[2] . . .

Culture inspects our dreams also. The pictures of the night will always bear some proportion to the visions of the day.[3]

1 Stir not my bones,
Which are laid in clay;
For I must rise
At the Resurrection Day.

2 See the same sentence with names of Alfred, Scanderbeg, and Gustavus, "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, pp. 62, 63.

3 Night-dreams trace on Memory's wall
Shadows of the thoughts of day;
And thy fortunes as they fall
The bias of thy will betray.
Poems, "Quatrains."

I looked over the few books in the young clergyman's study yesterday till I shivered with cold: Priestley; Noyes; Rosenmuller; Joseph Allen, and other Sunday School books; Schleusner; Norton; and the *Saturday Night* of Taylor; the dirty comfort of the farmer could easily seem preferable to the elegant poverty of the young clergyman.

The great poets are content with truth. They use the positive degree. They seem frigid and phlegmatic to those who have been spiced with the frantic passion and violent coloring of the modern Byrons and Hemanses and Shelleys. But it is like taking a walk or drinking cold water, to the simple who read them. Such is Ben Jonson, whose epistles to Wroth and others, and Penshurst and a masque (in volume iii) of Nature and Prometheus, etc., I read this month. I call this their humanity.

A lovely afternoon and I went to Walden Water, and read Goethe on the bank.

In the present moment all the past is ever represented. The strong roots of ancient trees still bind the soil. The Provençal literature is

not obsolete for me, for I have Spenser's *Faerie Queen* to read, and all that faded splendor revives again in him for some centuries yet. Nor will Homer or Sophocles let me go, though I read them not, for they have formed those whom I read. Nor will the Egyptian designer die to me; my chair and tables forget him not.

Time is the principle of levity, dissipating solidest things like exhalations. The monasteries of the Middle Ages were builded of timber, brick and stone. So were the temples of Jove and those of Osiris, yet they dance now before me, late come into their globe, like words, or less.

October 18.

Custom is the Circe whose cup makes fool and beast of us. Would you know how abhorrent to all right reason is War, see what horrid spectres it creates, when it locks up the beauty of man in one of those brass or iron lobsters that we so wisely admire in the Tower of London.

Every man is weak himself, but strong in relation to others.[1] . . .

1 The paragraph about the mutual fear of Grim and you follows. ("Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 238, Centenary Ed.)

I am willing to know in my bosom these palpitations for a time that I may learn their law.

One of the last secrets we learn as scholars is to confide in our own impressions of a book. If Æschylus is that man he is taken for, he has not yet done his office when he has educated the learned of Europe for a thousand years. He is now to approve himself a master of delight to me. If he cannot do that, all his fame shall avail him nothing. I were a fool not to sacrifice a thousand Æschyluses to my intellectual integrity.

Skill in writing consists in making every word cover a thing. In the tragedies of Æschylus the thing is tragic and all the fine names of gods and goddesses stand for something in the reader's mind. The Human mind is impatient of falsehood, and drops all words that do not stand for verities.[1] . . .

I went through the wood to Sleepy Hollow and sat down to hear the harmless roarings of the sunny South wind. Into the narrow throat of the vale flew dust and leaves from the fields, and straggling leaves mounted and mounted to

1 Illustrated in "Compensation" by the Promethean Myth. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 106, Centenary Ed.)

great heights. The shining boughs of the trees in the sun, the swift sailing clouds and the warm air made me think a man is a fool to be mean and unhappy, when every day is made illustrious by these splendid shows. If Nature relented at all from her transcending laws, if there were any traces in the daily obituary that the yellow-fever spared this doctor or that Sunday School teacher, if any sign were that a "good man" was governing, we should lose all our confidence, the world all its sublimity.

October 19.

We demand the sufficient reason for every fact. The Greek marbles amaze us until our knowledge or our reflection has supplied every step from the common human consciousness to such peculiar excellence; as, e. g., a religion asking statues; Pentelican quarries; the Egyptian arts; the happy climate and presence of perfect naked forms in the games; the unchained imagination, now experimenting in a new direction and so unfettered by any conventions; the unreflecting genius of the people, which permitted them to surrender themselves to the instincts of taste.

In skating over thin ice, your safety is in your speed, and a critical judgment would have

checked and so broken the invention of Phidias and his fellows.[1]

The Appeal to the Future. The appeal to the future is a great part of life. The boy is allowed to be ignorant and helpless because of the tacit appeal to what he shall be and do. Then comes the young man, the young woman; they have studied much Latin and German, but do not know the meaning of this sentence, and are ashamed to use the dictionary, or to say, "I do not know." Consent to be despised as ignorant now, and boldly appeal to the future still. You are old, if you reckon the short human life, but, if you compare your years with the eternity into which you advance to your extreme youth, this unskilfulness will seem very reasonable. And this, I think, is the reason why genius is said to retain the feelings and freshness of childhood, because to it the horizon does not shut down a short way before the eye, but opens indefinitely.

1 Two paragraphs printed in "History" follow; the first beginning "A Gothic Cathedral affirms that it was done by us and yet not done by us" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 11); the second, and continuous with it, is that beginning "So stand before every public and private work," etc. (*Ibid.*, p. 10).

Trust the Future, and it shall not betray you. The young man finds the present hostile and cold, it pays him no dividend, it bakes him no bread. He takes this to be an unequivocal hint that he should abandon his poetic thoughts and all his higher culture, and should accept the vulgar maxims of thrift as the only trustworthy truth. But let him, on the contrary, according to the Spartan maxim of fighting better in the shade, thank God for, use, this cold eclipse as happiest leisure which he shall not always have, and bend himself with nimble vigor to laying up the stores of rare knowledge, court the sublime muse, and if his lodging is narrow and his fare the Pythagorean bean,[1] regale himself with the august society with all the bards and philosophers, — verily he has chosen well, he shall never be ashamed.[2] . . . This is the discipline of the mind in the degrees of property. He learns that, above the merely external rights to the picture,

1 The use of the bean was forbidden, not prescribed, by Pythagoras, but the association in memory of the bean with the philosopher seems to have misled the writer.

2 A long passage follows headed "Taking Possession," mostly printed in "Self-Reliance," beginning "There let a man know his own worth," and ending with the allusion to the Induction of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

to the equipage, — which the law protects, — is a spiritual property which is Insight. The kingdom of the Soul transcendeth all the walls and muniments of possession, and taketh higher rights, not only in the possession, but in the possessor, and with this royal reservation can very well afford to leave the so-called proprietor undisturbed as its keeper or trustee.

Therefore the wise soul cares little to whom belongs the legal ownership of the Grand Monadnoc, of the Cataract of Niagara, or of the Belvedere Apollo, or whatever else it prizes. It soon finds that no cabinet, though decorated with colonnades miles long, were large enough to hold the beautiful wonders it has made its own. It has found the beauty and the wonder progressive; the street is not without its charm; the blacksmith's shop is a picture; the motion and the sound, the play of living light on things, it cannot spare. At last it discovers that the whole world is a museum, and that things are more glorious in their order and home than when a few are carried away to glitter alone.

Let us be honest. Selection is beautiful also. A well-chosen nosegay has its own charm, and affects the eye, as fields of the same flowers cannot.

When you are sincerely pleased (without any misgiving) you are nourished.

Nature softens and harmonizes; she curls the hair where it terminates above the neck; she curves the margin of lakes and ponds, and breaks the waves into loveliest forms, and paints shadows on the ground and the wall.

October 20.

Wild man attracts. As the contemporaries of Columbus hungered to see the wild man, so undoubtedly we should have the liveliest interest in a wild man, but men in society do not interest us because they are tame. We know all they will do, and man is like man as one steamboat is like another. Tame men are inexpressibly tedious, like the talking with a young Southerner who says, "Yes, sir," indifferently to every sort of thing you say, thinking Yes, sir, to mean nothing. From every man, even from great men as the world goes, a large deduction is to be made on account of this taming, or Conventions. His going to church does not interest me because all men go to Church. His staying at home would, until I see why he stays at home, if from vulgar reasons,—it is dulness still. But he falls desperately in love. Ah, ha! does he? now I

am wide-awake, this is not conventional, but the great epoch of the revelation of Beauty to his soul. Now let me see every line he writes, every step he makes, every kiss which makes him immortal; let those laugh who never were worthy to love; to me each act of his in these golden hours is holy and beautiful. The eternal beauty of this passion is sufficiently shown from the interest which attaches to every sort of love tale in verse or prose which the press spawns from January to December.

We are eager to know what Shakspear said at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. We should like to see him bring wood to his fire, or walking in his yard, but rather would we see what book he chose to entertain a solitary evening, or, refusing all books, what he did. Rather would I know how he looked at the Supreme Being in some lonely hour of fear or gratitude, hear what he said, or know what he forbore to say.

Boswellism scrapes all together and would know how the hero did what everybody does, and what he did as everybody does it. But the philosopher drops all the conventional part, and only studies the new and voluntary part of each man. As far as Sir Walter Scott aspired to be

known for a fine gentleman, so far our sympathies leave him. We know very well the height of that doll, and do not suppose he was any finer gentleman than Beau Brummel or Lord Chesterfield. Our concern is only with the residue, where the man Scott was warmed with a divine ray that clad with beauty every sheet of water, every bald hill in the country he looked upon, and so reanimated the well-nigh obsolete feudal history and illustrated every trivial corner of a barren and disagreeable territory.[1]

In our times, a good example was set by the members of the New Jerusalem Church in London. Somebody, at great pains, violated the tomb of Swedenborg and brought away the skull from the body. It was then offered at a great price to his disciples. Not one of them cared to look at it. . . .

Margaret Fuller talking of women, said, Who would be a goody that could be a genius?

1 The worst form of Scottish weather that Mr. Emerson encountered on his short trip to the Highlands, as chronicled by him in 1833, accounts for this strangely Johnsonian description of the region.

When I commended the adroit New York broker to Alcott, he replied that he saw he had more austerity than I, and that he gave his hand with some reluctance to mere merchant or banker. What is so comic, I pray, as the mutual condescension with which Alcott and Colonel Perkins[1] would give the hand to each other?

The same complaint I have heard is made against the Boston Medical College as against the Cambridge Divinity School, that those who there receive their education, want faith, and so are not as successful as practitioners from the country schools who believe in the power of medicine.

October 21.

One of the facts which I contemplate with awe, because it is the beneficence of the circumabient Soul and no way a benefit of consciousness, is the aid we get from alien events. I fully intended to have done a deed which I esteemed not unfit nor unnecessary. I was hindered by the absence of the parties concerned. Now I see that the deed is far better undone,

1 Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins, a leading citizen and prosperous merchant of Boston.

and thankfully owe the hint for my future guidance to the God.

A valuable fact is, that mutual teaching which went on in Pestalozzi's School, where the tutors quitted their chair at the end of an hour to go and become with their scholars a class to receive instruction of another teacher, each being thus in turn teacher and pupil. . . . But this relation is instantly vitiated the moment there is the least affectation. If an old man runs and sits down on the same bench with rosy-cheeked boys to hear some formal, not real teaching, for the sake of example, he is a fool for his pains, and they may well cry, "Go up, thou baldhead, go! *Solus docet qui dat, et discit qui recipit.*"

I said when I awoke, After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattrass sick; then, dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where shall I be then? I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide Universe.

Proportion. It is well and truly said that proportion is beauty; that no ornament in the

details can compensate for want of this; nay, that ornamented details only make disproportion more unsightly; and that proportion charms us even more perhaps when the materials are coarse and unadorned.

I see these truths chiefly in that species of architecture which I study and practice, namely, Rhetoric, or the Building of Discourse. Profoundest thoughts, sublime images, dazzling figures are squandered and lost in an immethodical harangue. We are fatigued, and glad when it is done. We say of the writer, Nobody understood him: he does not understand himself. But let the same number of thoughts be dealt with by a natural rhetoric, let the question be asked — What is said? How many things? Which are they? Count and number them: put together those that belong together. Now say *what your subject is*, for now first you know: and now state your inference or peroration in what calm or inflammatory temper you must, and behold! out of the quarry you have erected a temple, soaring in due gradation, turret over tower, to heaven, cheerful with thorough-lights, majestic with strength, desired of all eyes. You will find the matter less cumbersome, — it even seems less when put in order, — and the dis-

course as fresh and agreeable at the conclusion as at the commencement. Moreover, if a natural order is obediently followed, the composition will have an abiding charm to yourself as well as to others; you will see that you were the scribe of a higher wisdom than your own, and it will remain to you, like one of Nature's works, pleasant and wholesome, and not, as our books so often are, a disagreeable remembrance to the author.

A man may find his words mean more than he thought when he uttered them, and be glad to employ them again in a new sense.

October 23.

It is very hard to be simple enough to be good.

An individual is the All subordinated to a Peculium.

In conversing with a lady it sometimes seems a bitterness and unnecessary wound to insist, as I incline to, on this self-sufficiency of man. There is no society, say I; there can be none. "Very true, but very mournful," replies my friend. We talk of courses of action. But to women my paths are shut up, and the fine

women I think of who have had genius and cultivation, who have not been wives, but muses, have something tragic in their lot and I shun to name them. Then I say, Despondency bears no fruit. We do nothing whilst we distrust. It is ignoble also to owe our success to the coaxing and clapping of society, to be told by the incapable, "That's capital. Do some more." That only is great that is thoroughly so and from the egg, a god.

[The paragraph that follows, though essentially printed in "Heroism" (*Essays*, First Series), is given here as originally written, and with its personal allusions. The occasion was probably the generous discontent of the aspiring Margaret Fuller.]

Therefore, I think a woman does herself injustice who likens herself to any historical woman, who thinks because Corinna or De Staël or M. M. E.[1] do not satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis, none can, — certainly not she. It needs that she feel that a new woman has a new, as yet inviolate, problem to solve; perchance the happiest nature that yet has bloomed is hers, let it not be ruined before-

1 Mary Moody Emerson.

hand on despair grounded on their failure ; but let the maiden with erect soul walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new pleasure she finds, try in turn all the known resources, experiments, pleasures, that she may learn from what she cannot as well as what she can do, the power and the charm that — like a new dawn radiating out of the Deep of Space, — her new born being is.

Tears are never far from a woman's eye. The loveliest maiden on whom every grace sits, who is followed by all eyes, and never knew anything but admiration, weeps much, and, if unexpected changes should blast her hopes, then the tears fall so naturally as nothing but grief seems her native element.

It seems to me as if the high idea of Culture as the end of existence, does not pervade the mind of the thinking people of our Community, the conviction that a discovery of human power, to which the trades and occupations they follow, the connexions they form, and the motley tissue of their common experience are quite subordinate and auxiliary, — is the main interest of

history. Could this be properly taught, I think it must provoke and overmaster the young and ambitious, and yield rich fruits.

Culture, in the high sense, does not consist in polishing or varnishing, but in so presenting the attractions of nature that the slumbering attributes of man may burst their iron sleep and rush, full-grown, into day. Culture is not the trimming and turfing of gardens, but the showing the true harmony of the unshorn landscape with horrid thickets and bald mountains and the balance of the land and sea.

The heart, in a cultivated nature, is the emotion of delight which is awakened by any manifestation of goodness; . . . is the unerring measure of genuine goodness in any person, and is not betrayed by *penchants* or passions to honor the semblance of goodness. The heart . . . knows its own. Nobody need tell it what its friend said or did, . . . it knows its friend, . . . knows that such and such persons are constitutionally its friends, because they are lovers of the same things with it. The heart, alike in a conscious or an unconscious mind, is the reverence for moral beauty. That is its God. Meekly as a maiden when that appears, it bows itself and worships.

October 24.

I find, in town, the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, of which 500 copies were printed, all sold, in just one month.

The habitual attitude of the wise mind must be adoration.

October 27.

I suppose it must be true that each man is able, in a right state of Society, to maintain five or six persons beside himself, and still have leisure for self-cultivation; or rather maintain them by such labor as might be called all leisure, all being the species of employment most agreeable to his constitution. Yet now, if some persons are credible, a man cannot honestly get a livelihood by trade in the city. His integrity would be a disqualification. He might, however, they agree, if he had sufficient time to build up a credit for honesty; but no poor man proceeding on borrowed capital can afford to wait so long. What does this show? Why, that the true way now of beginning is to play the hero in commerce, as it has been done in war, in church, in schools, in state, — not begin with a borrowed capital, but [he] must raise an estate from the seed, must begin with his hands, and earn one

cent; then two; then a dollar; then stock a basket; then a barrow; then a booth; then a shop; and then a warehouse; and not on this dangerous balloon of a credit make his first structure. Franklin, William Hutton, and many New England merchant princes are men of this merit.

Iron, if kept at the iron-monger's, will rust.[1] . . .

Dr. Bartlett[2] has reclaimed a bog at the bottom of his garden, ditching and earthing it for $27.08; a quarter of an acre.

When Monti's[3] mother removed to Majano where the charitable habits of the family were unknown, she complained in a sort of alarm that they were no longer visited by the poor. How short is the distance from the two alarms. The ready hand is too frequently put under contribution until the man becomes prudent and re-

1 Here follows the paragraph thus beginning in "Prudence" (*Essays*, First Series, pp. 234, 235, Centenary Ed.).

2 Dr. Josiah Bartlett, excellent and honorable physician in Concord for more than fifty years.

3 Luigi Monti, an Italian exile, instructor in that language at Harvard University for many years. Longfellow had him in mind in describing the Sicilian in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

fuses to give. Instantly pride, resentment, and inexpectancy hinder all petitioners from asking at his gate. Then the man, self-reproached, is alarmed on the other side, and saith, The curse of the poor is falling on my roof. This is progress, as it is progress from pride to humility.

The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic.[1] . . . Alfieri lived after his way, and so counts one. Metastasio was a gentleman. Goldoni was none. Who are you, sir? Do you feed very nicely and sleep very warm?

A friendship is good which begins on sentiment and proceeds into all mutual convenience, and alternation of great benefits. Less good that which begins in commodity and proceeds to sentiment.[2]

October 28.

The event of death is always astounding; our philosophy never reaches, never possesses it; we are always at the beginning of our catechism; always the definition is yet to be made. What is death?

1 Here follows the paragraph beginning thus in "Heroism" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 260).

2 This is followed by the remarks on Goethe's *Tasso*, printed in "Prudence" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 232).

I see nothing to help beyond observing what the mind's habit is in regard to that crisis. Simply I have nothing to do with it. It is nothing to me. After I have made my will and set my house in order, I shall do in the immediate expectation of death the same things I should do without it.

But more difficult is it to know the death of another. Mrs. Ripley says that her little Sophia told the mantua-maker this morning "that in Heaven she was going to ask Dod to let her sit by mother all the time," and if this little darling should die, Mrs. R. thinks she could not live. So with the expectation of the death of persons who are conveniently situated, who have all they desire, and to whom death is fearful, she looks in vain for a consolation. In us there ought to be remedy. There ought to be, there can be nothing to which the soul is called, to which the soul is not equal. And I suppose that the roots of my relation to every individual are in my own constitution, and not less the causes of his disappearance from me.

Why should we lie so? A question is asked of the Understanding which lies in the province of the Reason, and we foolishly try to make an answer. Our constructiveness overpowers our

love of truth. How noble is it when the mourner looks for comfort in your face to give only sympathy and confession; confession that it is a great grief, and the greater because the apprehension of its nature still loiters. Who set you up for Professor of omniscience and *cicerone* to the Universe? Why teach? Learn rather.

When the conversation soars to principles Unitarianism is boyish.

November 2.

Immense curiosity in Boston to see the Delegation of the Sacs and Foxes, of the Sioux and the Ioways. I saw the Sacs and Foxes at the State House on Monday, about thirty in number. Edward Everett addressed them, and they replied. One chief said, "They had no land to put their words upon, but they were nevertheless true." One chief wore the skin of a buffalo's head with the horns attached on his head, others birds with outspread wings. Immense breadth of shoulder and very muscular persons. Our Picts were so savage in their head-dress and nakedness that it seemed as if the bears and catamounts had sent a deputation. They danced a war dance on the Common, in the centre of the greatest crowd ever seen on that area. The governor cau-

tioned us of the gravity of the tribe, and that we should beware of any expression of the ridiculous, and the people all seemed to treat their guests gingerly, as the keepers of lions and jaguars do those creatures whose taming is not quite yet trustworthy.

Certainly it is right and natural that the Indian should come and see the civil white men, but this was hardly genuine, but a show; so we were not parties, but spectators. Therefore a man looks up and laughs and meets the eyes of some bystander who also laughs. Keokuk, Black Hawk, Roaring Thunder. At Faneuil Hall they built a partition between the two tribes because the tribes are at war.[1]

November 3.

Last night I wrote to Carlyle to inform him of the new edition of his history;[2] and to Mr. Landor I sent *Nature* and the Oration (Phi Beta Kappa) by Charles Sumner, Esq.

Our Calendar: New Year's day; 4th March;

1 That is, between the Sioux and the Sacs and Foxes.

2 The *French Revolution*, which Mr. Emerson had arranged to have published in Boston at his own risk, for Carlyle. See *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. i, Letters XVIII, XIX (in which Carlyle praises the Oration), XX, and XXII.

April Fool's; May Day; Election;[1] Fourth of July; Independence; Commencement; Phi Beta Kappa; Cattle Show; Muster; Thanksgiving; Christmas.

It is the right economy of time to do nothing by halves, nothing for show, nothing perfunctorily. If you write a letter, put your earnest meaning in, and God shall reward you by enlarging your sight. But save your thought, and you shall find it worthless, and your wordy letter worthless also. In writing a review, put in only that you have to say, only the things, and leave the consideration of the Greeks and Romans and the universal history quite out. Stop when you have done. And stop when you have begun, if it is not something to you.

Poetry precedes prose as the child sings all his words before he speaks them.

People are not the better for the sun and moon.[2] . . .

1 Election Day, in and around Boston, used to mean the day on which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery chose their officers. The company paraded, and heard a sermon from some eminent preacher. The day was observed as a general holiday.

2 Here follows the passage beginning thus in "Spiritual Laws," and it is followed by that about "curiosity concern-

November 6.

Fuller,[1] at Providence, explained to me his plans, "That he was to keep the school five years — income so much, outlay so much; then he should be able to go to Europe," etc., etc. When I repeated all this to Alcott he expressed chagrin and contempt. For Alcott holds the school in so high regard that he would scorn to exchange it for the presidency of the United States. The school is his Europe, and this is a just example of the true rule of Choice of Pursuit.[2] You may do nothing to get money which is not worth your doing on its own account. This is the sense of "He that serves at the altar shall live by it." Every vocation is an altar. There must be injury to the constitution from all faults, from all half action, nor will the

ing other people's estimate of us" (*Essays*, First Series, pp. 147 and 157).

1 The head of the school in which Miss Margaret Fuller taught for a time.

2 The rest of this whole long entry of November 6 has a line drawn through it by Mr. Emerson, as is usual in passages which had been used by him, yet we do not find it in the Works. It was perhaps used in a lecture, or the cancelling may mean that it was too expanded, and the same ideas appeared in "Self-Reliance," "Heroism," and "Man the Reformer."

plainly expressed wishes of other people be a reason why you should do, to oblige them, what violates your sense, what breaks your integrity, and shows you falsely, not the man you are. They do not know yet what their importunity hinders you from being. Resist their windy requests. Give leave to great Nature to unbind, fold after fold, the tough integuments in which your secret character lies, and let it open its proud flower and fruitage to the day; and when they see what costly and hitherto unknown blessing they had well-nigh defrauded the world, and they will thank you for denying their prayer, and will say, We would have used you as a handy tool; now we worship you as a Redeemer. The difficulty in each particular case is the greater, that the Recusant himself seldom sees clearly enough what he wants, whither he tends, to be able to justify himself for shoving by gilded invitations, and seems to his friends, and sometimes to himself, a tedious refiner and windy talker. He reserves, however, the Spartan in us, the grit, the terror, the indomitable will. Let them denounce, let them laugh, let them scold, let them hint extreme measures, and take extreme measures, and, if it come to that, let the best friend you have shut the door in your face.

And now under the cold heaven, with literal grim poverty to meet as you can, is something for a man to do; here is need for your pluck, and kings for your competitors. Poverty is commonly lamentable because there is no soul; the poor are chicken-hearted people who desire to save appearances, to eat roast meat and dress in a gentlemanlike manner and be thought to have business in State Street; and all the charity and all the sighing of his friends is directed to that end, to new paint him. If poverty is merely culinary, it is very sad, because it is very helpless; but if his poverty is want of bread to eat and clothes to wear, simply because he will not sell his will, his tastes, his honor, for that pottage, and he keeps, of course, his will, his tastes, and his honor, it is very remediable and no wise lamentable poverty. It is a time, as Burke said, for a man to act in. Now is the time to set the teeth, to plant the foot. He is now to convert the warlike part of his nature, always the attractive, always the salient, the almighty part, and which lies in the lukewarm milky dog-days of common village life, quite stupid, and so leaves common life so unattractive,— he is to bring this artillery to bear. He is to

"Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

He has now field, and hour, and judges, and is to fight out, with all gods to friend, his just cause with a resolution and address like Alexander's at Arbela. Cæsar, Bonaparte, Alexander, had not just cause; even Tell, Washington, and Miltiades, in the judgment of William Penn and William Ladd, had not just cause, but he has.

In the common life a man feels hampered and bandaged. He cannot play the hero; there would be affectation in it; he must fight, like poor ——, with his pump head, but if he is once rejected by all patrons and all relatives, is fairly set adrift, why then let him thank his gods that he has sea-room and use his freedom so as never to lose it again. It is an immense gain, if he reckon it well, to have no longer false feelings and conventional appearances to consult. A few shillings a day will keep out cold and hunger, and he will not need to study long how to get a few shillings a day honestly.

Why yes, perhaps he said wisely who said that war is the natural state of man and the nurse of all virtues. I will not say man is to man a wolf, but man should be to man a hero.

It is a question of culture, which is best, a fair or a blotted page?

The ultra benevolence of mine Asia reminds me of the pretty fable of the seven cedar birds sitting on the bough, who passed the morsel which one had taken, from bird to bird with courtesy, until it returned again to the first. None cared for the morsel; all are fed with love. Asia makes my gods hers.

Perhaps in the village we have manners to paint which the city life does not know. Here we have Mr. S., who is man enough to turn away the butcher who cheats in weight, and introduce another butcher into town. The other neighbors could not take such a step. Here is Mr. E., who, when the moderator of the Town-meeting is candidate for representative, and so stands in the centre of the box inspecting each vote and each voter, dares carry up a vote for the opposite candidate and put it in. There is the hero who will not subscribe to the flag-staff or the engine, though all say it is mean. There is the man who gives his dollar, but refuses to give his name, though all other contributors are set down. There is Mr. H., who never loses

his spirits, though always in the minority, and, though "the people behave as bad as if they were drunk," he is just as determined in opposition and just as cheerful as ever. Here is Mr. C., who says "honor bright" and keeps it so. Here is Mr. S., who warmly assents to whatever proposition you please to make, and Mr. M., who roundly tells you he will have nothing to do with the thing. The high people in the village are timid; the low people are bold and nonchalant, negligent too of each other's opposition, for they see the amount of it and know its uttermost limits, which the more remote proprietor does not. Here, too, are not to be forgotten our two companies, the Light Infantry and the Artillery, who brought up, one the Brigade Band, and one the Brass Band from Boston, set the musicians side by side under the great tree on the Common, and let them play two tunes and jangle and drown each other, and presently got the companies into actual hustling and kicking.

To show the force that is in you, and (whether you are a philosopher and call it heroism, or are a farmer and call it pluck) you need not go beyond the tinman's shop or the first corner; nay, the first man you meet who bows to you may

look you in the eye and call it out. Here is J. M., not so much a citizen as a part of nature, in perfect rapport with the trout in the stream, the bird in the wood or pond side, and the plant in the garden; whatsoever is early, or rare, or nocturnal; game, or agriculture, he knows; he being awake when others sleep and asleep when others wake. Snipe, pelican, or breed of hogs, or grafting or cutting, woodcraft, or bees.

"Miracles have ceased." Have they indeed? When? They had not ceased this afternoon when I walked into the wood and got into bright, miraculous sunshine, in shelter from the roaring wind. Who sees a pine-cone, or the turpentine exuding from the tree, or a leaf, the unit of vegetation, fall from its bough, as if it said, "the year is finished," or hears in the quiet, piny glen the chickadee chirping his cheerful note, or walks along the lofty promontory-like ridges which, like natural causeways, traverse the morass, or gazes upward at the rushing clouds, or downward at a moss or a stone and says to himself, "Miracles have ceased"? Tell me, good friend, when this hillock on which your foot stands swelled from the level of the sphere by volcanic force; pick up that pebble at your foot;

look at its gray sides, its sharp crystal, and tell me what fiery inundation of the world melted the minerals like wax, and, as if the globe were one glowing crucible, gave this stone its shape. There is the truth-speaking pebble itself, to affirm to endless ages the thing was so. Tell me where is the manufactory of this air, so thin, so blue, so restless, which eddies around you, in which your life floats, of which your lungs are but an organ, and which you coin into musical words. I am agitated with curiosity to know the secret of nature. Why cannot geology, why cannot botany speak and tell me what has been, what is, as I run along the forest promontory, and ask when it rose like a blister on heated steel? Then I looked up and saw the sun shining in the vast sky, and heard the wind bellow above and the water glistened in the vale. These were the forces that wrought then and work now. Yes, there they grandly speak to all plainly, in proportion as we are quick to apprehend.

Go into a botanical garden; is not that a place of some delight? Go to a muster-field, where four regiments are marching with flags, music, and artillery; is not that a moving spectacle? Go to a dance, and watch the forms and movements of the youths and maidens; have they nothing

of you in keeping? Go to a church, where gray old men and matrons and children bend and sit still in pious frames. Go to the top of Monadnoc; to the Vatican; to the unburied Pompeii.

November 8.

Yesterday William Channing and John S. Dwight came here, and found me just ready to go to Lowell to read the first Lecture of my Course. As they seemed to be bearers of the right Promethean fire, I hated the *contretemps*. To Lowell also went wife and child.

I believe the man and the writer should be one, and not diverse, as they say Bancroft, as we know Bulwer is. Wordsworth gives us the image of the true-hearted man, as Milton, Chaucer, Herbert do; not ruffled fine gentlemen who condescend to write, like Shaftesbury, Congreve, and, greater far, Walter Scott. Let not the author eat up the man, so that he shall be a balcony and no house. Let him not be turned into a dapper, clerical anatomy, to be assisted like a lady over a gutter or a stone wall. In meeting Milton, I feel that I should encounter a real man; but Coleridge is a writer, and Pope, Waller, Addison and Swift and Gibbon, though with

attributes, are too modish. It is not man, but the fashionable wit they would be. Yet Swift has properties. Allston is respectable to me. Novalis, Schiller are only voices, no men. Dr. Johnson was a man, though he lived in unfavorable solitude and society of one sort, so that he was an unleavened lump at least on which a genial unfolding had only begun. Humanity cannot be the attribute of these people's writing; humanity, which smiles in Homer, in Chaucer, in Shakspear, in Milton, in Wordsworth. Montaigne is a man.

Lidian made a very just remark to-day, that certainly she gave clothes, bedding or money to her sick and poor neighbors lately with the greater confidence, because of the written verse, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." It is true that the inclination to bestow gets edge from the time-honoured text in which it is embodied. As good a commentary as need be on the power of a sentence. As good a commentary on Christianity as is often to be found.

The eyes of men converse.[1] . . . To what

1 Passage printed in "Behaviour" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 179, 180).

end all the forms of society, all these meetings and partings, these professions, invitations, courtesies, if by them all a man cannot learn something vastly more weighty than the mere formal occasion and pretext of the hour? In every company into which a man goes, there is he gauged. There he feels himself tried, assayed and stamped with his right number. . . .

Darkness. Milton's expression of "Music smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled," has great beauty. Nothing in nature has the softness of darkness. Ride in the night through a wood, and the overhanging boughs shall become to the eye lumps of darkness, and of an unutterable gentleness to the sense.

How graceful and lively a spectacle is a squirrel on a bough cracking a nut! how sylvan beautiful a stag bounding through Plymouth Woods! how like a smile of the earth is the first violet we meet in Spring! Well, it was meant that I should see these and partake this agreeable emotion, — was it not? And was it not further designed that I should thereby be prompted to ask the relation of these natures to my own? And so the great word Compara-

tive Anatomy has now leaped out of the womb of the Unconscious. I feel a cabinet in my mind unlocked by each of these new interests. Wherever I go, the related objects crowd on my Sense and I explore backward, and wonder how the same things looked to me before my attention had been aroused.

Right-minded men have recently been called to decide for Abolition.

It is long ere we discover how rich we are.[1] . . .

November 11.

In Boston, yesterday, heard Governor Everett read a lecture to the Diffusion Society, and thence went to Faneuil Hall where Webster presided at the Caucus, and heard Bell of Tennessee, Graves and Underwood of Kentucky, and Hoffmann of New York. The speaking was slovenly, small, and tiresome, but the crowd exciting, and the sound of the cheering extraordinarily fine. Webster said, when Bell ended, that "it was not a festive occasion, yet he would venture to propose a sentiment to the meeting: The Health

1 Here follows the paragraph thus beginning printed in "Intellect" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 334).

of Mr. Bell and the Whigs of Tennessee, and three times three!" Then was heard the splendid voice of four or five thousand men in full cry together. Such voice might well predominate over brute beasts. It was merely a spectacle to me. But the *genius loci* is more commanding at Faneuil Hall than at any other spot in America. The air is electric. Every man thinks he can speak whilst he hears — lifted off his feet oftentimes — the multitude swaying alternately this side and that. In such crowds few old men; mostly young and middle-aged, with shining heads and swollen veins. The mob is all the time interlocutor, and the bucket goes up and down according to the success of the speaker. The pinched, wedged, elbowed, sweltering multitude, as soon as the speaker loses their ear by tameness of his harangue, feel all sorely how ill accommodated they are, and begin to attend only to themselves and the coarse outcries made all around them. Then they push, resist, swear, and fill the hall with cries of tumult. The speaker stops; the moderator persuades, commands, entreats, "Order!" The speaker gets breath, and a new hint, and resumes, goes to the right place, his voice alters, vibrates, pierces the private ear of every one, the mob quiets itself somehow,

every one being magnetized, and the hall hangs suspended on the lips of one man. A happy deliverance of common sentiments charms them [the people]. Never the fineness or depth of the thought, but the good saying of the very few and very poor particulars which lie uppermost in every man's mind at the meeting. All appear struck with wonder and delight at this cheap and mediocre faculty, so rarely is it found. If the speaker become dull again, instantly our poor wedges begin to feel their pains and strive and cry.

A musical tone out of Judæa makes itself heard farther on time than the mad hurly burly of the Reign of Terror.

November 16.

Day before yesterday the Board of Education sent their secretary hither to form a County Association, and Mr. Mann spent his time, in the intervals, at my house. Hither came too Dr. Walker and Mr. Stetson.

Prudence is a virtue also, and when you are tempted out to expound your deeper mind, it is as disagreeable to have the conversation instantaneously changed as to find the stair much

longer than you have stepped for. One of the fine things said by Mr. Mann was, that "we should think on oath."[1]

In these days I sardanapalize, being sick, and sit by the fire, and read three new Reviews. A Review is a stage-coach or a ferryboat, for the incongruity of the company it assorts. I pass from Ciceronian splendor to hand-bill writers. I am glad to have poor Pückler-Muskau, however so butchered as he is in the *Quarterly*. . . . Very sweet words these must be to a German fop who rates England so high, and would so gladly pass for an Englishman. But he seems to be such a mischievous scamp that I give him up.

More gladly I read of Bradley and his beautiful discovery of the aberration of light, guided thereto by the striking analogy of the shifting of the vane on a boat's mast.

Turns. A fine scholar may appear very silly

1 Mr. George Willis Cooke gives a very interesting letter about Mr. Emerson, written by Mr. Mann the year before this visit. It is curious to find that he compares him, with his central point of view and belief in the great harmony, to one observing from the sun. Compare Emerson's "Uriel." (*Ralph Waldo Emerson, Life, Writings and Philosophy.*)

to every one in succession of the audience whom he delights with his eloquence. He is a lens that has no power, but at its focus; at any other distance it gives all blur and dislocation. He is a cannon that destroys at a distance; but, bring the battle hand to hand, and the weapon is cumbrous and useless, no match for a knife.

In the common progress of life we feel that our acquaintance with a few lawyers, with a few political men, with a few merchants, has fitted us adequately to converse with all others of those classes, that is, when we are conscious of having mastered the difficulties which once made our talk with either of these tribes useless or embarrassing. When we no longer fear or hate them, then we are quite assured in the expectation of meeting any new individuals of the same class. So, according to our success in talk with one score, would be our chance with ten score. Can you justify your secretest thought to another man, and find that with him it still tells as with you for somewhat important, — so will it seem to the human race.

November 23.

This morning I sent to Dr. Walker a critical notice of Carlyle, but I doubt it will return to me.

Tone. A fine paper ascribed to Parsons in the *Daily Advertiser*, not so much for the thing said as for the masterly tone. It is as hard to get the right tone as to say good things. One indicates character, the other intellect.

Music. Beethoven sat upon a stile near Vienna one hot summer's day and caught the tone of the choral flies whose hum filled the air, and introduced it with charming effect into his Pastoral Sinfony.[1]

"In brightness of tone the flute so transcends the other instruments that the composer reserves it for particular occasions. In the song which describes the creation of man, 'in his eyes brightness,' how beautifully is it introduced. The few pointed notes impart the same brilliancy as the spots of light upon the eyes given by the painter." (*Music of Nature*, p. 310.)

"Probably the greatest good effected by the Thirty Years' War was the improvement of the wind instruments" (p. 352).

The Trumpet. "Its splendid tone is heard at a greater distance than that of any other instru-

1 This anecdote is followed by many extracts from *The Music of Nature*, by William Gardiner (Wilkins & Cabot, Boston, 1841), of which a few are here given.

ment; hence it is pressed into the service of arms. No one has felt its powerful clang like the soldier. Amidst the thunder of the war its lancet tone cuts through the air and drives the cohorts to battle" (p. 364).

Tone. "It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. When Bartholemon led, the Opera connoisseurs would go into the gallery to hear the effect of his Cremona violin, which at this distance predominated greatly above all the other instruments, though in the orchestra it was not perceptibly louder than any of the rest" (p. 12).

"The strains of the Irish and Welsh may be referred to the harp. The dance tunes of Spain to the guitar; the mountain airs of the Swiss to the hunting-horn, and the music of the Turks to the rhythmical clangor of the ancient Greeks" (p. 460).

November 24.

The self-subsistent shakes like a reed before a sneering paragraph in the newspaper, or even at a difference of opinion, concerning something to be done, expressed in a private letter from just such another shaking bullrush as himself.

He sits expecting a dinner-guest with a suspense which paralyses his inventive or his acquiring faculties. He finds the solitude of two or three entire days, when mother, wife and child are gone, tedious and dispiriting. Let him not wrong the truth and his own experience by too stiffly standing on the cold and proud doctrine of self-sufficiency.[1]

Culture. To what end existed those gods of Olympus, or the tradition so irresistibly embodied in sculpture, architecture and a perdurable literature, that the names Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, still haunt us in this cold, Christian, Saxon America, and will not be shaken off? To what end the ethical revelation which we call Christianity, with all its history, its corruption, its Reformation; the revivals of Letters; the Press; the planting of America; the conversion of the powers of nature to the domestic service of man, so that the ocean is but a water-wheel, and the solar system but a clock? To what end are we distributed into electoral nations made

1 Mr. Emerson's habit was to state his thesis strongly, not breaking it by much qualification, and stating another aspect at another time. But as for courage, whatever trepidations he felt, he did not allow to influence his action, thereby showing the best courage.

to know and do; half subject still to England through the dominion of British intellect, and, in common with England, not yet recovered from the astonishing infusions of the Hebrew soul in the beginning of the world? Why is never a pencil moved in the hand of Raphael or Rembrandt, and never a pen in that of Moses or Shakspear, but it communicates emotion and thought to me at the end of five hundred years and across the breadth of half a globe? And, whilst thus the prolific powers of nature, over a period of three or four thousand years, to yield spiritual ailment are epitomized and brought to a focus on the stripling now at school, why does yet his relation to a few men and women close by him outweigh in intensity the entire congregated attractions of worlds and ages?

> "He that is down needs fear no fall,
> He that is low no pride,
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide.
> Fullness to such a burden is
> That go on pilgrimage;
> Here little, and hereafter bliss
> Is best from age to age.
> The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
> The chicken too, to me

Have taught a lesson; let me then
Conformèd to it be.
The butcher, gardener and the field,
The robin and his bait,
Also the rotten tree, doth yield
Me argument of weight."[1]

John Bunyan.

Proportion certainly is a great end of Culture. A man should ask God morning and evening, with the philosopher, that he might be instructed to give to every being and thing in the Universe its just measure of importance; but let not any say that the only remedy against the idols of the cave is conversation with many men, and a knowledge of the world. This is also distorting; State Street, or the Boulevards of Paris, are no truer pictures of the world than is a monastery or a laboratory. The Brokers and Attorneys are quite as far wide of the mark on one side as monks and academicians on the other. Their multitude is no argument, even to themselves. There are two ways of cultivating the Proportion of Character: —

1 Compare the passage in "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 132, Centenary Ed.) on the symbolism of life; also the poem beginning "Let me go where'er I will" (*Poems*, Appendix, p. 365, Centenary Ed.).

1. The habit of attending to all sensations, and putting ourselves in a way to receive a variety, as by attending spectacles, visiting theatres, prisons, senate, factories, ships, museums, churches and hells; a thing impossible to many and except in merest superficiality impossible to any, for a man is not in the place to which he goes unless his mind is there, and, moreover, let him go to all such places as I have named, what does he know about the miners of Cornwall? Is he sure to allow all that is due to that phase of human nature disclosed in Thugs of the Desart? Does he appreciate Insanity? Or know the military life of Russia? Or that of the Italian lazzaroni? or the aspirations and tendencies of the Sacs and Foxes?

2. The other mode of cultivating gradation and forming a just scale is to compare the depth of thought to which different objects appeal. Nature and the course of life furnish every man, the most recluse, with a sufficient variety of objects to supply him with the elements and divisions of a Scale. Let him look back upon any portion of his life; he will see that things have entirely lost the relative proportions which they wore to the eye at the moment when they transpired. The dearest aims of his ambi-

tion have sunk out of sight, and some transient shade of thought looms up out of forgotten years.

Proportion is not the effect of circumstances, but a habit of mind. The Truth is, the Mind is a perfect measure of all things, and the only measure.

Buds. In the woods this afternoon the red bud on the dry twig appeared to reach out unto and prophesy an eternity to come.

The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants.[1] . . . He is not a skeptic who denies a miracle, who denies both angel and resurrection, who does not believe in the existence of such a city as Ancient Rome or Thebes; but he is a skeptic and attacks the constitution of human society, who does not think it always an absolute duty to speak the truth, who pretends not to know how to discriminate between a duty and an inclination; and who thinks the mind is not itself a perfect measure.

When a zealot comes to me and represents the importance of this Temperance Reform, my

1 The next two sentences occur in "Compensation."

hands drop — I have no excuse — I honor him with shame at my own inaction. Then a friend of the slave shows me the horrors of Southern Slavery — I cry, Guilty! — guilty! Then a philanthropist tells me the shameful neglect of the schools by the citizens; I feel guilty again. Then I hear of Byron or Milton, who drank soda-water and ate a crust whilst others fed fat, and I take the confessional anew. Then I hear that my friend has finished Aristophanes, Plato, Cicero, and Grotius; and I take shame to myself. Then I hear of the generous Morton, who offers a thousand dollars to the cause of Socialism, and I applaud and envy. Then of a brave man who resists a wrong to the death, and I sacrifice anew.

I cannot do all these things, but these my shames are illustrious token that I have strict relations to them all. None of these causes are foreigners to me. My universal nature is thus marked. These accusations are part of me too. They are not for nothing.

It seems to me that the circumstances of man are historically somewhat better here and now than ever, — that more freedom exists for Culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step. In other places it is not so. The brave

Lovejoy has given his breast to the bullet for his part, and has died when it was better not to live.[1] He is absolved. There are always men enough ready to die for the silliest punctilio; to die like dogs, who fall down under each other's teeth, but I sternly rejoice that one was found to die for humanity and the rights of free speech and opinion.

The highest culture asks no costly apparatus, neither telescope nor observatory nor college; everywhere its apparatus is where are human beings and necessity and love.

November 25.

What is that society which unites the most advantages to the culture of each? The poor but educated family. The eager blushing boys discharging as they can their little chores, and hastening into the little parlor to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time

1 Soon after the cold-blooded murder by the mob of Elijah Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, for speaking against Slavery in his paper, Mr. Emerson in his lecture on Heroism, suddenly looking his Boston audience in the eyes, said these words. His friend George Bradford said that a shudder seemed to run through the audience, yet unprepared for this bold word for a martyr of an unpopular cause.

to read a novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother, and atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith.[1] . . .

Sleep. I supposed that it was only soldiers and Emperors that slept but four hours in the twenty-four; but David Buttrick[2] told me that since he had followed teaming, he had not averaged more than this, and further that it sometimes happened that he would be so overcome with drowsiness on the road that he could not proceed. Then he stops his team, turns into a bush at the roadside and sleeps for five minutes. This satisfies him, and he goes on as wakeful as after a night's sleep.

1 The rest of this passage, touchingly describing the early home life of himself and his brothers, may be found in "Domestic Life" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 119–121). In the Journal, the passage about self-possession follows, beginning "In battles the eye is first overcome." (See "Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 237.)

2 A Concord farmer, and an excellent man. After Mr. Emerson's farm had grown in acreage and productions, Mr. Buttrick sold his apples and pears for him at the Quincy Market. In spite of his irregular hours, Mr. Buttrick kept his health and his remarkable beauty until he was nearly ninety.

I do not like to see a sword at a man's side. If it threaten man, it threatens me. A company of soldiers is an offensive spectacle.

November 26.

. . . [1] The fury with which the slaveholder and the slavetrader defend every inch of their plunder, of their bloody deck and howling auction, only serves as a Trump of Doom to alarum the ear of mankind, to wake the sleepers and drag all neutrals to take sides and listen to the argument which justice shall finally pronounce, and to the verdict. . . .

[These questions] are pregnant with doctrine; Can a War pass over a nation without leaving some ethical conclusions laid up in the mind of all intelligent citizens? Can an Election? An appeal for the Greeks, an appeal for the Poles, an appeal for the little island of Cape De Verde?

1 This sentence from a long passage on the Slave Trade, the Temperance movement, Anti-masonry, Tariff, the duties of the Executive and of Representatives, Treatment of Indians, and Boundary Wars, is preserved to show how alive Mr. Emerson was at this early period to questions of National Ethics. The passage, in condensed form, is printed in the "Lecture on the Times," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, pp. 269, 270, Centenary Ed.

The visit of a stranger like Lafayette, Spurzheim, Hall, Martineau, has great uses of thought and culture.

The Crisis of Trade, contrasting with the flowing sheet that just before was wafting us over illimitable spaces, — the crisis of trade, which always teaches political economy and constrains every man to explore the process involving the labors of so many by which a loaf of bread comes from the seed-wheat to his table. All these get epitomized into a song, a proverb, a byword, — and so their spirit stays. All these instructive slides in our lantern show us something of ethics and something of practicks. Whom do they teach? Do not ask who. They teach you, and, if you, then tens of thousands. They settle what is, and what ought to be. The gloomy catastrophe of a bankruptcy, of a revolution, of a war, which wrap cities and nations in black, is only an emphatic exposition of the natural results of given courses of action, as we look at a pod to learn the virtues of a plant.

Does any say that it does no good; for those who have learned, by mistakes of policy which extend over fifteen or twenty years, what is right, die, and their wisdom dies with them, for Time

or Saturn is always devouring his children? With that death I have no concern — the soul in us gives us no anticipation of any such fate; on the contrary, never looks that way; says, What have I to do with it? and craves always this nectar of the Gods, knowledge, ambrosia. The earth is not a place of results, but a place of lessons, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

It does not exactly fit the thing to say *it was designed* that these transactions should so teach us as they have, but this effect and this action meet as accurately as the splendid lights of morning and evening meet the configuration of the human eye, and the more interior eye of taste.

November 27.

What is culture? The chief end of man.

What is the apparatus? His related nature.

What is the scale? Himself.

What are my advantages? The total New England.

Expressiveness. I magnify instincts.[1] . . .

1 Here follows the passage about such facts, words, persons as dwell in our memory, rightly bespeaking our attention as symbols of value. ("Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, p. 144.)

December 3.

Lidian says, it is wicked to go to church Sundays.[1]

December 8.

Waldo walks alone.

Whilst meditating on the Ideal, I hear today from the pulpit, "the friendship of the world is enmity with God," which thus translates itself into the language of philosophy; Harmony with the actual is discord with the Ideal.

Ends meet, or the modern use of Antiquity. The progress of science is to bring the remote near. The kelp which grew neglected on the roaring sea-beach of the Orkneys, now comes to the shops; the seal, the otter, the ermine, that none saw but the Esquimaux in the Rocky Mountains, they must come to Long Wharf also; the shells; the strombus, the turbe, the pearl that hid six hundred fathoms down in the

1 This saying Mr. Emerson quotes in the "Divinity School Address" (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 143), but it was only the momentary utterance of some disappointment, for Mrs. Emerson, to whom things spiritual were the bread of life, made, if the priest's Sabbath were unlovely, "in the pew, a far better, holier, sweeter for herself as long as she lived."

warm waters of the Gulf, they must take the bait and leave their silent houses and come to Long Wharf also; even the birds of Labrador that laid their eggs for ages on the rocky coast must send their green eggs now to Long Wharf whilst this happens.

So I think will it be the effect of insight to show nearer relations than are yet known between remote periods of history and the present moment. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Egyptian era, now fading fast into twilight, must reappear to-day, and, as a varnish brings out the original colors of an antique picture, so a better knowledge of our own time will be a sunbeam to search the faintest traces of character in the foundations in the world. So I think Olympus and Memphis, and Moses, and Zoroaster and Tubal Cain have not done all their duty yet.

Homer, Greece, Rome and Egypt certainly have come nearer to us for Wolf, Bentley, Niebuhr, Müller, Winckelmann and Champollion.

How much waste strength is in the world, since no man works with half, or a quarter, or a tithe of his strength, considering his profession or office not his proper work, but only perfunctorily done.

The fair girl whom I saw in town expressing so decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and so lofty a will, inspires the wish to come nearer to and speak to this nobleness: so shall we be ennobled also. I wish to say to her, Never strike sail to any. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for the passing stranger is cheered, refined and raised by the vision.[1]

"*Understanding*." The small man's part in the conversation seems to be to keep by him an ewer containing cold water, and as fast as in different parts of the room a little blaze is generated, he applies a little cold water with his hand to the place.

Sunday, I could not help remarking at church how much humanity was in the preaching of my good uncle, Mr. Sam Ripley. The rough farmers had their hands at their eyes repeatedly. But the old hardened sinners, the arid, educated men, ministers and others, were dry as stones.

1 This passage, in less personal form, is printed in "Heroism" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 250).

December 9.

Truth is our element and life, yet if a man fasten his attention upon a single aspect of truth, and apply himself to that alone for a long time, the truth itself becomes distorted, and, as it were, false.[1] . . . The *lie of One Idea.*

Elizabeth Hoar made a just remark the other evening about the fair girl I spoke of, that among grown up or among married women she knew no one who fulfilled the promise of that one. But there were idealizing girls when these women were young. She said she never knew a woman excepting M. M. E. (Aunt Mary), who gave high counsels.

December 18.

Ah! that we had power to trace the parentage and the high distinctions of the intellect. God is pure intellect, where it becomes one with Truth, — or is it bipolar there also, and to be called Reason subjectively, Truth objectively? Of this Deity the old sage might well say, Its Beauty is Immense. As it enters our lower sphere, the Vision, that high power which perceives the excellence of Truth and Justice, is called Reason; the perception of the relations

1 See "Intellect" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 339).

of the Apparent World is called Common Sense, and we apply the term Understanding to the activity of the mind upon the apparent objects, comparing, reasoning, constructing.

But Intellect and Intellection signify to the common ear something else, the consideration of abstract Truth.[1] . . . *I and mine* cannot see the wonder of their existence. This the Intellect always ponders; it is never a partisan. It is always an observer.

God shows all things bound and formed. The subtle intellect detects the secret intrinsic likeness between remotest things, and as a menstruum dissolves all things into a few principles. This power does not appear in beasts. They are wholly immersed in the Apparent, and do never, as we say, float over it, and see themselves also as facts.

The order of the Universe seems always one, not diverse, but more and less. Thus over all the brute creation seems to brood a common soul, — the same in all, and never individualized. Each ox, each sheep, is not an individual as a man is, but only one piece more of the ox kind, of the sheep kind. Their life, which con-

1 Here follows the paragraph thus beginning in "Intellect" (*Essays*, First Series, pp. 325, 326).

tains their instincts, is over them, according to the ancient saying, God is the soul of brutes. In a higher sphere of rational life dwells the infant man. The child is pervaded by an element of reason, but does not individualize himself, or say I. The child lives with God, but as a dweller in this higher sphere, that of Absolute Truth; this infinite nature bursts through at last into the affirmative of real being; I am. Feebly, it enters into him; his life is the life of the senses, of the apparent, of the actual.

But he is continually impelled by the influx of the higher principle to abstract himself from effects, and dwell with causes. This is the region of laws, the sphere of the Intellect, the native air of the human soul. Few men enter it, but all men belong there.

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Johnson, *Lives of the Poets;* Boswell, *Life of Johnson;* Boscovich; Rousseau;

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JOURNAL

BOSTON LECTURES

THE PULPIT FROM THE PEW

ADDRESS TO THE SENIOR CLASS

IN THE DIVINITY COLLEGE

THE RESULTING STORM

ORATION AT DARTMOUTH

COLLEGE

JOURNAL XXIX

1838

(From Journal C)

"Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit."

MARTIAL.

[THE Boston course of lectures on Human Culture was successful; meantime the quiet home life went on, brightened by the charm of the little Waldo. Friends came and went, as did philosophers, and unbidden reformers. Beside his daily record of thoughts, Mr. Emerson had to prepare a lecture on Peace for the American Peace Society, and invitations came for discourses during the summer from the Senior Class in the Cambridge Divinity College and the literary societies of Dartmouth College.]

January 26, 1838.

All this mild winter, Hygeia and the Muse befriend with the elements the poor, driven scribe. Eight lectures have been read on eight fine evenings, and to-day the mercury stands

at 52° (3 o'clock P. M.) in the shade.[1] To-day I send the oration to press again.

Sleep and Dreams. The landscape and scenery of dreams seem not to fit us, but like a cloak or coat of some other person, to overlap and incumber the wearer. So is the ground, the road, the house, in dreams too long or too short, and, if it serve no other purpose, would at least show us how accurately nature fits man awake.[2]

January 27.

How much superstition in the learned and unlearned! All take for granted that a great deal — nay, almost all — is known and forever settled. That which a man now says, he merely throws in as confirmatory of this corpse, or corporation universal, of science. Whilst the fact is, that nothing is known; and every new mind ought to take the attitude of Columbus, — launch out from the ignorant, gaping world, and sail west for a new world. Very, very few

1 There are no earlier entries except on the weather. Mr. Emerson remarks that in the last days of December, and up to January 12, the days had been pleasant and mild, sometimes warm.

2 Compare "Demonology," *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 5, Centenary Ed.

thoughts in an age.[1] Now; Wordsworth has thought, and more truly Goethe has thought. Both have perceived the extreme poverty of literature, but all the rest of the learned were men of talents merely, who had some feat which each could do with words, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Mackintosh, Niebuhr; and the rest.

I think, too, that, if there were philosophers, orators, men, to think boldly, there would be no difficulty in carrying with you the mind of any mixed audience. As soon as you became yourself dilated with a thought, you carry men with you as by miraculous uplifting; you lose them by your own want of thought, of which impotence they become instantly aware. . . .

February 3.

Five days ago came Carlyle's letter, and has kept me warm ever since with its affection and praise. It seems his friend John Sterling loves Waldo Emerson also, by reason of reading the book *Nature*. I am quite bewitched, maugre all my unamiableness, with so dainty a relation as a friendship for a scholar and poet I have never seen, and he Carlyle's friend. I read his papers

1 Compare "Quotation and Originality," *Letters and Social Aims*, p. 179, Centenary Ed.

immediately in *Blackwood*, and see a thinker, if not a poet. Thought he has, and right in every line, but music he cares not for. I had certainly supposed that a lover of Carlyle and of me must needs love rhythm and music of style. So pleasant a piece of sentiment as this new relation, it does not seem very probable that any harsh experience will be allowed to disturb. It is not very probable that we shall meet bodily, to put the ethereal web we weave to the test of any rending or straining. And yet, God knows, I dare and I will boldly impawn his temper, that he dares meet and coöperate until we are assayed and proven. I am not a sickly sentimentalist, though the name of a friend warms my heart and makes me feel as a girl, but must and will have in my companion sense and virtue.[1]

February 5.

But the lecture must be writ — friend or no friend. And it seems as if Condition might be

1 He found both, and from this time until Sterling's death, six years later, these friends, who never met, gave joy and support to each other. They met on grounds where Carlyle, "the great Anti-poet" as Sterling called him, could not follow them. See the *Correspondence of Sterling and Emerson* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897).

treated. Fate, Fortune, Love, Demonology, Sleep; Death — what Deities or Demons environ man; nothing but aids him.

Then the fact that we lie open to God, and what may he not do!

But no, we can predict very well that, though new thoughts may come, and cheer, and gild, they shall not transport us. There are limits to our mutability. Time seems to make these shadows that we are, tough and peakèd.

Yet remember that the hunger of people for truth is immense. The reason why they yawn is because you have it not. Consider, too, how Shakspear and Milton are formed. They are just such men as we all are to their contemporaries, and none suspected their superiority,— but after all were dead, and a generation or two besides, it is discovered that they surpass all. Each of us then take the same moral to himself.

True greatness will preach its own contentment. It will not sneer; it will not scold; it will smile at the pomp-encumbered king; it will pity those who harness themselves with cares, but will persist, itself, in wearing a simpler and lighter costume. It will reckon all its own.

There are merits we cannot estimate, — the

military and the arithmetical and the intellectual, we can, but scarce any others. Observe our defective names for character. But piety transcends. And there may be many elements of character that we want skill now to detect, as we cannot find any virus in the air of a plague hospital, but the air of Alps and the air of the dead-room give the same result. We walk with Angels unawares.

Fame is not the result we seek. Fame to my man shall be as the tinkle of a passing sleigh-bell. But he shall have the past in the present, he shall forsee himself in scanning the genius of Divine Providence.

February 9.

In Boston, Wednesday night, I read at the Masonic Temple the tenth and last lecture of my Course on Human Culture.

Lecture I, Introductory. II, The Hands. III, The Head. IV, The Eye and The Ear. V, The Heart. VI, The Heart, Continued. VII, Prudence. VIII, Heroism. IX, Holiness. X, General Views.[1]

1 In Mr. Cabot's Memoir, vol. ii, in Appendix F, some abstract of these lectures is given, especially of the parts not printed in the *Essays*.

The pecuniary advantage of the Course has been considerable.

Season tickets sold	319 for	$620.
Single tickets sold	373 for	186.
		$806.
Deduct error somewhere		13
		$793.
Deduct expenses		225
		$568. net profit.

The attendance on this course (adding to the above list 85 tickets distributed by me to friends) will be about 439 persons, on the average, of an evening — and, as it was much larger at the close than at the beginning, I think five hundred persons at the closing lectures.

A very gratifying interest on the part of the audience was evinced in the views offered, which were drawn chiefly out of the materials already collected in this Journal. The ten lectures were read on ten pleasant winter evenings, on consecutive Wednesdays. Thanks to the Teacher, of me and of all, the Upholder, the Healthgiver; thanks and lowliest wondering acknowledgment.

Opinion is our secondary or outward conscience — very unworthy to be compared with the primary, but, when that is seared, this becomes of great importance. A man whose legs are sound may play with his cane or throw it away, but if his legs are gouty, he must lean on his cane.

You must love me as I am. Do not tell me how much I should love you. I am content. I find my satisfactions in a calm, considerate reverence, measured by the virtues which provoke it. So love me as I am. When I am virtuous, love me; when I am vicious, hate me; when I am lukewarm, neither good nor bad, care not for me. But do not by your sorrow or your affection solicit me to be somewhat else than I by nature am.[1]

February 11.

At the "teachers' meeting"[2] last night, my

1 This paragraph versified may be found in the *Poems*, Appendix, fragments on "Life," p. 352, Centenary Ed.

2 On Sunday evenings, friends, many of them teachers in the Sunday School, gathered in the Emerson parlor for serious talk. Among them came Mr. Edmund Hosmer, a neighboring farmer who had also a philosophic mind and was liked and respected by Mr. Emerson, whose agricultural adviser and executor he was.

good Edmund, after disclaiming any wish to difference Jesus from a human mind, suddenly seemed to alter his tone, and said that Jesus made the world and was the Eternal God. Henry Thoreau merely remarked that "Mr. Hosmer had kicked the pail over." I delight much in my young friend [Thoreau], who seems to have as free and erect a mind as any I have ever met. He told as we walked this afternoon a good story about a boy who went to school with him, Wentworth, who resisted the school mistress's command that the children should bow to Dr. Heywood[1] and other gentlemen as they went by, and when Dr. Heywood stood waiting and cleared his throat with a Hem, Wentworth said, "You need n't hem, Doctor. I shan't bow."

February 16.

And what can you say for Milton, the King of song in the last ages? Milton the heroic, the continuator of the series of the Bards, the Representative of the Immortal Band with fillet and harp, and soul all melody. To me he is associated with my family, with my two glori-

1 A respected practitioner of medicine, and the Town Clerk of Concord for a generation, succeeded in this office by his son, George Heywood, Esq., for a like period.

ous dead, — Edward and Charles, — whose ear tingled with his melodies, with Charles especially, who, I think, knew the delight of that man's genius as well or better than any one who ever loved it. It was worth Milton's labor on his poems to give so much clear joy and manly satisfaction to a noble soul in this distant time. Of this I am very sure, that Milton himself would more prize the admiration, — nay that is almost too strong a word, — I may dare to say, rather, the even love of Charles than of any other person who has written about him. For Charles's severe, delicate, discriminating taste read in Milton what seemed, I doubt not, rather his own writing than another man's. Charles could not write as he could read, and Milton wrote for Charles. My own ear still rings with the diamond sharpness of his poetic recitations of *Samson Agonistes*, —

"Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself";

and the

"tame, villatic fowl"

and

"Held up their pearlèd wrists and took him in."

And so does Milton seem to me a poet who had a majestic ear, and an ear for all the delicacies of rhythm; not at all squeamish.

February 17.

My good Henry Thoreau made this else solitary afternoon sunny with his simplicity and clear perception. How comic is simplicity in this double-dealing, quacking world. Everything that boy says makes merry with society, though nothing can be graver than his meaning. I told him he should write out the history of his college life, as Carlyle has his tutoring. We agreed that the seeing the stars through a telescope would be worth all the astronomical lectures. Then he described Mr. Quimby's electrical lecture here, and the experiment of the shock, and added that "college corporations are very blind to the fact that that twinge in the elbow is worth all the lecturing."

To-night, I walked under the stars through the snow, and stopped and looked at my far

sparklers and heard the voice of the wind, so slight and pure and deep, as if it were the sound of the stars themselves revolving.

How much self-reliance it implies to write a true description of anything, for example, Wordsworth's picture of skating; that leaning back on your heels and stopping in mid-career. So simple a fact no common man would have trusted himself to detach as a thought.

February 19.

Solitude is fearsome and heavy-hearted. I have never known a man who had so much good accumulated upon him as I have. Reason, health, wife, child, friends, competence, reputation, the power to inspire, and the power to please; yet, leave me alone a few days, and I creep about as if in expectation of a calamity. My mother, my brother, are at New York. A little farther, across the sea, is my friend Thomas Carlyle. In the Islands I have another friend, it seems. I will love you all and be happy in your love. My gentle wife has an angel's heart, and for my boy, his grief is more beautiful than other people's joy.

Carlyle, too: ah, my friend! I thought, as I looked at your book to-day, which all the bril-

liant so admire, that you have spoiled it for me. Why, I say, should I read this book? The man himself is mine: he can sit under trees of Paradise and tell me a hundred histories deeper, truer, dearer than this, all the eternal days of God. I shall not tire, I shall not shame him: we shall be children in heart and men in counsel and in act. The pages which to others look so rich and alluring, to me have a frigid and marrowless air, for the warm hand and heart I have an estate in, and the living eye of which I can almost discern across the sea some sparkles. I think my affection to that man really incapacitates me from reading his book. In the windy night, in the sordid day, out of banks and bargains and disagreeable business, I espy you; and run to my pleasant thoughts.

February 23.

Abel Adams [1] told me that Boyden, the late landlord of the Tremont House, told him that he made forty-five thousand dollars in one year in that establishment, and was frightened at his

1 Mr. Abel Adams (of the firm of Barnard and Adams) was Mr. Emerson's life-long friend. During the short housekeeping that followed Mr. Emerson's first marriage, Mr. Adams was a near neighbour in Chardon Place.

success. Another year he made nearly so much. But it nearly killed him with care and confinement. He kept it eight years.

March 4.

I told Alcott that in the city, Cousin and Jouffroy, and the opinion of this and that Doctor, showed very large; a fame of the book-stores seemed commanding; but as soon as we got ten miles out of town, in the bushes, we whistled at such matters, cared little for societies, *Systèmes*, or book-stores. God and the world return again to mind, sole problem, and we value an observation upon a brass knob, a genuine observation on a button, more than whole encyclopædias. It is even so; as I read this new book of Ripley's[1] it looks to me — neat, elegant, accurate, as it is — a mere superficiality: in my Jack Cade way of counting by number and weight, counting the things, I find nothing worth in the accomplished Cousin and the mild Jouffroy; the most unexceptionable clearness, precision and good sense, — never a slip, never an ignorance, — but, unluckily, never an inspiration. One page of Milton's poorest tract is worth the whole.

1 *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, edited by George Ripley, later, the head of the Brook Farm Community.

Last night a remembering and remembering talk with Lidian. I went back to the first smile of Ellen on the door-stone at Concord.[1] I went back to all that delicious relation to feel, as ever how many shades, how much reproach. Strange is it that I can go back to no part of youth, no past relation, without shrinking and shrinking. Not Ellen, not Edward, not Charles. Infinite compunctions embitter each of those dear names, and all who surrounded them.[2] Ah! could I have felt in the presence of the first, as now I feel, my own power and hope, and so have offered her in every word and look the heart of a man humble and wise, but resolved to be true and perfect with God, and not, as I fear it seemed, the uneasy, uncentred joy of one who received in her a good — a lovely good — out of all proportion to his deserts, I might haply have made her days longer and certainly sweeter, and at least have recalled her seraph smile without a pang. I console myself with the thought that if Ellen, if Edward, if Charles, could have read my entire heart, they should have seen nothing but rectitude of purpose and generosity

1 New Hampshire.

2 The substance of the last sentences is to be found in "Love," *Essays*, First Series, p. 171, Centenary Ed.

conquering the superficial coldness and prudence. But I ask now, Why was not I made like all these beatified mates of mine, *superficially* generous and noble, as well as *internally so?* They never needed to shrink at any remembrance; — and I at so many sad passages that look to me now as if I had been blind and mad. Well, O God, I will try and learn from this sad memory to be brave and circumspect and true henceforth and weave now a web that will not shrink. This is the thorn in the flesh.

At church I saw that beautiful child A. P., and my fine, natural, manly neighbor who bore the bread and wine to the communicants with so clear an eye and excellent face and manners. That was all I saw that looked like God, at Church. Let the clergy beware when the well-disposed scholar begins to say, I cannot go to church, time is too precious.[1] . . .

Bad to see a row of children looking old.

1 The passage about the motive for going to church as a meeting-place of high and low, follows. See "Divinity School Address," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 143.

March 5.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a beautiful day, mild, calm, and though the earth is covered with snow, somewheres two feet deep, yet the day and the night, moonlit, were as good for thought, if the man were rested and peaceful, as any in the year. The meteorology of thought I like to note.

They say of Alcott, and I have sometimes assented, that he is one-toned, and hearkens with no interest to books or conversation out of the scope of his one commanding idea. Maybe so, but very different is his centralism from that of vulgar monomaniacs, for he looks with wise love at all real facts, at street faces, at the broad-shouldered, long-haired farmer, at the domestic woman, at the kitchen, at the furniture, at the season as related to man, and so on. He can hear the voice which said to George Fox, "That which others trample on must be thy food."

What shall I answer to these friendly youths who ask of me an account of Theism, and think the views I have expressed of the impersonality of God desolating and ghastly? I say, that I cannot find, when I explore my own conscious-

ness, any truth in saying that God is a person, but the reverse. I feel that there is some profanation in saying, He is personal. To represent him as an individual is to shut him out of my consciousness. He is then but a great man such as the crowd worships. Yet, yet, *Cor purgat oratio.*

Of the French Eclecticism, and what Cousin thinks so conclusive (see George Ripley's *Specimens*, etc., vol. i, p. 45), I would say there is an optical illusion in it.[1] . . .

Take Cousin's Philosophy — (a kissed finger cannot write[2]) — Well, this book (if the pretension they make be good) ought to be wisdom's wisdom, and we can hug the volume to our heart and make a bonfire of all the libraries. But here are people who have read it and still survive, nor is it at once perceptible in their future reasonings that they have talked with God, face to face. Indeed I have read it myself, as I have read any other book. I found

1 Here follows the passage thus beginning in "Literary Ethics" (*Nature Addresses*, etc., pp. 171, 172), as to truth being "such a fly-away . . . gone before you can cry, Hold!"

2 Mrs. Emerson had evidently brought little Waldo into the study.

in it a few memorable thoughts, for Philosophy does not absolutely hinder people from having thought, but by no means so many memorable thoughts as I could have got out of many another book. Say, for example, Montaigne's essays. A profound thought anywhere classifies all things. A profound thought will lift Olympus.[1] . . .

I have read with astonishment and unabated curiosity and pleasure Carlyle's *Revolution* again, half through the second volume. I cannot help feeling that he squanders his genius. Why should an imagination such as never rejoiced before the face of God, since Shakespeare, be content to play? Why should he trifle and joke? I cannot see; I cannot praise. It seems to me, he should have writ in such deep earnest that he should have trembled to his fingers' ends with the terror and the beauty of his visions. It is not true that, with all his majestic toleration, his infinite superiority as a man to the flocks of clean and unclean creatures he describes, — that yet he takes a point of view somewhat higher than his insight or any human insight can pro-

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Divinity School Address," p. 172.

fitably use and maintain ; that there is, therefore, some inequality between his power of painting, which is matchless, and his power of explaining, which satisfies not. Somewhere you must let out all the length of all the reins. There is somewhat real; There is God. . . .

I regret one thing omitted in my late course of Lectures: that I did not state with distinctness and conspicuously the great error of modern society in respect to religion, and say, You can never come to any peace or power until you put your whole reliance in the moral constitution of man, and not at all in a historical Christianity.

The Belief in Christianity that now prevails is the Unbelief of men. They will have Christ for a Lord and not for a Brother. Christ preaches the greatness of man, but we hear only the greatness of Christ.

March 6.

Read in Montaigne's chapter on Seneca and Plutarch a very good critique on the systems and methods on which I expended my petulance in these pages yesterday. Montaigne is spiced throughout with rebellion, as much as Alcott or my young Henry Thoreau.

It is a mystery of numbers, that in loss and

gain, whether of finances or of political majorities, the transfer of one counts not one but two. Well, in magnanimities it is not otherwise. I have generous purposes and go on benefiting somebody, well pleased with myself. Presently I listen to the Prudences, and say, This person is heedless and ungrateful — I withhold my hand. Instantly the new coldness awakens resentment in the other party, and all the feelings that naturally respond to selfishness. I, who pleased myself with my generosity, and am still the same person, find no sort of complacency toward myself in the supposed beneficiary, but only hard thoughts. And the difference of cost betwixt munificence and meanness may amount to one dollar, fifty-three cents.

I like, to be sure, Mrs. Hoar's good saying, when that transcendent beggar Ma'am Bliss received the beefsteak she had sent her, saying, "Yes, you can leave it; Mrs. D. has sent me some turkey, but this will do for the cat," — Mrs. H. told Elizabeth that, "It would do her as much good as if she thanked us." Very true and noble Mrs. Hoar! And yet I grudged the dollar and a half paid to my stupid, beggar-mannered, thankless Mrs. W., because all that I gave to this lump of tallow was so much taken

from my friend and brother whom I ought to go labor on day wages to help.[1]

March 9.

There was a simple man grew so suddenly rich that, coming one day into his own stately door and hall in a reverie, he felt on his mind the accustomed burden of fear that now he should see a great person, and was making up his mouth to ask firmly if —— was at home, when he bethought himself who is ——? Who is it I should ask for? And on second thought, he saw it was his own house, and he was ——.

We take great pleasure in meeting a cultivated peasant, and think his independence of thought and his power of language surprising, but it is soon tedious to talk with him, for there is no progress in his conversation, no speed, no prompt intelligence, but a steady ox-team portage, that you can see from where you stand where it will have got half an hour hence. The scholar is a comfort to your heart, for he leaves all the details of the way and will jump with you over a few centuries when we have got into a bog. Of droll word-blunders Lidian could

1 Mr. Emerson wrote elsewhere, that every man has his own poor, whom no mortal but he would help.

never cure Mrs. W. of calling mashed, *smashed.* "Oh, yes, she had fed baby with a smashed potato." Snowed, "*snew.*" "You *fired* the scissors at me."

March 11.

The advantage of riches seems to be in the skin or not much deeper. . . . I am quite free to go to my work, the work which is my joy to do. This makes a state of perfect preparation for the work. If I wake up in another man's house, or in a hotel, or place of constraint where I have come to do a forced work, — come, not with ideal of freedom, but with external compulsion of some sort, — then I feel an irritability, as much in the skin as in the soul, that pesters and hinders me. If I were master of millions I should not feel such vexation, but should control the circumstances, and, in as much as I am master of hundreds or thousands, I do. And such, and no other, seems the advantage of riches. If a man have more soul, more will, less *skin*, — he can do without riches.

"Love is the sole title-deed to property in the spiritual world," [said] C. C. E.

March 14.

Read a lecture on Peace at the Odeon on Monday evening, 12th. Yesterday saw Mar-

garet Fuller and the Tremont pictures, and talked of Carlyle and Cousin, and at the *soirée* saw Bancroft and Ripley and Loring, and so had a pleasant Boston visit. Bancroft talked of the foolish *Globe* newspaper. It has a circulation of 30,000, and as he said, each copy is read by ten persons, so that an editorial article is read by three hundred thousand persons, which he pronounced with all deep-mouthed elocution. I only told him then I wished they would write better if they wrote for so many. I ought to have said what utter nonsense to name in *my* ear this *number*, as if that were anything. Three million such people as can read the *Globe* with interest are as yet in too crude a state of nonage to deserve any regard. I ought to have expressed a sincere contempt for the Scramble newspaper.

March 18.

I was so ungrateful in reading and finishing Carlyle's *History* yesterday as to say, But *philosophes* must not write history for me. They know too much. I read some Plutarch, or even dull Belknap or Williamson, and in their dry, dead annals I get thought which they never put there. I hear a voice of great Nature through these wooden pipes; but my wise poet sees, himself,

all that I can see of the divine in events, and, however slightly, says that he sees it. So is my subject exhausted, and my end as an artist not furthered, for do they not say that the highest joy is the Creator's, not the Receiver's?

Yet wiser I have been, and am, whenever I sit and hear, and wiser I am in this reading when my poet soars highest. It is strange how little moral sentence, how few moral sentences there are in literature. They affect us deeper, greatlier than all else. Yet how rare! The whole praise of Wordsworth is based on some ten pages or less of such matter. Herbert's is that; Shakspear has spoken a little; and Carlyle has uttered both before and again in this book some immortal accents. Thus what is said of De Launay, who could not fire the Bastile magazine; what is said of Danton the realist, and of the moral to go and do otherwise, issuing from this era, abide in my memory with vital heat.

I have read the second volume of poems by Tennyson, with like delight to that I found in the first and with like criticism. Drenched he is in Shakspear, born, baptized and bred in Shakspear, yet has his own humor, and original rhythm, music and images. How ring his humorsome lines in the ear,—

"In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemèd always afternoon."

The Old Year's Death pleases me most. But why I speak of him now is because he had a line or two that looked like the moral strain amaranthine I spake of.

At church all day, but almost tempted to say I would go no more. Men go where they are wont to go, else had no soul gone this afternoon.[1] . . . Yet no fault in the good man. Evidently he thought himself a faithful, searching preacher, — mentioned that he thought so several times; and seemed to be one of that large class, *sincere persons based on sham; sincere persons who are bred and do live in shams.* . . . But why do I blame the preachers? What is so rare among men, may be rare among preachers; all men are bound to articulate speaking as well as they. I doubt I shall never hear the august laws of morals as I am capable of them. No pronouncer of them shall fill my ear.

Carlyle has too much reason for his insisting so oft on articulate speech as opposed to hys-

1 Much of what follows is found in the "Divinity School Address," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, pp. 137, 138.

terics. There is but little. Even the few speeches he quotes from his great men in his history, after the first or second sentence, do merely verb it, — verbs and not thoughts.

The Church is a good place to study Theism by comparing the things said with your Consciousness.

There is no better subject for effective writing than the Clergy. I ought to sit and think, and then write a discourse to the American Clergy, showing them the ugliness and unprofitableness of theology and churches at this day, and the glory and sweetness of the moral nature out of whose pale they are almost wholly shut. Present Realism as the front face, and remind them of the fact that I shrink and wince as soon as the prayers begin, and am very glad if my tailor has given me a large velvet collar to my wrapper or cloak, the prayers are so bad.[1] A good subject, because we can see always the good ideal, the noble ethics of nature, as contrast to the poverty-stricken pulpit. . . .

See how easily these old worships of Moses, of Socrates, of Zoroaster, of Jesus, domesticate themselves in my mind. It will be admitted I

1 See "Divinity School Address," p. 137. Much follows that is found on pp. 138 and 145.

have great susceptibility to such. Will it not be as easy to say they are other Waldos?

A man comes now into the world a slave. He comes saddled with twenty or forty centuries. Asia has arrearages and Egypt arrearages; not to mention all the subsequent history of Europe and America. But he is not his own man, but the hapless bondman of Time, with these continents and æons of prejudice to carry on his back. It is now grown so bad that he cannot carry the mountain any longer and be a man. There must be a revolution. Let the revolution come, and let one come breathing free into the earth to walk by hope alone. It were a new world, and perhaps the ideal would seem possible, but now it seems to me they are cheated out of themselves and live on another's sleeve.

Astronomy is sedative to the human mind. In skeptical hours when things go whirling and we doubt if all is not an extemporary dream: the calm, remote and secular character of astronomical facts composes us to a sublime peace.

March 19.

Yesterday a snow-storm, lying to-day as in January banks; and the bluebirds have disap-

peared. If the best people I know — say A and B and C and L and S — should meet with highest aims, should meet for worship, I think they would say, Come, now let us join in aspirations to the Soul — How little a portion is known of Him! What needs but lowly, utter sincerity? And let us say together what we feel. . . .

To absolute mind a person is but a fact, but consciousness is God.

Of the New Testament the supreme value is the charm I wrote of yesterday, which attaches to moral sentences, to the Veda, to Seneca, to all the vaticinations, and highest to the Hebrew Muse.[1] . . .

March 21.

Last night, George Minot says he heard, in his bed, the screaming and squalling of the wild geese flying over, between nine and ten o'clock. The newspaper notices the same thing. I, riding from Framingham at the same hour, heard nothing. The collar of my wrapper did shut out nature.

March 24.

The natural motions of the Soul are so much better than the voluntary ones that you will

1 The concluding paragraph of the "Divinity School Address" here follows.

never do yourself justice in dispute. The thought is not then taken hold of by the "right handle," does not show itself proportioned and in its true bearings. It bears extorted, hoarse and half witness.

I have been led yesterday into a rambling exculpatory talk on theism. I say that here we feel at once that we have no language; that words are only auxiliary and not adequate, are suggestions and not copies of our cogitation. I deny personality to God because it is too little, not too much. Life, personal life, is faint and cold to the energy of God. For Reason and Love and Beauty, or that which is all these, is the life of life, the reason of reason, the love of love.

In the highest moments we are a vision.[1] . . .

March 26.

Law of Conversation. Thought is only to be answered by thought, not by authority, not by wishes. I tell men what I find in my consciousness. They answer me, It is wrong; it is false; for we wish otherwise. I report to them from my thought how little we know of God, and they

1 The rest of the passage so opening is in "Self-Reliance," *Essays*, First Series, p. 69.

reply, "We think you have no Father. We love to address the Father." Yes, I say, the Father is a convenient name and image to the affections; but drop all images, if you wish to come at the elements of your thought, and use as mathematical words as you can. We must not be so wise. We must not affect, as all mankind do, to know all things, and to have quite finished and done God and Heaven. We must come back to our real, initial state and see and own that we have yet beheld but the first ray of Being. In strict speech it seems fittest to say, *I become*, rather than *I am*. I am a *Becoming*, so do I less sever or divide the One. I am now nothing but a prophecy of that I shall be. To me sing and chant sun and stars and persons. They all manifest to me my far-off rights. They foreshow, or they are the first ripples and wavelets of that vast inundation of the All which is beyond and which I tend and labor to be.

March 27.

This is one of the chilly, white days that deform my Spring.[1] It seems as if we owed to

1 Mr. Emerson always objected to "white days," when there was a slight film over the sun, but rejoiced in a "yellow day," with its splendor of colour.

literature certain impressions concerning nature which nature did not justify.[1] . . .

Somewhere, as I have often said, not only every orator, but every man should let out all the length of all the reins, should find or make a frank and hearty expression of himself. If George Bradford keeps school, and in the details of his week loses himself or fails to communicate himself to the minds of his scholars in his full stature and proportion as a wise and good man, he does not yet find his vocation; he must find in that an outlet for his character, so that he may justify himself to their minds for doing what he does. He must take some trivial exercise or lesson, and make it liberal. Whatever he knows and thinks, whatever in his apprehension is worth his doing, that let him communicate, or they will never know him and honor him aright.

George B. Emerson is more interested in his trees and cabinet of shells than in books; he has not then given his lesson to his school until he has shown them the shells and the shrubs.

1 Here follows what is said in the Dartmouth College Address, "Literary Ethics," on the utter newness of actual Nature to one versed in the classic poets. (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures,* pp. 167, 168.)

I thought, as I rode to Acton, that we all betray God to the Devil, Being to Negation. I know well the value of a sentiment and of sincerity, yet how easily will any fop, any coat and boots, draw me to an appearance of sympathy with him and to an air of patronizing the sentiments; the commonest person of condition and fashion affects me more than is right, and I am mute, passive, and let their world wag, let them make the world, I being but a block of the same. I ought to go upright and vital and say the truth in all ways.[1] . . . Do not carry love to affectation and slaver. Plain it is that our culture is not come, that none are cultivated, that it could not be said by the traveller, I met in that country one high-souled and prevailing man. Foolish whenever you take the meanness and formality of what thing you do, as a lecture, a preaching, a school, a teachers' meeting, and do not rather magnify it to be the unwilling spiracle of all your character and aims. Let their ears tingle, let them say, We never saw it in this manner.

1 Here follows the passage thus beginning, in "Self-Reliance," on the uncharitable philanthropist. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 51, Centenary Ed.)

It seemed, when I described the possible Church the other day, as if very hardly could any such sincerity and singleness be retained as was needful to a worship; very hardly even by such saints and philosophers as I could name. This morbid delicacy of the religious sentiment, this thin existence fluttering on the very verge of non-existence, accuses our poverty, jejune life. It will be better by and by, will it not? Will it not when habitual be more solid, and admit of the action of the will without deceasing?

April 1.

Cool or cold, windy, clear day. The Divinity School youths wish to talk with me concerning Theism. I went rather heavy-hearted, for I always find that my views chill or shock people at the first opening. But the conversation went well and I came away cheered. I told them that the preacher should be a poet smit with love of the harmonies of moral nature; — and yet look at the Unitarian Association and see if its aspect is poetic. They all smiled No. A minister nowadays is plainest prose, the prose of prose. He is a warming-pan, a night-chair at sickbeds and rheumatic souls; and the fire of the minstrel's eye and the vivacity of his word is exchanged

for intense, grumbling enunciation of the Cambridge sort, and for Scripture phraseology.

Lidian said, as I awoke this morning, a lively verse enough of some hymn of Bunyan. There is no fanaticism as long as there is the creative muse. Genius is a character of illimitable freedom. And as long as I hear one graceful modulation of wit, I know the genial soul and do not smell fagots. The Bunyan, the Boehmen, is nearer far to Rabelais and Montaigne than to Bloody Mary and Becket and Inquisitions.

How well the newspapers illustrate the truth, that only biography, not nations, interest. The reporters tell us nothing but of Calhoun, Clay and Webster; not the Sub-Treasury Bill, but the personal controversy absorbs them.

I thought, as I read of Napoleon yesterday in O'Meara, that the growths of genius, even of the nocturnal sort like his (or will without love), are of a certain voluminous, secular, federal, cosmic, cyclic unfolding, that does not advance the elect individual first over John, then Adam, then Richard, and give to each the pain of discovered inferiority, but by every pulsation

he expands there where he works, passing at each pulsation classes, populations of men, as the plumule of the oak passes the proportions of the plumule of the whortleberry. He was a plebeian. When Emperor, he felt that a baron, a count of the old *noblesse*, had certain advantages of him, not felt whilst his genius was in place and could justify its upstart growth by his prodigious energy, fashioning Italy, fashioning Spain, but visible to both when he sat discrowned in a paltry house at St. Helena.

I like the man in O'Meara's picture. He is good-natured as greatness always is, and not pompous. . . . Ample good nature; able men are moral.

"Tell him" (Sir H. Lowe), said Bonaparte, "that when a man has lost his word, he has lost everything which distinguishes him from the brute." [1]

Consider that it is a refreshment to the eyes to look at a poultry-yard. I hear the hen cluck and see her stepping round with perfect complacency, but if a man goes by, I have a sorrowful feeling; but if a friend, if a man of genius, if a hero passes, then I rejoice and can no longer

1 Various other quotations from O'Meara and from Las Cases follow.

see hens. Why, since a babe is beautiful, should a man, almost every man, be ugly?

In conversation, women *run on*, as it is called. A great vice. A fine woman keeps her purpose and maintains her ground with integrity of manner, whilst you censure or rally her. If she is disconcerted and grieved, the game is up and society a gloom.

Preaching, especially false preaching, is for able men a sickly employment. Study of books is also sickly; and the garden and the family, wife, mother, son, and brother are a balsam. There is health in table-talk and nursery play. We must wear old shoes and have aunts and cousins.

April 19.

I have been to New York and seen Bryant and Dewey, and at home seen young Jones Very, and two youthful philosophers who came here from Cambridge, — Edward Washburn and Renouf, — and who told me fine hopeful things of their mates in the senior class. And now young Eustis has been here and tells me of more aspiring and heroical young men, and I begin to conceive hopes of the Republic.

Then is this disaster of Cherokees brought to me by a sad friend to blacken my days and nights. I can do nothing.[1] Why shriek? Why strike ineffectual blows?

April 20.

Last night ill dreams. Dreams are true to nature and, like monstrous formations (e.g. the horse-hoof divided into toes), show the law. Their double consciousness, their sub- and objectiveness is the wonder. I call the phantoms that rise the creation of my fancy, but they act like volunteers, and counteract my inclination. They make me feel that every act, every thought, every cause, is bipolar, and in the act is contained the counter act. If I strike, I am struck. If I chase, I am pursued. If I push, I am resisted.

I have mentioned the fine persons I have seen, but I must add human nature's postscript, that persons, unless they be of commanding excellence, do not rejoice heads as old as mine like thoughts. Persons I labor at, and grope after, and experiment upon, make continual effort at sympathy, which sometimes is found and sometimes is missed; but I tire at last, and the fruit

1 Yet he wrote his strong protest to President Van Buren. (See *Miscellanies*, p. 87, Centenary Ed.)

they bring to my intellect or affections is oft small and poor. But a thought has its own proper motion which it communicates to me, not borrows of me, and on its Pegasus back I override and overlook the world.

I said to Bryant and to these young people, that the high poetry of the world from the beginning has been ethical, and it is the tendency of the ripe modern mind to produce it. Wordsworth's merit is that he saw the truly great across the perverting influences of society and of English literature; and though he lacks executive power, yet his poetry is of the right kind. He shows, and is, the tendency. As I think no man could be better occupied than in making up his own bible by hearkening to all those sentences which, now here, now there, now in nursery-rhymes, now in Hebrew, now in English bards, thrill him like the sound of a trumpet; so I think the true poetry which mankind craves is that Moral Poem of which Jesus chanted to the ages stanzas so celestial, yet only stanzas. The Epos is not yet sung. That is the gospel of glad tidings kings and prophets wait for. Cudworth is a magazine or album of such. Herbert is its lyrist, Milton, Marvell, Shake-

spear, Orpheus, Hesiod and the dramatists, Zoroaster, Vedas, Confucius, Plato.

"Always pay." I am praised by some half-seeing friends for punctuality and common sense. They see not as I see, that for just that seemliness and passableness I fail so much to think and live in the right Olympian loftiness. Better be a guest in thine own house than too shrewd a world's man.[1]

April 21.

The condition of influence by virtue is time. To convert a congregation in a four days' meeting is possible to a Calvinistic Sermon; but to convert one man by the persuasion of your character needs time.

April 23.

This tragic Cherokee business which we stirred at a meeting in the church yesterday will look to me degrading and injurious, do

1 Mr. Emerson has sometimes been called "shrewd," an inappropriate adjective. He had good sense, and, withal, a horror of being in debt of money or of obligation. What with constant hospitality, and persons properly or improperly dependent on him, he had to spend thought and time on economics. Occasionally therefore Olympian or apostolic carelessness of such things looked attractive; as expressed in the above passage.

what I can. It is like dead cats around one's neck. It is like school committees and Sunday School classes and teachers' meetings and the Warren Street Chapel and all the other holy hurrahs. I stir in it for the sad reason that no other mortal will move, and if I do not, — why it is left undone. The amount of it, be sure, is merely a Scream, but sometimes a scream is better than a thesis.

Last night the old question of miracles was broached again at the Teachers' Meeting, and shown up and torn up in the usual manners. They think that God causes a miracle to make men stare and then says, Here is truth. They do not and will not perceive that it is to distrust the deity of truth — its invincible beauty — to do God a high dishonor, — so to depict him. They represent the old trumpery of God sending a messenger to raise man from his low estate. Well, then, he must have credentials, and miracle is the credentials. I answer, God sends me messengers alway. I am surrounded by messengers of God who show me credentials day by day. Jesus is not a solitary, but still a lovely herald.[1] . . .

1 Here follows the passage in the "Divinity School

Once more; there is no miracle to the believing soul. When I ascend to the spiritual state of a holy soul, enter into the rapture of a Christ, the miracle seems fit drapery enough of such a man and such a thought. When I do not so ascend, I cannot be said to believe the miracle. There it lies, a lump. Any annotator may show the text to be spurious and I shall thank him. Any caviller may suggest the profusion of testimony to this sort of marvel, and I shall not care to refute him. Any philosopher may have my ear who offers me other truth in her own native lineament and proportion. It is idle to represent the historical glories of Christianity as we do. There are no Christians now, but two or three or six or ten. There never were at any time but a few. The accepted Christianity of the mob of churches is now, as always, a caricature of the real. The heart of Christianity is the heart of all philosophy. It is the sentiment of piety which Stoic and Chinese, Mahometan and Hindoo labor to awaken. The miracles, if you please, add proselytes of the thousand and thousand to Christianity, as in other climates other miracles (reputed) do to the Shaster and

Address," against making the gospel unlovely. *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 133.

Koran and Mass-Book. But converts to the soul of Christianity, sympathisers with the man Jesus, are as rare as lovers of Socrates, and are added by the same means, the reception of beautiful sentiments, never by miracle.

Young —— slightly said he had not read Bacon except the Apothegms, he has seen those, etc. So pass the essays that were meat and drink to plodding me in early years over the gay brain of the juniors. Yet is this the right way for a thinker to speak of them slightingly — the Apothegms? Yes, but after their value has been probed and settled by microscopic loving study, then to be able to throw them into due perspective, and sternly refuse them, for all our labor and old love, any higher place than belongs to them in God and call them apothegms, and pass on, that were well. The glance of the ignorant gentleman has justice in it; and the sincere knowledge of the scholar has disproportion in it.

April 24.

This cold, dreary, desponding weather seems to threaten the farmer, who sourly follows his plough or drops pea-seed in the garden. I like to think that instinct, impulse, would carry on

the world; that Nature gives hints when to plant and when to stick poles and when to gather. But the turning out of the farmers in this November sky with coats and mittens to Spring work seems to show that calculation as well as instinct must be, or that calculation must contravene instinct. Yesterday Peter Howe planted peas for me, and the garden was ploughed the 21st.

Lidian says that when she gives any new direction in the kitchen she feels like a boy who throws a stone and runs.

April 26.

The "Sirius" and the "Great Western" steam-packets have arrived at New York from England, and so England is a thousand or fifteen hundred miles nearer than it was to me and to all.

Yesterday went the letter to Van Buren, a letter hated of me, a deliverance that does not deliver the soul. What I do, be sure, is all that concerns my majesty, and not what men great or small think of it. Yet I accept the Dartmouth College invitation to speak to the boys with great delight. I write my journal, I read my lecture, with joy, but this stirring in the philan-

thropic mud gives me no peace. I will let the Republic alone until the Republic comes to me. I fully sympathize, be sure, with the sentiment I write, but I accept it rather from my friends than dictate it. It is not my impulse to say it, and therefore my genius deserts me. No muse befriends, no music of thought or of word accompanies. Bah!

As far as I notice what passes in philanthropic meetings and holy hurrahs there is very little depth of interest. The speakers warm each other's skin and lubricate each other's tongue, and the words flow and the superlatives thicken and the lips quiver and the eyes moisten, and an observer new to such scenes would say, Here was true fire; the assembly were all ready to be martyred, and the effect of such a spirit on the community would be irresistible; but they separate and go to the shop, to a dance, to bed, and an hour afterwards they care so little for the matter that on slightest temptation each one would disclaim the meeting. "Yes, he went, but they were for carrying it too far," etc., etc.

The lesson is, to know that men are superficially very inflammable, but that these fervors do not strike down and reach the action and habit of the man.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the Cliff with Henry Thoreau. Warm, pleasant, misty weather, which the great mountain amphitheatre seemed to drink in with gladness. A crow's voice filled all the miles of air with sound. A bird's voice, even a piping frog, enlivens a solitude and makes world enough for us. At night I went out into the dark and saw a glimmering star and heard a frog, and Nature seemed to say, Well do not these suffice? Here is a new scene, a new experience. Ponder it, Emerson, and not like the foolish world, hanker after thunders and multitudes and vast landscapes, the sea or Niagara.

Have I said it before in these pages? then I will say it again, that it is a curious commentary on society that the expression of a devout sentiment by any young man who lives in society strikes me with surprise and has all the air and effect of genius; as when Jones Very spoke of "sin" and of "love," and so on.

In spite of all we can do, every moment is new.

Lidian came into the study this afternoon and found the towerlet that Wallie had built, half an hour before, of two spools, a card, an awl-

case and a flower-box top, each perpendicularly balanced on the other, and could scarce believe that her boy had built the pyramid, and then fell into such a fit of affection that she lay down by the structure and kissed it down and declared she could possibly stay no longer with papa, but must go off to the nursery to see with eyes the lovely creature; and so departed.

April 30.

Saturday, Cyrus Warren set out forty-one white pines, two hemlocks, one white maple, and two apple trees, in my lot.

Yesterday at Waltham. The kindness and genius that blend their light in the eyes of Mrs. Ripley inspire me with some feeling of unworthiness, at least with impatience of doing so little to deserve so much confidence.

Could not the natural history of the Reason or Universal sentiment be written? One trait would be that all that is alive and genial in thought must come out of that. Here is friend B. F. grinds and grinds in the mill of a truism and nothing comes out but what was put in. But the moment he or I desert the tradition and speak a spontaneous thought, instantly, poetry, wit, hope, virtue, learning, anecdote, all flock to our aid.

This topic were no bad one for the Dartmouth

College boys whom I am to address in July. Let them know how prompt the limiting instinct is in our constitution, so that the moment the mind by one bold leap (an impulse from the Universal) has set itself free from the old church, and of a thousand years of dogma, and seen the light of moral nature, say *with Swedenborg*,— on the instant the defining lockjaw shuts down his fetters and cramps all round us, and we must needs think in the genius and speak in the phraseology of Swedenborg, and the last slavery is even worse than the first. Even the disciples of the new unnamed or misnamed Transcendentalism that now is, vain of the same, do already dogmatize and rail at such as hold it not, and cannot see the worth of the antagonism also. The great common sense (using the word in its higher sense) is the umpire that holds the balance of these kingdoms. We come from the college or the coterie to the village and the farm, and find the natural sentiment in the shrewd yet religious farmer. We see the manly beauty in his life, the tenderness (even) of his sense of right and wrong, of wise and silly, and we are ashamed of our pedantries and pitiful Chinese estimates. "Friends, sit low in the Lord's power." *Precipitandus est liber spiritus.*

It is perfectly legitimate to generalize in the common way and call Jesus a poet and his labor a poem. People very significantly distinguish betwixt Plato, a thinker, and Jesus, a doer, and suppose that the former acts upon a few, the latter (through the difference of doing) upon millions and all history. The difference is in the thought still. The moral sentiment affects men omnipotently and instantly raises the receiving mind to the level of the supernatural and miraculous and it has upon all receivers abiding effect. Jesus taught that. But he was in love with his thought and quitted all for it. Any mind that *thought so* would have *acted so*. He must live somehow, and his life can be discerned through the fragmentary and distorted story to have been just the life of a soul enamored of moral truth. The difference betwixt the thinker and doer, when it appears, is that of the man of talents and of genius.

Write the Natural History of Reason. Recognize the inextinguishable dualism. Show that, after the broadest assertions of the One nature, we must yet admit always the co-presence of a superior influx; must pray, must hope, (and what is hope but affirmation of two ?) must doubt, etc.

But also show that to seek the Unity is a necessity of the mind ; that we do not *choose* to resist duality, complexity ; show that Will is absurd in the matter.

Napoleon, in Las Cases, has an admirable candor which belongs to philosophy ; rails at no enemy, puts every crime down to the ignorance of the agent, and stands ready to make a marshal of him one day.

ἓν καὶ πᾶν. Two or three events, two or three objects, large or small, suffice to genius. Let Dullness work with multitudes and magnitudes. The poor Pickwick stuff (into which I have only looked and with no wish for more) teaches this, that prose and parlors and shops and city widows, the tradesman's dinner and such matters, are as good materials in a skilful hand for interest and art as palaces and revolutions.

Over me branched a tree of buds,
And over the tree was the moon,
And over the moon were the starry studs
That dropped from the angel's shoon.[1]

1 Compare *Poems*, "Quatrains," where verse begins, "Over his head were the maple buds."

May 1.

Distinction gives freedom to the wise man. It gives him leave to speak the truth and act with spirit. Forever more let him say what he thinks, instead of being a brute echo, as Webster is Webster in passing conversation. If people say the spring is beautiful, let him think whether it is or is not, before he ducks to the remark with a paraphrastic yes. So in all estimates most are foolish.[1] . . .

Las Cases pleases me by describing Napoleon thus: "The Emperor is eminently gifted with two excellent qualities, a vast fund of justice and a disposition naturally open to attachment."[2]

Nothing is more simple than greatness; . . . yet always it astonishes because matter, appetite and individuality always exist and rule from the earth upward six feet, or hat-high.

The advantage of the Napoleon temperament, impassive, unimpressible by others, is a signal

1 Here follows the passage on estimates, in "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, First Series, p. 143, Centenary Ed.

2 The passage follows about able men usually being good-natured and inclined to justice because of openness to universal influences. See "Literary Ethics," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 164, Centenary Ed.

convenience over this other tender one, which every aunt and every gossiping girl can daunt and tether. This weakness, be sure, is merely cutaneous, and the sufferer gets his revenge by the sharpened observation that belongs to such sympathetic fibre, as even in college I was already content to be "screwed" in the recitation room, if, on my return, I could accurately paint the fact in my youthful journal.

I sat in sunshine, this afternoon, beside my little pond in the woods, and thought how wide are my works and my plays from those of the great men I read of or think of. And yet the solution of Napoleon, whose life I have been reading, lies in my feelings and fancies as I loiter by this rippling water. I am curious concerning his day, what filled it,[1] . . . the crowded orders, the stern determinations.

The first men had no glory, they did necessary actions, and all actions were alike creditable. Presently, peculiar vigor would somewhere appear. A man would yield himself to great natural influences, and all would see that the act was

1 The passage follows as to what the Day has stood for to the great, and may to you. (See "Literary Ethics," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 163.)

admirable, and, of course, also would be deceived into the belief that the only divinity of action lay in just that species of works in which this individual labored, whether law-making, music, war, colonies, arts, or whatever else. New impulses would, however, come to others and to many in different sorts of activity, genius in eloquence, in affairs, in agriculture, in inventions, and yet at this day the first opinion seems to hold still.[1] . . .

Beautiful leaping of the squirrel up the long bough of pine, then instantly on to the stem of an oak, and on again to another tree. This motion and the motion of a bird is the right perfection for foresters, as these creatures are. They taste the forest joy. Man creeps along so slowly through the woods that he is annoyed by all the details and loses the floating, exhaling, evanescent beauty which these speedy movers find.

May 2.

Homer's is the only Epic. How great a deduction do all the rest suffer from the fact of

1 Here follows the passage in "Spiritual Laws" as to the use of their conditions by Paganini, Eulenstein and Landseer. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 143.)

their imitated form. It is especially fatal to poetry, thought's chosen and beloved form,— the encroachment of these traditions.

May 4.

Walter Scott says, that "at night, the kind are savage."

How painful to give a gift to any person of sensibility, or of equality! It is next worst to receiving one. The new remembrance of either is a scorpion.

To keep a party conveniently small is the trick of our local politics.

May 5.

Last night —— described the apathy from which she suffers. I own I was at a loss to prescribe, as I did not sufficiently understand the state of mind she paints. It seems to me as if what we mainly need, is the power of recurring to the Sublime at pleasure. And this we possess. If the splendid function of seeing should lose its interest, I can still flee to the sanctity of my moral nature, and trust, renounce, suffer, bleed.

I complain in my own experience of the feeble influence of thought on life, a ray as pale and

ineffectual as that of the sun in our cold and bleak spring. They seem to lie — the actual life and the intellectual intervals — in parallel lines and never meet. Yet we doubt not they act and react ever, that one is even cause of the other; that one is causal and one servile, a mere vesture. Yet it takes a great deal of elevation of thought to produce a very little elevation of life. How slowly the highest raptures of the intellect break through the trivial forms of habit. Yet imperceptibly they do. Gradually, in long years, we bend our living toward our idea, but we serve seven years and twice seven for Rachel. If Mr. G., that old gander . . . should now stop at my gate, I should duck to him as to an angel, and waste all my time for him, etc., etc., instead of telling him, as truth seems to require, that his visit and his babble was an impertinence, and bidding him Begone. Just so, when Miss X and Mrs. Y and Miss Z come, I straightway sit glued to my chair, all thought, all action, all play, departed and paralyzed, and acquiesce, and become less than they are, instead of nodding slightly to them and treating them like shadows, and persisting in the whim of pathos, or the whim of fun, or the whim of poetry in which they found me, and constrain-

ing them to accept the law of this higher thought (also theirs) instead of kneeling to their triviality.

I'll tell you what to do; try to make humanity lovely unto them.[1]

Limitation. Sad is sleep. What a satire to behold the man who has been astonishing a company with his assurances of the infinite faculties and destiny of man, nodding in his chair.

May 6.

On Anniversaries. Not without some remnant of its old radiance dawns yet the Sabbath on the heart. Any holiday communicates to me its color. I wear its cockade in my feelings, were it the Christmas which, by the way, has lent its poetry to the hemlock-pine, with the boughs of which in my infancy I saw the Roman and Episcopal churches decorated, to the Commencement Day, whose light, though in a swamp, would be to me festive, and its air faintly echoing with plausive academic thunders; the Fourth of July, red with artillery; the Common full of children, the woods full of gunners, and at

1 This sentence is faintly pencilled underneath, and very possibly was written by Mrs. Emerson.

night the sky crackling with rockets, even down to the Election, miscalled by wanton boys "Nigger 'Lection." I have kindly vision out in these lone fields of marching ranks with red facings and white shoes; of boys in vacation; and on such a no day as that, I still feel a gayer air. . . .

At church, the slender occupation of the minds of so many persons, and the willingness with which it is borne, seem to show that the people have a plenty of time. Yet, though the patience seems Turkish, I still think it safe to argue from one to all, from me to the congregation, and to infer a preference of realities.[1]

I hear in the Church with joy the music of two or three delicious voices. There in music is the world idealized, in poor men's parlors, in the washroom and in the kitchen. Every strain of a rich voice does instantly imparadise the ear. I cannot wonder that it is the popular heaven.

The antagonism of goodies. "Sir, Sir, did you speak of the Sunday School?" "Pardon me, Sir, I did." "Sir, you are an Antinomian."

1 Here follows most of the long paragraph in the "Divinity School Address" (pp. 148, 149), beginning "In such high communion let us study the grand strokes of rectitude."

The fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man indicates with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology.[1] The inexhaustible soul is insulted by this low, paltering superstition, no more commendable in us than the mythology of other heathens. We would speak the words of Jesus and use his name only, as if we would play the tunes of Handel only, or learn Handel's music, instead of becoming Handels ourselves by expressing the beauty that enamours the Soul through the modulations of the air.

Do not charge me with egotism and presumption. I see with awe the attributes of the farmers and villagers whom you despise. A man saluted me to-day in a manner which at once stamped him for a theist, a self-respecting gentleman, a lover of truth and virtue. How venerable are the manners often of the poor.

A great man escapes out of the kingdom of time; he puts time under his feet. He does not look at his performance and say, I am twenty,

1 This passage is preceded in the "Divinity School Address," by that beginning "Wherever a man comes, then comes revolution." *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 144.

I am thirty, I am forty years old, and I must therefore accomplish somewhat conspicuous. See Napoleon at twenty-five, see what he had done at forty. He says rather, Is this that I do genuine and fit? Then it contributes no doubt to immortal and sublime results; no doubt it partakes of the same lustre itself. Dark though the hour be, and dull the wit, no flood of thoughts, no lovely pictures in memory or in hope, only heavy, weary duty, moving on cart-wheels along the old ruts of life,—I will still trust. Was not Luther's Bible, Shakspear's Hamlet, Paul's letter, a deed as notable and far-reaching as Marengo or the dike of Arcola. Yet these were written by dint of flagging spirits. Sobs of the heart, and dull, waste, unprofitable hours, taught the master how to write to apprehensive thousands the tragedy of these same.

May 7.

Aunt Mary said of a sermon she had heard: "If they say it 's good, then 't is good; if they say it 's bad, then 't is bad." It is even so. In all that we hear and read there ever is so much of nature that a trifle hath some majesty, and the mediocre production may be cracked up by the affectionate into a sort of Olympian merit

and find allowance from us, though not its spontaneous praisers. Bowles's sonnets, Southey's *Roderick*, Wordsworth's *Waggoner*, may come to be esteemed very fine, — such latitude of aboriginal worth. Nature yields to everything not contrarious.

May 9.

A letter this morning from T. Carlyle. How should he be so poor? It is the most creditable poverty I know of.

It seems as if a wise man would be an incarnated veneration. He would revere everything, even folly, crime, ignorance, not as far as they were these, but as also demonstrations of the Dazzling beauty of the Cause. How shallow is contempt! I will never scorn a man again. To a difference of opinion I will kneel as to an unrevealed face of God. Anciently friends exchanged names in sign of love. Henceforth I will call my enemy by my own name, for he is serving me with his might, exposing my errors, stigmatising my faults.

It seems to me that we should load our shoulders with love till we bend, kneel and lie down under the burden. Why need you think afar off of one or two acts of virtue, as you pay thirty dollars

to constitute you a life member of the Charities? Go to it, man! Set down your shoulder with a *Yeo heave O!* and understand well without mincing the matter, there are you to sweat and drudge and toil forever and ever. Condition, your private condition of riches or talents or seclusion — what difference does that make? As a man that once came to summon my brother William and me to *train* replied to the excuse that we were instructors of youth, "Well, and I am a watchmaker."[1] It is not other people's wants, but your own wants that crave devotion. You will find, be your condition what it may, that the world, your native world, is a poor beggar, naked, cold, starving, sick, whom you must clothe, warm, feed and restore. Unless you kill yourself, you cannot get out of the sight of its wants nor out of the hearing of its piteous moanings. You are rich, you are liter-

1 All men of military age were, in those days, required by law to present themselves for training by the militia officers on a certain day in May. Unless they belonged to volunteer corps, they were without uniforms and variously armed. Their motley appearance and awkwardness made them objects of derision, and they were often called the "Shad Companies." When the drum and fife were heard, people would say, "Let 's go and see the *trainers*."

ary, you lament you have not the helping hand. I think no wise man will ever be rich; none, that is, will have anything at his disposal, for, unless he had the riches of nature at hand, he could not supply all the needs that look to him for relief. Friends near, and friends afar, brothers, cousins, parents, virtuous men unkindly used by the world, bereaved women and children, beside that creative charity which will never let us be, but as if out of the wantonness and ingenuity of goodness, is contriving objects and inventing new subscription papers. The richest man needs to economize his clothes, his pay, his house labor, wear the white seam, the soiled hat, of his fellows' need, if not of his own. I must regard the old coat, the dusty shoes, the weary limbs of the man frugal from benevolence as luminous points that ray out glory to all the sundered friends he loves and serves. The call comes. Death and rates, men say are sure. These poor rates are surest of all. They knock at every door. They go to every room; they levy a poll-tax. Fool, you will not decline it. Then look ahead a little, and see that this ugly beggar is the Deity in disguise, this sturdy beggar that takes substance and time and pleasures and peace, is enriching you by every-

thing he seems to take. He has given you learning and wit and sympathy and insight and noble manners, and the blessing of every eye that sees and ear that hears you. How came that great heart to such a huge compass of love? How but because it has loved and served so many that it is now charged with the life of thousands, of countries, of races.

Another thought of like color has affected me. You have good philosophy, and disdain the feeble routine and mere verbal learning and ritual virtue of the School and the Church. Well, beware of Antinomianism. All men have a slight distrust of your novelties and think you do not esteem the old laws of true witness, just dealing, chaste conversing, as much as they. They have some reason. For as they make a bad use of their old truths, so we make a bad use of our new ones. They know that we have brought with us the clinging temptations that whisper so softly by night and by day in lonely places, in seductive company, and they query whether the loss of the old checks will not sometimes be a temptation which the unripeness of the new will not countervail.

Therefore if you hear or read a word which

galls you, which accuses you, be to it all ear. If it pricks your ear it is for something. It points at a weak side, at a peccant humor, at a spiritual defect. Expose freely the place to the thorn, to the knife.

May 10.

Caricatures are often the truest history of the time, for they only express in a pointed, unequivocal action what really lies at the bottom of a great many plausible public hypocritical manœuvres.

May 11.

Last night the moon rose behind four distinct pine-tree tops in the distant woods and the night at ten was so bright that I walked abroad. But the sublime light of night is unsatisfying, provoking; it astonishes but explains not. Its charm floats, dances, disappears, comes and goes, but palls in five minutes after you have left the house. Come out of your warm, angular house, resounding with few voices, into the chill, grand, instantaneous night, with such a Presence as a full moon in the clouds, and you are struck with poetic wonder. In the instant you leave far behind all human relations, wife, mother and child, and live only with the savages — water, air, light, carbon, lime, and granite. I

think of Kuhleborn.[1] I become a moist, cold element. "Nature grows over me." Frogs pipe; waters far off tinkle; dry leaves hiss; grass bends and rustles, and I have died out of the human world and come to feel a strange, cold, aqueous, terraqueous, aerial, ethereal sympathy and existence. I sow the sun and moon for seeds.[2]

May 12.

Baby warbles quite irresistibly, as if telling a secret too to all the house, "Mamma ky, Mamma ky!" thus blabbing Mamma's flebile tendencies.

May 13.

There are sublime merits, persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences.[3] . . . These are great only by comparison with each other, Ivanhoe and Waverley compared with *Castle Radcliffe* and the Porter novels; — but nothing is great, not mighty Homer and Milton, beside the Infinite Reason. It carries them all away as a flood. They are as a sleep.

1 The fierce spirit of the torrent or stormy mist in Fouqué's *Undine*.

2 Compare "The Poet," 2d stanza, *Poems*, Appendix.

3 Here follows the passage thus beginning in the "Divinity School Address" (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 148).

Last night walking under the pleasant, cloud-strown, dim-starred sky, I sought for topics for the young men at Dartmouth, and could only think one thing, namely, that the cure for bigotry and for all partiality is the recurrence to the experience, that we have been in our proper person Robinson Crusoe and Saint John, Dr. Pedant and Sardanapalus. In the hour of spiritual pride, when unsuspecting, and as it were of course, we don the judgment-robes, let it qualify the sentence that damns my brother, that I have been him, and presently shall, very naturally, become him again.

May 14.

What do we chiefly recommend to the student? Solitude — silence. Why? That he may become acquainted with his thoughts.[1] . . . It is yourself which is the self of all, whereof all wish to know, and it is solitude and virtue which can furnish farther informations.

Another example of the *Entsagen* is the fine admonition in Sprague's *Centennial Ode*, in Boston, in which the present generation are told

1 Here follows the long passage on the gifts which solitude has for the scholar, printed in "Literary Ethics," pp. 173, 174.

that their part in history is not to shine like their fathers, but to be obscurely good.

How simple the causes of how various effects! A little heat, that is, a little motion, is all that differences the bald dazzling white deadly cold poles of the earth from the golden tropical climates, the cumbrous gigantic vegetation, the air loaded to sickness with aromatics, the sky full of birds, the huge animals that browse, leap or glide, the young lions playing in the sand, and man with a dilated, flexible, elegant form with gentle and majestic manners.

A Bird-while. In a natural chronometer, a Bird-while may be admitted as one of the metres, since the space most of the wild birds will allow you to make your observations on them when they alight near you in the woods, is a pretty equal and familiar measure.

Life and Death are apparitions.

Last night the teachers' Sunday School met here, and the theme was Judgment. I affirmed that we were spirits now incarnated, and should always be spirits incarnated. Our thought is the income of God. I taste therefore of eternity and pronounce of eternal law now, and not hereafter. Space and time are but forms of

thought. I proceed from God now, and ever shall so proceed. Death is but an appearance. Yes, and life's circumstances are but an appearance through which the firm virtue of this God-law penetrates and which it moulds. The inertia of matter and of fortune and of our employment is the feebleness of our spirit.

May 17.

We talked yesterday of Alcott's school. John S. Dwight thought he should not feel the less certain of the good influence of his teaching on the boys, though he never recognised it. Yes, that is right. The unspoken influence of nature we know is greatest, yet we do not recognise and specify it in the man, and Alcott's aim is to make a spoken teaching that shall blend perfectly therewith.

May 18.

The public necessarily pick out for the emulation of the young men, the Oberlins, the Wesleys, Dr. Lowell, and Dr. Ware. But with worst effect. All this excellence kills beforehand their own. They ought to come out to their work ignorant that ever another had wrought.[1] . . . The young preacher comes to his parish and

1 Here follows the passage on imitation ("Divinity School Address," pp. 145, 146).

learns there are three hundred families which he must visit, each once in a year. Instead of groping to get exactly the old threads of relation to bind him to the people, that bound his venerable predecessor, let him quit all leather and twine, let him so highly and gladly entertain his most poetic and exhilarating office as to cast all this nonsense of false expectation and drivelling Chinese secondariness behind him and acquaint them at first hand with Deity. . . . Scorn trifles. Leave to the man-milliners the question of coat and hat and gown, the color of your dress, the mode of riding, of the question of dancing, of parties, and all the jackstraws on which doctors have debated. The sailor "damns the proprieties." It is the only good sense on the subject, though coarse the expression. It is an infallible sign of the torpidity of the priest and poet soul when the minor faculties of taste and of decorum emerge into distinct consideration.

May 22.

Dr. Jackson once said that the laws of disease were as beautiful as the laws of health. Our good Dr. Hurd came to me yesterday before I had yet seen Dr. Ripley (yesterday represented as in a dying condition) — with joy sparkling in

his eyes. "And how is the Doctor, Sir?" I said. "I have not seen him to-day," he replied, "but it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen, face and hands livid, breathing sonorous, and all the symptoms perfect"; and he rubbed his hands with delight.

May 24.

(To S. M. Fuller.) Dwight came here and we got as far as speech this time. I think I told you that between him and me, as chances so often with those we reckon intelligent, a good understanding was supposed, not certified. But I find him now a very accurate mind, active and genial with fine moral qualities, though not of great reading or variously cultivated. What is a great satisfaction, too, he has his own subject, music. A man must never ask another for an aim. I was at Medford the other day at a meeting of Hedge's Club. I was unlucky in going after several nights of vigils, and heard as though I heard not, and among gifted men I had not one thought or aspiration. But Alcott acquitted himself well, and made a due impression. So the meeting was good. I nevertheless read to-day with wicked pleasure the saying ascribed to Kant, that "detestable was the society of mere literary men." It must be tasted sparingly to

keep its gusto. If you do not quit the high chair, lie quite down and roll on the ground a good deal, you become nervous and heavy-hearted. The poverty of topics, the very names of Carlyle, Channing, Cambridge, and the Reviews become presently insupportable. The dog that was fed on sugar died. So all this summer I shall talk of Chenangoes and my new garden spout; have you heard of my pig? I have planted forty-four pine-trees; what will my tax be this year? — and never a word more of Goethe or Tennyson.

May 26.

Nettled again and nervous . . . by the wretched Sunday's preaching of Mr. ——. You Cambridge men affect to think it desirable that there should be light in the people. But the elevation of the people by one degree of thought would blow to shreds all this nightmare preaching. How miserable is that which stands only in the wooden ignorance of villages. As the dull man droned and droned and wound his stertorous horn upon the main doctrine of Christianity, the Resurrection, namely, and how little it was remembered in modern preaching and modern prayers, I could not help thinking that there are two emphases that distinguish the two sorts

of teachers: 1, *Human Life:* 2, *Thought.* Those who remain fast in the first, respect facts supremely; and thought is but a tool for them. Those who dwell in the second, respect principles; and facts and persons and themselves they regard only as slovenly, unperfect manifestations of these; they care not for Christ, nor for Death, nor for Resurrection, except as illustrations.

I found Hedge the other day fully disposed to agree with me in regard to the social position of domestics.

The little village newspapers, I observe, stick in regularly every week paragraphs about the value of newspapers, which are true of the great newspapers, as the *National Gazette* or *Boston Advertiser*, but ludicrously untrue of these pert little country sheets. So Wordsworth, for a great man, has a great deal too much to say about what he, the poet, writes or does.

How noble a trait does Miss Sedgwick draw in her Mrs. Hyde, when Lucy Lee says, "It makes people civil to speak to her." How we glow over these novels! How we drivel and calculate and shuffle and lie and skulk in life!

In the wood, God was manifest, as he was not in the sermon. In the cathedralled larches the ground-pine crept him, the thrush sung him, the robin complained him, the cat-bird mewed him, the anemone vibrated him, the wild apple bloomed him; the ants built their little Timbuctoo wide abroad; the wild grape budded; the rye was in the blade; high overhead, high over cloud, the faint, sharp-horned moon sailed steadily west through fleets of little clouds; the sheaves of the birch brightened into green below. The pines kneaded their aromatics in the sun. All prepared itself for the warm thunder-days of July.

Realist seems the true name for the movement party among our Scholars here. I at least endeavor to make the exchange evermore, of a reality for a name. I say there is no teaching until the child is brought into the same place, state, principle in which you are.[1] . . .

At dinner to-day we wickedly roasted the martyrs. I say that nothing is so disgusting in our days, as nothing is so dog-cheap, as martyr-

1 The rest of the passage thus beginning is in "Spiritual Laws," *Essays*, Second Series, p. 152.

dom. Dr. A., or Mr. M., the Messieurs Bookmakers should be requested to prepare a work immediately on the Duties of Martyrs of all sizes and sexes. X, the abolitionist, came here to Concord where every third man lectures on Slavery, and being welcomed by some gentleman at the church to Concord, replied, "Yes, we that turn the world upside down have come hither also." It reminds one of a sophomore's exclamation during a college rebellion, "Come, Bowers! let us go join those noble fellows." Next worst to the martyrs are the officers of the Philanthropic societies who have just got letters from Antigua, and so on. . . .

(A woman's strength is not masculine, but is the unresistible might of weakness.)

June 2.

Hostility, bitterness to persons or to the age indicate infirm sense, unacquaintance with men who are really at top selfish, and really at bottom fraternal, alike, identical.

There is somewhat inconvenient and injurious in the position of the scholar. They whom his thoughts have entertained or inflamed seek

him before yet they have learned the hard conditions of thought. They seek him that he may turn his lamp upon the dark riddles whose solution they think is scrawled on the walls of their being.[1] . . .

June 6.

Everybody, I think, has sublime thoughts sometimes. At times they lie parallel with the world, or the axes coincide so that you can see through them the great laws. Then be of their side. Let your influence be so true and simple as to bring them into these frames.

Another thing: we resent all criticism which denies us anything that lies in our line of advance.[2] . . .

Another thing: a man that can speak well belongs to the new era as well as to the old. A revolution is welcome to him, and oriental stability is friendly to him. I look with pity upon the young preachers who float into the profession thinking all is safe. But as soon as I hear one of them uttering out of the old vel-

1 The rest of the passage thus beginning is in "Literary Ethics," p. 183, Centenary Ed.

2 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Literary Ethics," p. 164.

veted tub manly, poetic words, I see him to be Janus-faced and well to do in past or future.

When I told Alcott that I would not criticise his compositions; that it would be as absurd to require them to conform to my way of writing and aiming, as it would be to reject Wordsworth because he was wholly unlike Campbell; that here was a new mind, and it was welcome to a new style; — he replied, well pleased, "That is criticism."

June 7.

I wish a church to worship in, where all the people are better than I am, and not spotted souls. Nothing shows more plainly the bad state of society than the difficulty or impossibility of representing to the mind any fit church or *cultus*.

Take care, O ye martyrs! who, like St. Ursula and her choir, number eleven thousand, if, of all, one of you, one single soul is true, take care not to snap in petulance instead of jetting out in spouts of true flame. Reserve your fire. Keep your temper. Render soft answers. Bear and forbear. Do not dream of suffering for ten years yet. Do not let the word *martyrdom* ever

escape out of the white fence of your teeth. Be sweet and courtly and merry these many long summers and autumns yet, and husband your strength, so that when an authentic, inevitable crisis comes, and you are fairly driven to the wall, cornered up in your Utica, you may then at last turn fairly round on the baying dogs, all steel — with all Heaven in your eye — and die for love, with all heroes and angels to friend.

Napoleon. "In Napoleon's eyes merit was by itself and he recompensed it in one manner. Thus the same titles, the same decorations were awarded equally to the ecclesiastic, the soldier, the artist, the philosopher and the man of letters." Las Cases.

It was observed that the Emperor was not fond of setting forward his own merits. "That is," said he, "because with me morality and generosity are not in my mouth but in my nerves."

Napoleon, like all men of genius, is greatly impersonal in his habit of thought. He sees the sublime Laws, and not the individual men. Men are to him but illustrations, and hence a magnanimous tolerance.

(From Journal D)

I told my friend last night I could think of nothing more deeply satisfactory than to be shut up in a little schooner bound on a voyage of three or four weeks, with a man — an entire stranger — of a great and regular mind, of vast resources in his nature. I would not speak to him, I would not look at him; I would eat my supper; I would pack my trunk; I would read the newspaper; I would roll in my berth; so sure should I be of him, so luxuriously should I husband my joys that I should steadily hold back all the time, make no advances, leaving altogether to Fortune for hours, for days, for weeks even, the manner and degrees of intercourse. Yet what a proud peace would soothe the soul to know that — heads and points, as we lie and welter out at sea, all etiquette impossible, all routine far out of sight — here close by me was grandeur of mind, grandeur of character; that here was element wherein all I am, and more than I am yet, could bathe and dilate; that here by me was my greater self; he is me, and I am him. Give me, not a thought, but a magazine of a man.

June 8.

A good deal of character in our abused age. The rights of woman, the antislavery-, temperance-, peace-, health-, and money-movements; female speakers, mobs and martyrs, the paradoxes, the antagonism of old and new, the anomalous church, the daring mysticism and the plain prose, the uneasy relation of domestics, the struggling toward better household arrangements, — all indicate life at the heart, not yet justly organized at the surface.

A man must have aunts and cousins, must buy carrots and turnips, must have barn and woodshed, must go to market and to the blacksmith's shop, must saunter and sleep and be inferior and silly.

I pleased myself in seeing the pictures brought in her portfolio by Margaret Fuller: Guercino, Piranesi, Leyden,[1] etc. It takes me long to know what to think of them, but I think I find out at last. I am quite confident in my criticism upon that infernal architecture of Piranesi, and very delicious it is to me to judge them when at last I begin to see. The difficulty consists in

1 See *Poems*, "Ode to Beauty."

righting one's self before them; in arriving at a quite simple conviction that the sketch appeals to me, and coming at a state of perfect equilibrium, leaving all allowance to spontaneous criticisms. Fear to judge, or haste to judge, alike vitiate the insight. Many good pictures, as much knowledge of the artist and his times as can be; and perfect equilibrium of mind; — are the conditions of right judgment.

In this glorious summer day, I have taken a turn in my woods. How gaily the Wind practices his graces there, and every tree and all the woods bow with gentlest yet majestic elegance, and the pine shakes out its pollen for the benefit of the next century. There I feel the newness and prerogative of me and of today. I would say to the young scholar, Permit none to invade your mind. Live with God alone. See how the spirit does execute every presentiment in some gigantic fact. What else is Egypt, Greece, Rome?[1] . . . Insight comes all ways.

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Literary Ethics," *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, pp. 159, 160. This is followed by the passage beginning "We live in the sun," etc., occupying most of page 176, and that beginning "Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings," on pp. 177, 178.

I refuse the insinuation that there is no perfect education of the genius but by violent passion.

Day and Martin seem to have deserved well of history for auguring and uttering the secret of the age in their cosmopolitan placarding. A placarding age. Oak Hall.

In nature all the growth is contemporary. Man's labor in the garden is successive, but the weeds and plants swell, root and ripen all over the farm in the same instant of time.

Why do we seek this lurking beauty in skies, in poems, in drawings? Ah! because there we are safe, there we neither sicken nor die. I think we fly to Beauty as an asylum from the terrors of finite nature. We are made immortal by this kiss, by the contemplation of beauty. Strange, strange that the door to it should thus perversely be through the prudent, the punctual, the frugal, the careful; that the adorers of beauty, musicians, painters, Byrons, Shelleys, Keatses, and such like men, should turn themselves out of doors, and out of sympathies, and out of themselves. Whilst I behold the holy lights of the June sunset, last evening or to-

night, I am raised instantly out of fear and out of time, and care not for the knell of this coughing body. — Strange the succession of humors that pass through this human spirit. Sometimes I am the organ of the Holy Ghost and sometimes of a vixen petulance.

I delight in our pretty country church music, and to hear that poor slip of a girl without education, without thought, yet show this fine instinct in her singing, so that every note of her song sounds to me like an adventure and a victory in the *ton-welt*, and whilst all the choir beside stay fast by their leader and the bass viol, this angel voice goes choosing, choosing, choosing on, and with the precision of genius keeps its faithful road and floods the house with melody.

Goethe certainly had good thoughts on the subject of female culture. How respectful to woman and hopeful are the portraits in Wilhelm Meister, — Natalia, Theresa.

June 10.

Night: Progress, or, a Ladder of four steps.

Last night, at ten, I left my dreamy journal and went abroad to receive the fair inscriptions of night. The moon was making amber of the

world. Every cottage pane glittered into silver. The trees were beautiful, yet ominous with gloom. The meadows sent up the rank smells of all their ferns and grasses and folded flowers into a nocturnal fragrance. The little harlot flies of the lowlands sparkled in the grass and in the air.[1] It is all music. Then we see that Martin's Creation picture was true, and that the man who has seen the moon break out of clouds at night, arising, has been present, like an archangel, at the creation of light and of the world; and that he who has been in love has assisted at a new and second morning; that he in whose soul art has been born has seen a greater day; and finally, (where indeed there is no final), he who has through weary experience of sweet and smart in life attained to know character, and to worship that slow, secular, divine product, has beheld a worthier creation, that great day of the feast.

Noon.

Mercury 90° in the shade. Rivers of heat, yea, a circumambient sea. Welcome as truly as finer and coarser influences to this mystic, soli-

1 This description of a summer's night in almost the same words may be found in verse in the Appendix to the *Poems*, pp. 346, 347, Centenary Ed.

tary "purple island" that I am! I celebrate the holy hour at church amid these fine creative deluges of light and heat which evoke so many gentle traits, — gentle and bold, — in man and woman. Man in summer is Man intensated. See how truly the human history is written out in the faces around you. The silent assembly thus talks very loud. The old farmer, like Daniel Wood or David Buttrick, carries, as it were palpable in his face, stone walls, rough woodlots, the meadows and the barnyard; the old Doctor is a gallipot; the bookbinder binds books in his face; and the good landlord mixes liquors, yet in motionless pantomime. Beauty, softness, piety and love come there also in female form, and touch the heart. Vices even, in slight degree, improve the expression. Malice and scorn add to beauty. I see eyes set too near, and limited faces, — faces, I mean, of one marked but invariable expression. I wonder how such wear with the husband. They pique, but must tire. I prefer universal faces, countenances of a general humane type which pique less, but to which I can always safely return home. I read plainly in these manifold persons the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, old houses, musty smells, stationary, retrograde, faculties

puttering round (to borrow Peter Howe's garden phrase) in paltry routines from January to December. And I see, too, Hope, and the far contributions of Europe, Palestine, and Egypt,— (so deep ingrained in American education) to the physiognomy of the house.

If a man is self-exaggerating and does not embrace a great man with his heart and soul, expect no miracles of him. He is a seemer, and the truth is not in him.

Great men again do not brag of their personal attributes, but, like Napoleon, generously belong to the connexion of events. He identified himself with the new age, and owned himself the passive organ of an idea.[1] . . .

Everett has put more stories, sentences, verses, names in amber for me than any other person.

"*A Wise Limitation.*" Very refreshing it is to me to see Minot: he is a man of no extravagant expectations; of no hypocrisy; of no pretension. He would not have his corn eaten by

1 Here follows the passage in "Self-Reliance" about great men having always trusted themselves. (*Essays*, First Series, p. 47, Centenary Ed.)

worms, — he picks them out and kills them ; he would have his corn grow, — he weeds and hoes every hill ; he would keep his cow well, — and he feeds and waters her. Means to ends and George Minot forever ! They say he sleeps in his field. They say he hurts his corn by too much hoeing it.

June 12.

A good fruit of the day's philosophy would be some analysis of the various application of the infinite soul to æsthetics, to metaphysics, to ethics, to physics, and so show as they may the tendency, direction and prospects of the present tendency, the present movement in the American mind. When I hear the projects of the philosophers and reviewers, and am constrained to note how far off some of them are from any grasp of the real value of what thoughts have already appeared to the few observers on our towers, I am quickened in the ambition to attempt an enumeration of these.

The history of opinions, any history of philosophy, fortifies my faith in the treasuries of the soul by showing me that what dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to

some recent Kant or Fichte, were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers, of Parmenides, Heraclitus and Xenophanes. Therefore leave me alone, do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling, and I shall find it all myself.[1] . . .

Ah, a fact is a great thing. The soul passed into nature.

Private, accidental, confidential conversation breeds thought. Clubs produce oftener words.[2]

June 13.

Solitude is naught and society is naught. Alternate them and the good of each is seen. You can soon learn all that society can teach you for one while. . . . After some interval when these delights have been sucked dry, accept again the opportunities of society. The same scenes revisited shall wear a new face, shall yield a higher culture. Undulation, alternation is the condition of progress, of life.

1 The above paragraph and the long one on character which follows it, here omitted, occur in "Literary Ethics," pp. 160–162.

2 Mr. Emerson here has in mind such serious gatherings of ministers and philosophers as the "Symposium." He found much refreshment to mind and body in later years at the monthly dinners with his friends at the Saturday Club.

Do not be an unwise churl and rail at society, nor so worldly wise as to condemn solitude. But use them as conditions. Be their master, not their slaves. Make circumstance — all circumstance, — conform to the law of your mind. Be always a king, and not they, and nothing shall hurt you.

To an earnest soul is always solitude. Inspiration makes solitude anywhere.[1] . . .

Very pleasant to me were the glimpses I have got of the mind of C. S., who left us to-day, yet gave me only glimpses. Yet twice she engaged my cold, pedantic self into a fine surprise of thought and hope. To-day she would know who the geniuses were in history and how many, — three, four, five, or six; and recognized the relation of Jesus to Shakspear, and lamented the impossibility of conversation in society; that in a dance they talked of miracles, and at concerts of spiritualism. . . .

Use society: do not serve it; Use books, do not serve them. Why should you be less than a world?

1 For the rest of the passage so beginning, see "Literary Ethics," pp. 174, 175.

I do not accept this complaint of the morbidness of this age of consciousness or introversion. I do not think there is any treachery in nature. I think the spirit will be true to itself in every emergency. This crisis or state is as natural as any state, must be foreseen and forearmed and forebalanced, and undoubtedly has its own checks and *good fruit*, though Margaret Fuller laughs at my word.[1] . . .

Do not speak of God much. After a very little conversation on the highest nature, thought deserts us and we run into formalism.

All is yet to be done. Consider that the perpetual admonition of Nature to us is, The world is new, untried. Do not believe the past. I give you the universe new and unhandselled every hour. You think in your idle hours that there is literature, history, science behind you so accumulated as to exhaust thought and prescribe your own future, and the future. In your sane hour you shall see that not a line has yet been written; that for all the poetry that is in

1 Here follows the passage about being "floated into a thought." (See "Intellect," *Essays*, First Series, p. 328, Centenary Ed.)

the world your first sensation on entering a wood or standing on the shore of a lake has not been chanted yet. It remains for you, so does all thought, all object, all life remain unwritten still.

And yet for all this it must be owned that literature has truly told us that the cock crows in the mornings.

Time is optical. In the best thought, Time is no more, and always it is full of illusion. To say that Life is long, is tedious; is to say that it is in the constitution that we should wear out every thought, should slowly roll it all round and see it to tediousness before we can be permitted to see another. But the length of time or the prose of life accuses me. Once or twice I have been a poet, have been caught up on to a very high mountain. Why should I ever forego that privilege?

When I read the *North American Review*, or the *London Quarterly*, I seem to hear the snore of the Muses, not their waking voice.

Read and think. Study now, and now garden. Go alone, then go abroad. Speculate awhile, then work in the world.

A sense of want and ignorance is a fine innuendo by which the great soul makes its enormous claim.

Napoleon. Means to ends, thought passing into action, the absence of all that was mean and pitiful, characterize him. I admit there was the filagree and gingerbread which enter into every Frenchman except Montaigne.[1]

The far is holy, the near is economical. Go into the garden Sunday morning and you may look across the fields to the distant woods. Monday morning you peep after weeds and bugs. Yet Sunday morning you see the near flower with like emotion as the distant hill.

Health. We must envy the great spirits their great physique. Goethe and Napoleon and Humboldt and Scott,— what tough bodies answered to their unweariable souls! Now is there somewhat annoying and even comic in the fact that man may not sit down in the grass to inspect the wings, antennæ, etc., of his fellow creature nor yet on the stone wall in the June night to see the racing of the liquid lights in the nearing

1 This passage in the Journal concludes the long account of Napoleon in "Literary Ethics," pp. 179, 180.

heavens because he has consumption in his side, sciatica in his shoulder. Syria in a sensation. The iron hand must have an iron arm.

Alternation. The Bath and the Battle of Pisa as drawn by Michael Angelo, exhibited the extremes of relaxation and strength. We like the girding belt; we like to be dissolved in liberty. When we have seen friends and talked for days until we are turned inside out, — then go lie down, then lock the study door; shut the shutters, then welcome fall the imprisoning rain, dear hermitage of nature. Re-collect the spirits. Close up the too expanded leaves.

At church the minister reads all the notes describing the condition of sick or bereaved persons, and then patiently enumerates in his prayer all the degrees of kin, selecting and keeping each with botanical precision. It seems as if he should teach his parish rather that God is not a respecter of persons, that he is neither brother, sister, cousin or uncle. Again, the prayer rendered such fervent thanks that the family of the good farmer who died last week "were not left to the cold charities of the world, but were abundantly blessed in the present life,"

that I fancied the town's assessors would take a hint in their next invoice, not to say what should be the lesson to us all below. It seems as if the true preacher, if he would give a sermon on humility would know how to go to church and read Chaucer's Griselda; and Charles said, when T——'s poor neighbor complained of his driving them from gathering chips and refuse cuttings out of his woodlot, that he should go to church, if he were minister, and read "Goody Blake and Harry Gill."[1]

Elizabeth Peabody[2] brought me yesterday Hawthorne's *Footprints on the Seashore* to read. I complained that there was no inside to it. Alcott and he together would make a man.

The unbelief of the age is attested by the loud condemnation of trifles. Look at our silly re-

1 Here follows the long passage in the "Divinity School Address" lamenting the lot of "the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit and *not* give the bread of life." (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 140.)

2 Miss Elizabeth Peabody was the sister of Mrs. Hawthorne and of Mrs. Horace Mann. Beginning as assistant in Mr. Alcott's school, her whole long life, simple and brave, was devoted to humanity.

ligious papers. Let a minister wear a cane, or a white hat, go to a theatre, or avoid a Sunday School, let a school-book with a Calvinistic sentence or a Sunday School book without one be heard of, and instantly all the old grannies squeak and gibber and do what they call "sounding an alarm," from Bangor to Mobile. Alike nice and squeamish is its ear. You must on no account say "stink" or "Damn."

Yesterday Elizabeth Hoar's letter from Aunt Mary. It was a sort of argument for the immortality of the soul to see such a scripture; for whilst the thing certainly interests, yet is not life long enough to study out the tendency and idea which subterraneously shines, sparkles and glows in these sybilline leaves. It is a fragment of wisdom and poetry, yet now gives me neither; only affirms that it came from these. Almost all souls intimate more of the Divine than they see. And Biography halts between that they were and that they suggested.

This afternoon the foolishest preaching — which bayed at the moon. Go, hush, old man, whom years have taught no truth. The hardness and ignorance with which the threat that

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the Son of Man when he cometh in clouds will be ashamed of A. and B., because they are not members of Concord Church, must have suggested to them "Be it so; then I also will be ashamed of Him." Such Moabitish darkness, well typified in the perplexity about his glasses, reminded one of the squash-bugs, who stupid stare at you when you lift the rotten leaf of the vines.

What is so beautiful as the sobbing of a child, the face all liquid grief as he tries to swallow his vexation?

I feel also how rich the world is, when I read Ben Jonson's Masques, or Beaumont and Fletcher; or when I go to the Athenæum Gallery and see traits of grandeur and beauty which I am yet assured are not by the masters, and were done by I know not who. They were done by The Master.

June 17.

A cool, damp day, a cool evening, the first interruption we have had to the energy of the heat of the last eight or ten days wherein the mercury has ranged from 70° to 90°. When the cool wind blows, the serene Muse parts her

fragrant locks, and looks forth. What canst thou say, high daughter of God! to the waiting son of man? What canst thou teach to elevate these low relations, or to interpret them; to fill the day; to dispel the languor and dulness; and bring heaven into the house-door? Ah! say it, and to me.

The pages of Swedenborg to one who does not yet penetrate to the man's thought, are as dull and stifling as a book describing the charlatanry of the freemasons.

June 18.

C. S. protests. That is a good deal. In these times, you shall find a small number of persons of whom only that can be affirmed that they protest. Yet is it as divine to say no, as to say yes. You say they go too much alone. Yea, but they shun society to the end of finding society. They repudiate the false out of love of the true. Extravagance is a good token. In an Extravagance, there is hope; in Routine, none.

And who would ask that on such a rare soul as is made to see beauty and announce it, the same culture should be applied and the same social demands made as on the crowd. One beholder of beauty is as much wanted as a scribe

or a seamstress, O Jack Cade! I think the scholar, the artist must go alone and ask a somewhat dainty culture.

The art of writing consists in putting two things together that are unlike and that belong together, like a horse and cart. Then have we somewhat far more goodly and efficient than either.

> "May makes the cheerful sure;
> May breeds and brings new blood;
> May marcheth throughout every limb;
> May makes the merry mood."
>
> RICHARD EDWARDS, b. 1523, d. 1566.

Ah! my Country! In thee is the reasonable hope of mankind not fulfilled.[1] . . . But the utmost thou hast yet produced, is a puny love of beauty in Allston, in Greenough, in Bryant, in Everett, in Channing, in Irving; an imitative love of grace. . . .

Ah me! the cause is one; the diffidence of ages in the soul has crept over thee, too, America. No man here believeth in the soul

1 Here occurs the passage in "Literary Ethics" (pp. 156, 157), thus beginning. The following sentence is not printed.

of man, but only in some name or person old and departed.[1] . . .

No lack of pretension is there. O no, all we be is placarded in square miles of newspapers, and the characteristic of the American in Europe is "pretension." But it is fair to ask these Reformers, Democrats, New Churches and Transcendentalists, Where is your Poetry, your Science, your Art? Why slumbers the Creative Hand?

I think we cannot safely argue. I think it needs a saint to dispute.[2] . . . But how I heard it in silent thunders one Sunday in my pew that all nature helps him who speaks the truth. Speak the truth, and the very roots of the grass underground there, move and stir to bear you witness. Speak the truth, and the innocent day loves you and serves you.

June 19.

Forget the past. Be not the slave of your own past. In your prayer, in your teaching cumber not yourself with solicitude lest you

1 Then follows the passage thus beginning in the "Divinity School Address" (pp. 144, 145).

2 The passage of the wretched results of arguing follows. ("Prudence," *Essays*, First Series, p. 239.)

contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place. So you worship the dull God Terminus, and not the Lord of Lords. But dare rather to quit the platform, plunge into the sublime seas, dive deep, and swim far, so shall you come back with self-respect, with new power, with an advanced experience, that shall explain and overlook the old. Trust your emotion.[1] . . .

ἓν καὶ πᾶν. Happy pilgrim of nature. Over him streamed the flying constellations.[2] . . . All, all he knew and loved; all that grew in the growing earth and radiant heavens reappeared in soft transfiguration in that wise young head, and morning and evening he blessed the world. Where he went, the trees knew him and the earth felt him to the roots of the grass. Yet a few things sufficed; one tree was to him as a grove; the eyes of one maiden taught him all charms; and by a single wise man he knew Jesus and Plato, Shakspear and the angels.

It will take an imaginative and philosophical

1 Some sentences of this paragraph, and its conclusion, may be found in "Self-Reliance," p. 57.

2 See "Literary Ethics," p. 158.

writer nearly as long to write the preface to his book — a preface of a page — as the book itself; and an advertisement will pain him for a week, and then cost half a day to execute it.

A young lady came here whose face was a blur and gave the eye no repose.

June 21.

Have you had doubts? Have you struggled with coldness; with apathy; with self-contempt that made you pale and thin? George Fox perambulated England in his perplexity. In elegant Cambridge have you walked a mile in perturbation of the spirit? Yet somehow you must come to the bottom of those doubts, or the human soul in its great ebbs and flows asking you for its law will call you, Boy! Life, authentic life you must have, or you can teach nothing. There is more to be learned by the poor passions which have here exercised many a pale boy in the little strife for the college honors, in the incommunicable irritations of hope and fear; of success, but still more of defeat; the remorse, the repentance, the resolution, that belong to conscientious youths in the false estimate they are apt to form here of duty and ambition, than there is in all the books of

divinity. These trees, though not very old, if they could speak, could tell strange things. They could tell of tears; of the bright remembrance of domestic faces and virtues by young men who had just learned to wander; of home-sickness; of piety that came after wine. I by no means believe in storms. Quite as much as Lord Byron I hate scenes. I think I have not the common degree of sympathy with dark, turbid, mournful, passionate natures; but in compunction, in a keen resentment of violation, in shame for idleness, in shame at standing still, in remorse for meanness, in remorse for wounded affection, in rolling in the dust and crying, Unclean! Unclean! when we have debased ourselves to appetite, or undone ourselves with injustice, — I believe, I believe. I honor the retirements of men. I love the flush of hope.

Cyrus Warren says that, "if you do not, in hoeing corn, pull up every mite of the piper-grass, it will live till it rains, and then it will grow."

A church is a classification. Say rather a new mind is; Swedenborg is a new classification, as Phrenology, as Benthamism, as Abolitionism, as Calvinism is; and the neophytes take the same

delight in subordinating everything to their new terminology that a girl does who has just learned Botany.[1] . . .

They call it Christianity, I call it consciousness.

Animal magnetism peeps. If an adept should attempt to put me to sleep by the concentration of his will without my leave, I should feel unusual rights over that person's person and life. Keep away from keyholes.

Day creeps after day, each full of facts, dull, strange, despised things that we cannot enough despise, — call heavy, prosaic, and desart. And presently the aroused intellect finds gold and gems in one of these scorned facts, then finds that the day of facts is a rock of diamonds, that a fact is an Epiphany of God,[2] that on every fact of his life he should rear a temple of wonder, joy, and praise; that in going to eat meat, to buy, or sell, to meet a friend, or thwart an adversary, to communicate a piece of news, or

1 Here follows the long paragraph which begins thus in "Self-Reliance," pp. 79, 80.

2 Thus far this passage is printed in "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 78, Centenary Ed.), but it is here kept as leading to what follows.

buy a book, he celebrates the arrival of an inconceivably remote purpose and law at last on the shores of Being, and into the ripeness and term of nature. And because nothing chances, but all is locked and wheeled and chained in Law, in these motes and dust he can read the writing of the True Life and of a startling sublimity.

June 22.

Splendid summer, abounding in South Wind whose fine haze makes the distant woods look twice as distant; and man and beast and bird and insect see their corn and wine grow in beauty.

The low Englishman begins to idealize his life by quoting Lord A; and Sir John; and my Lady B; who thus said or did *to me*.[1] . . . Bear with these little displays in little people as the far-off efforts at a better good.

Conjure with the great name. Who forbade you to create? Fear. And who made fear? Sin;

1 Here occurs the passage on the self-display of the vulgar and of the cultivated contrasted with that of the high-minded. (See "Oversoul," *Essays*, First Series, p. 290, Centenary Ed.)

Inaction; Ignorance. What is this astounding greatness of other men that they should be as god to you? Why, it is two things: First, your littleness, which makes them seem so large; and, second, your identity with them, which makes them delightful to you as the colossal portrait of yourself.

If society sleeps and snores, if there is no art, no poetry, no genius, no virtue, do not say that such things cannot be, but remember in your own sorrowful life the sin that is also in theirs, namely, the surrender of hope, the voluntary abdication that somewhere was, covered up now in the bushes and wilderness of so many years.

When you said, — "As others do, so will I; I renounce — I am sorry for it — my early visions. I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season," — then died the man in you; then perished the buds of art and poetry and genius.[1] Had you stood firm, had many stood firm, Oh God! had all, — we should no longer speak of society with cold disapproval, warning you against it, but we should see in it the half-

1 The last three sentences occur in "Literary Ethics," p. 185.

gods, whose traces are not yet quite obliterated, careering in contest or in love, in the still grand remains of Greek art.

[Mr. Emerson, after admitting his debt to the stimulation of thought excited by antagonism to the "monotones" who invaded his study (see "Literary Ethics," p. 184), permits himself to exclaim:—]

But you must treat the men and women of one idea, the Abolitionist, the Phrenologist, the Swedenborgian, as insane persons with a continual tenderness and special reference in every remark and action to their known state, which reference presently becomes embarrassing and tedious. "I am tired of fools," said once my sharp-witted Aunt to me with wonderful emphasis.

You admire your Etruscan vase, and with reason. But I have a cup and cover, also, that pleases me as well, to wit, the ocean and the sky.

Saturday, *June* 23.

I hate goodies. I hate goodness that preaches. Goodness that preaches undoes itself. A little electricity of virtue lurks here and there in kitchens and among the obscure, chiefly women, that

flashes out occasional light and makes the existence of the thing still credible. But one had as lief curse and swear as be guilty of this odious religion that watches the beef and watches the cider in the pitcher at table, that shuts the mouth hard at any remark it cannot twist nor wrench into a sermon, and preaches as long as itself and its hearer is awake. Goodies make us very bad. We should, if the race should increase, be scarce restrained from calling for bowl and dagger. We will almost sin to spite them.

Sunday, *June* 24.

Forever the night addresses the imagination and the interrogating soul within or behind all its functions, and now in the summer night which makes the earth more habitable, the more. Strange that forever we do not exhaust the wonder and meaning of these stars, points of light merely, but still they speak, and ask, and warn, each moment with new mind.

In the garden, the eye watches the flying cloud and Walden woods, but turns from the village. Poor Society! what hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?

The wise is not to be preached and not to

be flattered out of his position of perpetual inquiry. The young and admiring tend to make him quit his apprenticeship and sit down and build homestead, church and state, like other householders that have renounced their right to traverse the star-lit desarts of truth, for the comforts of an acre, house and barn.[1] The goodies, on the other hand, taunt him with inefficiency, with homelessness, with "having no shelter," with pride in refusing to accept the revealed word of truth. But more sacred, more grand, forever dear, speaks the holy oracle to him in the silence of the passions, and rebukes these vain babblers of puny taste and of false religion. Nothing is so shallow as dogmatism. Your soaring thought is only a point more, a station more, whence you draw triangles for the survey of the illimitable field.[2] Thou awful Father! who so slowly uncoverest my nature and hope to my curiosity and faith, I lowly strive to keep thy law, to bow no knee to the Baals, fine with what

1 Two sentences in this paragraph occur near the close of "Literary Ethics."

2 The passage follows as to the test of the scholar's theory by every event: but if he has accepted the dogma of some priest or philosopher, he renounces at once freedom and the treasures each day offers.

jewels, mystic with what poetry soever, but to keep erect that head, which thou gavest me, erect against the solicitations, and, if it should so be, against the physical and metaphysical terrors of the universe. This it is to have immortal youth.

I saw a hand whose beauty seemed to me to express Hope and Purity; and as that hand goes working, grasping, beckoning on, in the daily life of its owner, some of this high virtue, I think, will pass out of it.

The softness and peace, the benignant humanity that hovers over our assembly when it sits down in the morning service in church, the cold gentleness of the women, the quietude of the men, are like that beautiful invention of the Dew, whereby the old hard-peakèd earth and its old selfsame productions are made new every morning, just dazzling with the latest touch of the Artist's hand.[1]

Alcott has the merit of being a believer in the soul. I think he has more faith in the Ideal than any man I have known. Hence his welcome influence. A wise woman[2] said to me that

1 The simile of the dew, applied to spiritual independence, is used in "Literary Ethics"; also in the poem "Sunrise" (*Poems*, Appendix, p. 346, Centenary Ed.).

2 Margaret Fuller.

he has few thoughts, too few; she could count them all. Well, books, conversation, discipline will give him more. But what were many thoughts, if he had not this distinguishing Faith, which is a palpable proclamation out of the deeps of nature that God yet is? With many thoughts, and without this, he would be only one more of a countless throng of lettered men; but now you cannot spare the fortification that he is.

How much is supposed in every discourse! O poet! thou wert ten times a poet, if thou couldst articulate that unsaid part.

It seems clear that it will be the distinction of the new age, the refusal of authority. Men will not now say, as the emigrant French *noblesse* on their return under Napoleon, "You know we must serve somebody." But it will be the point of honor in literature and in life, and the principle in the church, to imbibe God without medium.

Beautiful is the veneration of men; beautiful that it should be so dear to them, that they are jealous and furious if it be offended, and will immolate the offender. The flames they kindle

around the martyr are the far prophecy of the flames they will brave themselves, when their veneration is enlightened.

Our test of the true faith is, Does it charm and command the soul?[1] . . .

Another wood-thought was, that, since the parrot world will be swift to renounce the name of Christ in amends to its pride for having raised it so high, it behooves the lover of God to love that lover of God.

June 25.

They said in the French Revolution there was a Comte whose ruling passion was the fear of being guillotined. Civil life may show many men whose ruling passion is the fear of being robbed. I woke and watched one night a dull hour on hearing noises, steps below stairs, or creaking of windows or doors. But the love of my spoons shall not again hinder me from sleep.

Perhaps we have not yet got to such a dis-

1 The passage follows about the faith that should blend with the light of rising and setting suns. (See the "Divinity School Address," p. 137.)

tance from Swedenborg as rightly to appreciate him, or have not read him enough. And he may be a third or a fourth great genius of the world who is to set his mark on ages and on following millions. This, at least, I incline to concede to him, the truth of the remark made by a woman of his church, that her intellectual power had grown by the study of his writings.

June 26.

The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain? how not feel indignation and hatred at More? Concede the literary man genius which is a sort of stoical Plenum nullifying the Comparative, and he is content; but concede him talents ever so exalted denying his genius, and he is aggrieved.[1] Look at men of less intellectual power than yourself, and yet able; and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost you shun their eye. Almost you fear they will upbraid God.

What should they do? Seemed to me yester-

1 Of the opening sentences of this entry two appear in "Compensation" (*Essays*, First Series, p. 123), and one in "Literary Ethics" (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 164).

day the answer was plain, that the basis of all was divine, and that if I feel overshadowed, forestalled, and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love, I can still receive, but I will not poorly play a parrot's or a valet's part, I will not repeat all my primary saws, and weaken all I repeat. This Better is a plain token that my lustrum of Silence is not yet complete. Why should I intrude into the guild of workmen before I receive a sign? I will retreat into solitudes of Ability and Love. . . .

The drying wind under this bright sun lifts up again the heads of the grass which were bent down and *lodged* in yesterday's storm. Let in Time as a drying wind into the seedfield of today's thoughts, which are dank and warm and wet and low-bent. The west wind combed out the matted and dishevelled grass as it lay in night-locks on the ground.

Trismegisti. Moses, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Socrates, Jesus, Confucius, St. Augustine, Giordano Bruno, Spinoza, Swedenborg, Synesius, Plotinus.

Facts. The only fault in Napoleon's Bio-

graphy is that he was beaten at Waterloo. What can genius avail against Facts, which are the genius of God?

June 28.

The moon and Jupiter side by side last night stemmed the sea of clouds and plied their voyage in convoy through the sublime Deep as I walked the old and dusty road. The snow and the enchantment of the moonlight make all landscapes alike, and the road that is so tedious and homely that I never take it by day, — by night is Italy or Palmyra. In these divine pleasures permitted to me of walks in the June night under moon and stars, I can put my life as a fact before me and stand aloof from its honor and shame.

END OF VOLUME IV

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